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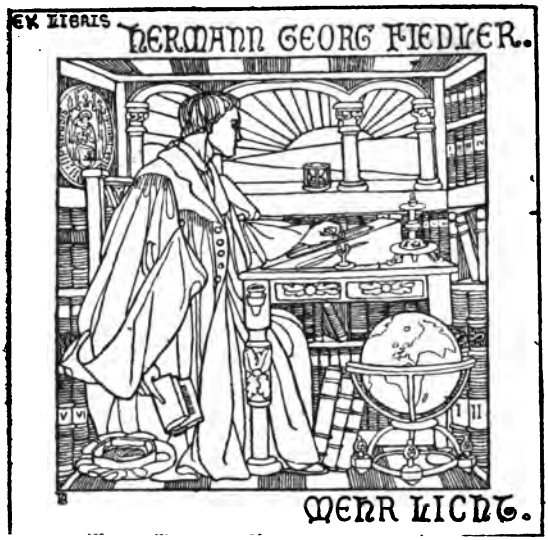

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MEMOIRS

OF

GOËTHE:

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS OF GOËTHE.

CHAPTER XIII.

We had agreed with Merk to meet together in the spring at the residence of Madame La Roche, at Coblentz. I had sent my baggage to Frankfort; and such articles as I might stand in need of on my journey were embarked on the Lahn. I passed along the banks of that fine river, so rich in agreeable and varied prospects. The resolution I had first formed ensured to me perfect liberty of mind: my heart, though in truth less free, was, however, filled with pleasing sensations. In short, I was just in that state of feeling which enables one to derive ineffable delight from the animated scenery of nature. My eye, accustomed to observe the picturesque beauties of the country, eagerly dwelt on every object that appeared before me. I by turns admired the wood-covered rocks, the summits of the hills gilded by the rays of the sun, the castles crowning the heights, and the horizon vaguely bounded by the distant blue mountains.

I pursued my course along the right bank of the river, which flowed at a considerable depth beneath me, sometimes partly concealed by thick clusters of willow-trees, and then again appearing with the brilliant light of day reflected from its surface. I happened to have my knife in my hand, for what reason I have now forgotten; but I well recollect that I suddenly conceived the idea of throwing it into the river, and of drawing from this whimsical act a presage for the success of my wishes in the career of the fine arts. If, thought I to myself, I see the knife sink in the water, my wishes will be accomplished; but if the spot where it falls be concealed from me by the overshadowing trees, it shall be to me the signal for renouncing my designs. The action immediately followed the thought. I threw my knife into the river, and I immediately observed an instance of that deceptive double-meaning of oracles, of which the ancients so bitterly complained. The lower branches of the trees concealed the knife from me at the moment of its sinking; but I distinctly saw the agitated water spring up like a fountain. I could not interpret this circumstance exactly in my favour; yet I nevertheless resigned myself to my inspirations, and perhaps my frequent alternate fits of languor and zeal have verified the real meaning of the oracle

This pleasant journey brought me in a few days to Ems, where I embarked on the Lahn. I soon came in sight of the Rhine, on the bank of which majestically rose the castle of Ehrenbreitstein. At the foot of the fortress I beheld the beautiful valley called the Thal, which forms a pleasing contrast to the aspect of the fort. Here was situated the charming residence of the privy counsellor La Roche. My intended visit had been announced by Merk. I experienced the kindest reception, and was soon treated like a member of the family. My sentimental turn of mind, and my devotedness to the fair sex, were my passport to Madame La Roche; while my gaiety, and a certain knowledge of the world, established me in the good graces of her husband. As to the young ladies, my youth was my recommendation to them.

The house was situated at the extremity of the Thal, a little above the river, of which it commanded an uninterrupted view. The apartments, which were spacious and lofty, were closely hung with paintings; and, moreover, each window formed the frame of a picture traced by the hand of nature, and brilliantly coloured by sunshine. Never did I behold such smiling mornings and glorious evenings as those which I here enjoyed.

I was not long the only guest in this charming family. Leuchsenring soon arrived from Dusseldorf,

to join the half literary, half sentimental congress, of which Madame La Roche was the president. He was familiar with modern literature, possessed an agreeable temper and insinuating manners; and the reputation he had acquired by his travels, and particularly by his long residence in Switzerland, had gained him many friends. He brought with him some portfolios filled with confidential correspondence. At that time the most perfect sincerity prevailed in this kind of epistolary intercourse:—the writer at once unfolded his own heart and that of others. The indifference of governments, and the consequent security of letters—the rapidity of communication, and the cheapness of postage—were so many incitements to this interchange of knowledge and sentiment.

This kind of correspondence, and particularly the letters of celebrated individuals, used to be carefully collected; and it was customary to read extracts from them in friendly parties. This initiation into all that was interesting in the moral world, filled up the void which the abandonment of political discussion had left in conversation.

Leuchsenring's portfolios were rich in treasures of this sort. They contained some letters of Julia Bondeli, who was celebrated for her excellent understanding and character, and for being the friend of Rousseau. Whoever had any connexion with that extraordinary man, partici-

pated in the glory which emanated from him; and his name was every where a bond of union to a flock of faithful followers.

I was one of the most eager listeners whenever this correspondence was read: it revealed the mysteries of a world hitherto unknown to me, and explained many recent events which I had witnessed, without understanding the causes that produced them. All the letters in this collection did not, it is true, present an equal degree of interest; and M. La Roche, who was a man of a humorous turn, compared these literary fraternities to those of the monks, at whose expense, though a very good catholic, he was frequently known to jest in his writings. He conceived that the principal motive of these unions was the interest felt by men of little importance to fasten themselves, as it were, to great names; a connexion which turns wholly to their advantage. M. La Roche, therefore, usually withdrew as soon as one of Leuchsenring's portfolios was opened; or if he happened to stay to hear a letter read, he failed not to render it the subject of satirical remark. On one occasion he observed, that correspondence of this kind, which was evidently intended for the public rather than for the individuals to whom it was addressed, confirmed him in the idea that ladies, in particular, might spare the expense of wax,

and merely fasten their letters with pins. All that departed from the sphere of action was to him the subject of similar pleasantry: in this respect he remained faithful to the spirit of his patron, Count Stadion, minister of the Elector of Mentz; a man certainly very ill calculated to inspire his protegé with any sentiment that might counterbalance the influence of the world, and that of a cold and calculating disposition.

A single anecdote will suffice to develope the character of the Count. M. La Roche having lost his parents in his childhood, the minister became interested for the young orphan, and chose him as a disciple. He at the same time employed him as his secretary; and in this capacity entrusted him to prepare despatches, which he had sometimes to copy, and sometimes to write in cyphers. The letters were afterwards sealed up, and addressed to the persons for whom they were intended. The young man having in course of time acquired the requisite experience for the business for which he was destined, the Count one day led him to a great desk, where he beheld all the correspondence, the labour of his probationary years, carefully preserved, and without ever having been opened.

The Count also assigned another kind of occupation to his disciple, which will not be so generally approved. Wishing frequently to spare

himself the trouble of autographical correspondence, M. de Stadion directed young La Roche to practise the imitation of his handwriting. But this talent was not employed merely in business: the Count also entrusted to his secretary the management of his amatory correspondence. M. de Stadion was passionately attached to a lady equally distinguished for rank and talent. During his visits to her, which were always prolonged until late in the night, the young secretary, seated at his desk, exercised his ingenuity in composing the most passionate letters. The Count, before he retired to rest, used to select one of these epistles, and despatch it to his mistress, who thus believed herself to be the object of an unextinguishable flame. This sort of experience was, of course, not calculated to inspire the young secretary with a very exalted notion of love-letters.

Though M. La Roche had successively been in the service of two ecclesiastical electors, yet he had conceived an irreconcilable hatred of the Court of Rome. Having been a witness to the ignorance and rudeness of the German monks, and the obstacles which they opposed to every kind of civilization, he had early taken a dislike to them; and this antipathy had been strengthened by time. His letters on monachism excited considerable notice: they were very fa-

vourably received by the protestants, and also by many catholics.

Though our good host affected a decided aversion to every thing that may be termed sentiment, all appearance of which he himself carefully avoided, yet he found it impossible to disguise his truly paternal affection for his eldest daughter. A small but elegant figure, black eyes, and a complexion of unrivalled brilliancy, combined with easy and graceful manners, rendered her exceedingly attractive. She, in her turn, tenderly loved her father, and yielded implicit obedience to his will. As to M. La Roche, absorbed as he was in business, and knowing that his wife's society was the chief attraction to his visitors, he took but little share in the amusements of the company who frequented his house. When at table, however, his conversation was lively and animated; and he then, at least, endeavoured to dispel that sentimental air, with which, on the contrary, his wife sought to envelope all around her.

A long life, distinguished by numerous literary productions, has rendered Madame La Roche an object of respect to every German. I know not with whom to compare this truly singular woman. In person she was tall, slender, and delicate; and she preserved, until an advanced period of life, a certain elegance of deportment, which formed

an agreeable medium between the stately air of a lady of high rank, and the unassuming dignity of a citizen's wife. Her style of dress had long continued unchanged. The little cap with winged lappets, which formed her simple head-dress, became her admirably; and a gown of grey or brown corresponded well with the gravity of her character. She spoke with elegance, and always interested her hearers by a faithful and correct expression of the sentiments she experienced. She behaved to every body alike; and it seemed impossible that any thing could ruffle her habitual evenness of temper, or produce on her a painful impression. With the same equanimity she rendered to her husband jest for jest, to her friends kindness for kindness, and to her children love for love. The good or the evil in this world, the perfection or the defects of literary works, had no sensible influence on her temper. To this placid turn of mind she was indebted for the firmness with which she endured, even at an advanced period of life, misfortunes and reverses of too frequent recurrence. To do her justice, however, I must not omit to mention that her two sons, who in their childhood were remarkably handsome, occasionally drew from her expressions of maternal tenderness that differed from her usual calm course.

I passed my time very agreeably at the house

of Madame La Roche, during the interval I spent there before the arrival of Merk and his family. The eldest Mademoiselle La Roche pleased me exceedingly. Nothing is more delightful than to feel a new passion rising, when the flame that burned before is not yet quite extinguished. Thus, at the hour of sunset, we behold with pleasure the orb of night ascending on the opposite side of the horizon: we then enjoy the double brilliancy of the two celestial luminaries

We had abundance of amusement both within and without doors. We explored the whole of the surrounding country. On this side of the river we ascended to the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, and to the Chartreuse on the opposite side of the Rhine. The city of Coblentz, the bridge across the Moselle, and parties on the water, afforded us sources of interest and entertainment.

However, the pleasures we enjoyed had not the effect of softening the captious temper of Merk. Whenever he happened to hear one of those letters which afforded the rest of the company so much gratification, he was sure to give vent to some satirical remarks on the contents of the epistles, the writers, and their correspondents. He explained to me the trick of those men, who, with no other recommendation than address and ordinary capacity, endeavour to produce an impression by means of their numerous

connexions, and thus succeed in acquiring a degree of importance in the world. I have often since met with these literary parasites,—men who are continually changing place and introducing themselves every where, who would pass unnoticed but for the attraction of novelty, and who avail themselves of a traveller's privileges, to the great annoyance of all domesticated men.

We undertook the task of unmasking this class of adventurers, who cast anchor in every town, and in a few families, at least, obtain a certain degree of influence. I ridiculed the servility of one of these worthies in a little piece, to which I gave the name of *Father Brey*. The self-sufficiency and coarseness of another furnished me with materials for a kind of farce, entitled *The Satyr; or the Ape Deified*. If these little productions were not altogether just, they were, at least, dictated by good-humour.

Upon the whole, the elements of which our little circle was composed, amalgamated exceedingly well. We were united by conformity of manners and tastes; and we, moreover, found in Madame La Roche a gentle conciliatress. She felt, indeed, but little interest in what was passing around her, for her mind was wholly occupied by her own ideal world; yet, from this sphere of imagination, she knew how to withdraw herself for the exercise of friendly and be-

nevolent feeling; and she possessed the art of calming ill-humour, and soothing the difficulties arising from diversity of character.

Merk having announced the period of his departure, the party broke up on the best terms with each other. I sailed down the Rhine with Merk and his family. We enjoyed a high treat in contemplating the infinite variety of objects that presented themselves to our notice, and the constant succession of prospects, which seemed to vie with each other in sublimity and beauty, and which were rendered the more attractive by delightful weather. May the names Rheinfels, Saint-Gour, Bacharach, Bingen, Elfeld, and Biberich, revive in the mind of the reader recollections as agreeable as those which now recur to me!

We industriously sketched the various prospects that arose on the majestic and picturesque banks of the Rhine, by which means they were the more forcibly impressed on our memories. The unreserved confidence which we reposed in each other during this long journey, riveted more strongly the link by which Merk and I were united. His ascendency over me was increased, and I had become to him an agreeable companion, with whose society he found it difficult to dispense. By improving the correctness of my eye, the contemplation of nature led me to that of

objects of art; and the fine collection of pictures and engravings at Frankfort soon afforded me the opportunity of devoting myself to this agreeable occupation. The pleasure I felt in looking for nature in works of art had now increased to a passion, which, in its moments of excess, must have appeared like a mania, even to those who were enthusiastically devoted to the fine arts. The surest mode of cherishing this passion was to study with assiduity the masterpieces of the Flemish school. To afford me the opportunity of gratifying my taste in this way, Nothnagel, who had already assisted me in gaining access to the picture-galleries, prepared for me an apartment furnished with every thing required in oil-painting. Here I painted several simple subjects from nature; and my master was so surprised at the correctness of my imitations, that he would scarcely believe I had not been assisted by one of his more advanced pupils.

If I had had patience to continue these studies, to learn the just distribution of light and shade, and the rules of perspective, I might have acquired a certain degree of practical skill, and have smoothed my way to a higher object. But, like all amateurs, I was possessed with the mania of beginning with what is difficult, and even attempting impossibilities. I often entered upon a task which exceeded the limits of my technical

knowledge; but the consequence was that I lost myself, and was obliged to renounce the attempt. I did not possess that unremitting attention and ardent application which ensure success even to a beginner. Thus I left many sketches unfinished.

At the same time a passion for another branch of the fine arts elevated me to a higher sphere. Some beautiful plaster casts of antique heads were brought by Italians to the fair of Frankfort. I formed a little museum, which I decorated with the figures of the Laocoon and his sons, and the daughters of Niobe. I procured small models of other masterpieces of art; and, by attentively studying them, I sought to revive in my mind the profound impressions which I had received in contemplating the Manheim gallery.

These endeavours to cherish and cultivate my talent, or at least my taste for the arts, thus absorbed a portion of my time; but my principal occupation was to prepare myself to exercise the functions of an advocate. In this I was fulfilling the intentions of my father, and I was besides stimulated by other circumstances. After the death of my grandfather, my uncle Textor had been appointed a senator; and he consigned to me and my two friends Schlosser all that portion of his business which we were capable of

undertaking. I attentively studied law documents; and my father so zealously seconded me in this pursuit, that, in order to render me all the assistance in his power, he again entered into business, which he had long since resigned. I made my abstracts with great facility. We were assisted by an excellent copyist, who not only made fair transcripts of the law papers, but also filled up the necessary formalities. This occupation was the more gratifying to me, as it placed me on the best understanding with my father. Pleased with the zeal which I evinced in prosecuting my legal studies, he favoured my other pursuits, and indulged my tastes, eagerly looking forward to the moment when I might enjoy the literary celebrity which he believed I was destined to attain.

The prevailing spirit of any particular age extends its influence over every thing. The opinions and sentiments which were universally cherished at the period to which I am now alluding, were manifested in a thousand different ways: thus the maxims that were adopted in religion and morality were, by degrees, applied in civil and criminal law. The love of humanity, which was the ruling passion among the young advocates, soon gained an ascendency even in the minds of the more venerable judges; and he who proved himself to be the most humane, obtained

the proudest claim to distinction in judicial affairs. The state of prisons was ameliorated, crimes were indulgently judged, punishments mitigated; and greater facility was afforded for legitimating children, contracting unequal marriages, and procuring divorces. One of our most celebrated advocates acquired a great reputation by introducing the son of the common hangman into the college of physicians. In vain did guilds and corporations endeavour to fight against the stream; barriers were overthrown one after another. Religious toleration was not only preached, but practised. The old constitution of my native city was even threatened with innovation; and talent and eloquence were exerted to recommend toleration towards the Jews. These new judicial questions, which were without the pale of established laws and customs, and which were to be decided by conscience and equity, required in their discussion a natural and energetic style. Young advocates thus found a fine field open for the exercise of their talent: we entered upon it with enthusiasm, and the French *plaidoyers* served as our guides and models. I recollect with pleasure, that an agent of the Aulic Council once sent me a letter, complimenting me in the handsomest terms on the manner in which I had managed a cause in which I was engaged.

But this kind of practice was more favourable to the attainment of oratorical talent than of legal knowledge, as my sensible friend George Schlosser one day hinted to me in a tone of reproach. I mentioned to him the satisfaction expressed by one of my clients, to whom I had just read a pleading composed in a very energetic style. "You have laboured more like an author than an advocate," said he; "your object should be not to please your client, but to win the decision of the judge."

The man who is most occupied in business throughout the day, finds time to go to the play in the evening. But we had no good theatre, and I sought to console myself for the want of this kind of amusement by considering of the means of improving the German drama. The state of our dramatic literature during the second half of the last century is well known, and I shall therefore confine myself to a few general observations.

In Germany the success of the theatre depended on the talent of the actors, rather than on the merit of the pieces they represented. This remark refers particularly to dramas of circumstance, which must of necessity exhibit pictures of common life and natural manners; for it is the facility of an immediate application that constitutes the amusement of the spectator and the success of the piece. This species of comedy

still maintains its ground in the south of Germany, with no alteration save the occasional change of the comic masks, to suit the convenience of the actors who succeed each other in any particular part. But the German drama having risen to a level with the gravity of the national character, speedily took a direction towards the moral object of dramatic works. The cause of this improvement was totally independent of the cultivation of dramatic art. Rigid Christians begun seriously to enquire whether theatrical amusements were really reprehensible, or, at least, proper to be avoided; or whether they might be ranked among those recreations, which, being indifferent in themselves, are good for the good, and bad only for the bad. The greatest zealots denied this last proposition, and maintained that, at all events, no ecclesiastic ought ever to enter a theatre. The contrary opinion could not be defended with any hope of success, except by proving that dramatic entertainment was not only innocent, but even useful. To obtain this object it was necessary to pay a due regard to moral principle. It was the more easy to strike into this course in the north of Germany, for, in spite of the endeavours of many men of talent, a taste, perhaps inimical to the true spirit of comedy, had banished buffoons from the stage. The rude German clown had already

given place to the more refined Italian and French harlequin. Scapin and Crispin gradually disappeared. I myself saw Koch in his old age play the part of Crispin for the last time.

Richardson's novels had inspired a taste for delicate moral sentiment. The sad and inevitable consequences of one false step, hazarded by a woman, formed the subject of a moving picture in *Clarissa*. Lessing had the same object in view in *Miss Sarah Sampson*. The *London Merchant* exhibited a young man led on, step by step, to the commission of the most horrible crime. The French dramas, conceived in the same design, generally presented situations less painful, and gratified the feelings by a happy termination. Diderot's *Père de Famille, l'honnête Criminel, la Brouette du Vinaigrier, le Philosophe sans le Savoir, Eugenie*, and some other pieces of the same class, faithfully painted those honourable affections which attach man to civil and domestic life, and which began to prevail at the period when these dramas were written. In Germany *the Grateful Son, the Deserter for filial love*, and other productions were directed to the same object. *The Minister, Clementine*, and the rest of Gehler's works, as well as Gemmigen's *Father of a Family*, excited interest and even admiration, by pourtraying the virtues that are met with in the middling and lower ranks of life. These works were

enthusiastically received by the majority of the public. Eckhoff, by the respectability of his private character, imparted to the profession of an actor a degree of dignity which it had not previously possessed. The expression of honourable feeling was admirably suited to a man of his stamp. Thus the principal characters in the dramas which I have just mentioned, derived their greatest interest from his talent and character.

About the same time Schrœder, who was at once an author and an actor, and who had become familiar with the English drama through the intercourse existing between Great Britain and Hamburgh, where he resided, sought to introduce English comedy on the German stage. But in the comic productions of the English he found only a groundwork for his own labours; for the original pieces are, almost without exception, imperfect. Those which begin well, and which seem to promise something like a regularly conceived plan, for the most part end in an inextricable labyrinth. It would appear that the authors have had no other design than that of stringing together a few amusing scenes; and if by chance we are led to anticipate an interesting and regular work, we soon find ourselves lost in an endless maze. Besides, the half-barbarous immorality and triviality which pervade these pro-

ductions, render their representation truly intolerable; and from this mass of impurity it is impossible to disconnect either the plot or the characters of a piece. In short, English comedy is a coarse and dangerous aliment, suited only to the taste of a rude and corrupt multitude at a certain period. Schrœder has done more than could have been expected with these pieces. He has changed even their primitive conceptions, and has adapted them to the German taste, by softening down their colouring. Still, however, they are imbued with a spirit of coarseness, which even Schrœder could not eradicate; for all their comic humour consists in the merited or unmerited degradation of individuals. However, this species of drama having gained a footing on our stage, has served as a counterpoise to a kind of far-fetched and over-delicate morality; and the conflict of the two styles has happily preserved us from monotony, otherwise inevitable.

The German, with his natural benevolence and generosity of feeling, dislikes to see any one ill-used; but yet, however good we may be, we are seldom amused except it be in some degree at the expense of others. Comedy in particular pleases only when it excites a certain malicious merriment in the spectator. Thus our comic writers ventured upon a sort of pleasantry which had hitherto been regarded as an indecorum, and

which consisted in bringing down the higher ranks of society from their exalted sphere, and subjecting them to dramatic castigation. Satire had previously refrained from assailing the court and the nobility. Rabener had attacked only the absurdities of the lower classes. Zacharia exercised his pencil in delineating the comic whims and peculiarities of the country nobility, but had not ventured to degrade them. But times were changed. Thummel's *Wilhelmine*, a little production equally distinguished for ingenuity and boldness, was received with the highest favour; and the malignant pleasure of seeing the author, who was a gentleman and a courtier, unsparingly attack the upper ranks of society, was a circumstance which doubtless contributed to its success. But the decisive blow was given by Lessing, in his *Emilia Galotti;* there the odious passions of the great were painted in gloomy and decided colours. All these productions were favoured by the spirit of the age; and men of but little genius and talent found they might venture upon this or even a bolder course. Thus Grossmann's wretched comedy entitled *Six unsavory Dishes*, was in some measure seasoned with all the pungent ingredients suited to the taste of the multitude. Thenceforward it became indispensably necessary to choose dramatic villains from the upper classes of life. No man of rank inferior

to a Chamberlain or a Privy Councillor, enjoyed the privilege of furnishing a model of consummate turpitude. This honour was reserved exclusively for persons of distinction.

But to return to what concerns myself; I must once more mention my eager desire to execute the plan of a dramatic work which I had long ago conceived. My unabating enthusiasm for the writings of Shakspeare had enlarged the circle of my ideas. The stage appeared to me too limited, and the ordinary duration of a performance too brief to suffice for the developement of a great work. In dramatizing the character of the noble Goetz Von Berlichingen, I endeavoured to preserve the events of his life in the manner in which he has himself described them, invested with all their historical interest. My imagination rose, as it were, with my subject, and the forms which I adopted exceeding all the limits of scenic representation, approximated more and more to those of a dramatic narrative. Urged by my sister, who expressed her impatience to see me commence the undertaking, I took up my pen and wrote my first scene. With this, Cornelia appeared satisfied, though she placed but little faith in my perseverance. Piqued by her distrust, and at the same time encouraged by her approbation, I completed my work in the space of six weeks. I shewed it to Merk, who

pronounced a favourable opinion on it. I next sent it to Herder, who handled it with severity, and ridiculed at once the piece and the author. Without being discouraged, I some time afterwards carefully revised my work, and I perceived that independently of the unities of time and place, I had violated the unity of interest; which, in my opinion, was still more important. I set to work courageously, and without mercy struck out parts which pleased me very well, but in which I found I had deviated from the rules of art. I soon completed my drama under a new form; but I was still dissatisfied and wished to subject it to some additional corrections. I consulted Merk on the subject; he asked me what advantage I expected to derive from these perpetual alterations. "A thing thus continually done and undone," said he, "may indeed change its form, but it will seldom be improved. We should calculate well the effect of a work, and when it is once finished, commence a new one. These eternal alterations indicate nothing but irresolution."

A new experiment in literature, hazarded by a young man, unknown to the public, could not fail to be pronounced an act of temerity. I was afraid I should find no bookseller willing to undertake the publication of my dramatic production. Merk, however, obviated this diffi-

culty. He seized the opportunity of indulging his taste for trading speculation. As editor of the Frankfort Gazette, he had formed a connexion with literary men and booksellers. My work was original, and he therefore conceived it could not fail to be attractive. We agreed to publish it at our own expense. I undertook to supply the paper, and Merk engaged to defray the cost of printing. We immediately put our design into execution, and I soon had the satisfaction of seeing my dramatic sketch in print. It excited greater interest than I had expected, and was an object of almost general attention. However, through the want of sufficient connexion, we were unable to satisfy the demands of the public, and a pirated edition of the work soon made its appearance. Our receipts, particularly in ready money, came slowly in; and my pecuniary resources were not, of course, very extensive. Thus it happened that at the moment when I was the object of public attention, and when my work was crowned with complete success, I had scarcely the means of paying for the paper which had enabled me to unfold my talent to the world. Merk, who was accustomed to extricate himself from embarrassments of this kind, promised to arrange all in a satisfactory way; but I was obliged to content myself merely with the breath of fame.

Some fugitive essays, which I had published anonymously, had afforded me the means of knowing the public and the journalists. I had seen how they treated writers, who, in my opinion, possessed the highest merit. I could, therefore, appreciate the value of their praise and their condemnation. I had learned to endure censure, and I was not transported by encomium.

This indifference proved very useful to me; for if my ideas had not been firmly fixed, into what errors might I not have been led by the contradictions I remarked even in the criticisms of well-informed men. I may mention, as an example, a long analysis of my piece which appeared in the German Mercury. I could not convince myself of the justice of the writer's censure, nor of the propriety of the hints he threw out to me. What was my joy when I observed in the next number of the Journal some remarks by Wieland more favourable to my work. He took up my defence, and pointed out the errors of my first judge. Still, however, the condemnation had been recorded. If, thought I, men of talent and information form such erroneous judgments, what must I expect from the mass of the public.

The pleasure which I derived from my friendly intercourse with Merk, was unfortunately of short duration. The intelligent Landgravine of Hesse-Darmstadt engaged him to join her suite in a

journey to St. Petersburgh. His correspondence succeeded to his conversation. His letters, which were filled with interesting details, extended my knowledge of the world, and helped to form my mind. But still I could not help regretting his absence at a moment when I so much needed his advice.

He who determines to enlist as a soldier makes up his mind to endure the fatigues and dangers of war: he looks forward to privation, wounds, and even death; but he has only a vague and general notion of these miseries, and forms no idea of the circumstances through which they may unexpectedly occur. It is the same with the man who tries his fortune in the world in any way, but above all as an author. Of this truth I was soon convinced by experience. I was indebted for the public favour to the subject rather than to the execution of my work. Indeed, the subject of a literary composition was considered by the young writers of the day merely as a banner, beneath which they might, at their ease, display a taste for unrestrained independence: this was a charm that had attracted better heads than mine. I have in my possession a letter from Burger, that eminent, and, in many respects, truly singular genius, which bears testimony to the effect produced by the appearance of my drama. On the other hand several sensible men blamed

me for having clothed anarchy in seductive colours, and went so far as to impute to me a wish to revive the reign of disorder and the law of force. Others pronounced me to be a profound scholar, and proposed that I should reprint the original narrative of my hero, with notes. Because I had plucked the flowers of reputation, they gave me credit for being a careful and experienced gardener. However, some proved themselves rather sceptical on the subject of my learning, and suspected that I was not thoroughly intimate with the history of the period from which I had chosen my subject. I one day unexpectedly received a visit from a distinguished public functionary. I was the more sensible to the honour thus conferred on me when he commenced the conversation by complimenting me on the merits of my drama, and my historical knowledge. However, he soon made me acquainted with the real object of his visit. He had called to inform me that Goetz Von Berlichingen was not the brother-in-law of Franz Von Sickingen, and that by this imaginary alliance, I had deviated from the truth of history. I appealed to the authority of Goetz himself, who addresses Franz by the title alluded to; but I was given to understand that that was purely a mark of courtesy to an intimate friend, and that no more relationship existed between these two

celebrated men, than between travellers and postilions, when the latter are addressed by the title of brother-in-law.* I thanked him for this lesson, and at the same time told him I was sorry it was too late to profit by it. At this he also expressed his regret. He advised me to set to work and study the history and constitution of Germany, for which purpose he offered me the use of his library; a favour of which I failed not amply to avail myself.

But the most comical incident to which the production of my drama gave rise, was the visit I received from a bookseller, who, without any ceremony, asked me to write a dozen such works, promising to give me liberal encouragement for my labour. I was very much amused at this proposition. But, after all, it was not so ridiculous as may at first sight appear; for I had been turning over in my mind the most remarkable events of German history, with the view of rendering them the subjects of dramatic composition. But these ideas, like many others I formed, were never carried into effect.

The drama of Goetz Von Berlichingen was not, however, the only object to which I directed my attention. While I was writing and re-writing

* *Schwager* (brother-in-law) is the appellation familiarly applied to postilions in Germany.

it, and superintending the printing and publishing, I revolved in my mind plans for other works. I prepared to enter upon another kind of imitative composition, which is not usually classed with dramatic literature, though there is really considerable analogy between the two styles. To this new labour my attention was called by a habit which I believe to be peculiar to myself.

Accustomed to derive my most agreeable recreation from society, I loved to substitute an imaginary conversation for solitary ideas, and when I was alone my fancy created interlocutors, with whom I discussed the subject that happened at the time to engage my thoughts. I addressed the person whom my fancy pictured, as though he had really been present; and I imagined him to answer me, either by words or by those signs of approval or disapproval which I knew to be characteristic of the supposed individual. I laid down my propositions, and explained and defended all that was disapproved, until I succeeded in bringing my interlocutor over to my opinion. It is curious that I did not select for these imaginary colloquies, persons with whom I was intimately acquainted; but, on the contrary, those whom I had seldom seen, who lived at a distance from me, or whom I had only accidentally met in society. I generally chose for my interlocutors persons who were calculated to listen rather than

to speak, and who possessed good sense enough to take an interest in what was submitted to their consideration, without seeking to depart from their proper sphere. I often summoned to these imaginary discussions individuals of both sexes and of every rank. I conversed only on such subjects as were suited to their understandings and tastes; and thus I conceived myself entitled to rely with confidence on their definitive approval.

It is easy to perceive the relation that exists between these imaginary dialogues and epistolary correspondence. The only difference is, that correspondence supposes a mutual confidence, while in ideal conversation one may procure a continual change of interlocutors, towards whom one is bound by no reciprocal feelings. At the time to which I am now referring, the subject I wished to paint, was that distaste of life which is not the result either of want or misery. For this picture the epistolary form naturally presented itself to me. Melancholy is the offspring of solitude. He who yields to melancholy, flies from every thing that is calculated to produce a contrary impression, and he feels nothing more intolerable than the gaiety and tumult of society. The pleasures which others enjoy are to him a painful reproach, and that which might be expected to wean him from his melancholy, only plunges

him more deeply into it. If he ever unfold the sentiments which agitate him, it is only in epistolary communication. An overflowing of the heart, conveyed through the medium of writing, whether it have for its object the expression of gaiety or of grief, meets with no contradiction. A reply inspired by opposite sentiments, serves only to confirm the recluse in his disordered fancies. If the letters of Werther, written in this spirit, present so varied a charm, it is because the character which I have given to each letter, was suggested by the imaginary dialogues which I successively maintained with different interlocutors, though in the work in question the letters are addressed only to one friend. But I have already said enough as to the way in which this little book was composed; I will now confine myself to an explanation of its object.

The distaste of life is always the effect of physical and moral causes combined. The former claim the attention of the physician; but the latter it is the task of the moralist to investigate. In treating a subject which has already been so frequently discussed, I shall merely content myself with mentioning the circumstances under which the malady most frequently appears. Every enjoyment in life is founded on the regular recurrence of external objects. The alternation of day and night, the return of the

seasons, flowers, and fruits; finally, all that is reproduced at fixed periods as objects of enjoyment, are the excitements of our earthly existence. The more we are accessible to pleasures of this kind, the greater is our happiness. But if we feel no interest in the great phenomena of nature, if we be insensible to the gifts of heaven, then we become victims to misery and to the most dreadful of diseases, and life is endured only as a painful burthen. There is a story told of an Englishman who hanged himself because he was tired of dressing and undressing every night and morning. I once knew a gardener, the superintendent of some extensive pleasure-grounds, who one day exclaimed in a tone of dissatisfaction, "Must I be eternally doomed to see these rainy clouds pass from west to east?" I have heard, too, that one of my most distinguished countrymen is so tired of the continual return of verdure in the spring, that, for the sake of variety, he would wish nature, at least for once, to assume a livery of red. These are all so many symptoms of a melancholy which often ends in suicide, and to which men of a contemplative and abstracted turn are more subject than is generally supposed.

But the most frequent cause of melancholy is inconstancy in love. It has been truly said that we never love but once; for, if we do love a

second time, the passion is for that very reason divested of its sublimest attribute—the sentiment of infinity and eternity. Its greatest charm is fled; and it becomes merely one of those transient sentiments that by turns appear and disappear. But it is not only in love that we have occasion to remark these sad changes. In all the events of life a young man soon learns, either by his own personal experience or the observation of what is passing around him, that the moral world has its vicissitudes like the seasons. The favour of the great, the opinion of the public, even friendship itself—all are liable to change; and it would be as vain to hope to fix them, as to attempt to stay the course of the sun and moon. But these changes are not only determined by the ordinary course of nature: they are sometimes produced by our own faults, or by those of others; or they depend on the will of fortune or fate. But, whatever may be the cause, it is certain that all things do change; and that there is nothing which we can hope to possess in security. But that which is most harassing to a man of susceptibility is the constant recurrence of his own faults: for it is late ere we arrive at the conviction that our vices are inseparable from our virtues; that they are connected by the same roots; and that, while we openly cultivate our good qualities, we at

the same time secretly foster our imperfections. We exercise our virtues by the help of our will and conscience, while our vices take us, as it were, unawares: the former afford us a few brief joys, while the latter are the source of unceasing torment. It is this that renders the knowledge of one's self a difficult and almost impossible task. When we consider the effect produced by these internal conflicts on an ardent temperament—when we reflect on the seductions of imagination, and the continual agitation of life—we cannot wonder at the impatience which man often evinces to free himself from this miserable bondage.

These gloomy reflections, which, when once we yield to them, lead us into the mazes of infinity, would not, however, have produced so powerful a ferment in the minds of the youth of Germany, had not their influence been promoted by the operation of an external cause. This effect was produced by the study of the literature, and particularly the poetry, of England; which, with all its great merit, is imbued with a spirit of austere melancholy. At an early period of life the citizen of Great Britain finds himself launched upon a world, the important occupations of which stimulate him to exert all his intellectual powers, in order to raise himself to a level with those who surround him. How many

of the English poets, after spending their early years in folly and licentiousness, have afterwards thought themselves entitled to deplore the vanities of human life? How many have plunged into the tumult of political affairs, become members of the parliament or the court, held ministerial or diplomatic posts; and, after playing first or secondary parts, mingling in the internal troubles of the state and the revolutions of the government, have at length sustained the most terrible reverses, either in their own persons or those of their adherents and friends? How many have been doomed to imprisonment, driven into banishment, or stripped of their possessions?

The experience produced by great events is sufficient to accustom men to serious reflections: and what is the tendency of these reflections, but to convince us of the instability and worthlessness of worldly things? The German, being naturally serious, found English poetry perfectly adapted to his taste. It impressed him with a sort of awe, by seeming to address him from an elevated sphere. Sublimity, knowledge of the world, intensity and tenderness of feeling, pure morality, passionate expression—all that can charm polished and cultivated minds—are the ever recurring beauties of English poetry. Yet all these qualities combined are not sufficient to complete the character of the poetic

Muse. That which characterizes genuine poetry, and renders it in some measure a gospel to the world, is the internal satisfaction with which it inspires us;—a faculty which raises us above ourselves, and frees us from the heavy yoke of our earthly feelings. True poetry wafts us into the regions above, whence we look calmly down upon the confused scene of human errors. By this means, according to the mode in which objects are contemplated, we may be inspired either with gaiety or melancholy: the latter is the feeling produced by English poetry, which is for the most part moral and didactic. A sombre expression of the distaste of life generally pervades it. I do not mean here to allude particularly to Young's *Night Thoughts*, which are specially devoted to melancholy: the remark is applicable to all the contemplative poetry of the English; which transports us, we know not how, into that gloomy region where the human understanding meets with a problem beyond its grasp, and on which Religion herself is silent. Whole volumes of English poetry may be collected together, and they will only afford a commentary on this appalling text:—

> Then old age and experience, hand in hand,
> Lead him to death, and make him understand,
> After a search so painful and so long,
> That all his life he has been in the wrong.

There is one trait peculiar to the English, which impresses on their poetry the seal of misanthropy, and diffuses over their literature the disagreeable hue of a distaste of every thing in life. I allude to their party-spirit, which is the offspring of their civil dissensions. This headlong passion possesses an Englishman during, at least, the best part of his life. An author devoted to a party abstains from eulogizing the principles to which he adheres, lest he should excite the animosity of his adversaries. He employs his talent in attacking and censuring those to whom he is opposed: he sharpens, and even poisons the shafts which he aims at them; while the voice of the public is drowned amid the clamour and violence of the conflicting parties. Thus a great nation, distinguished for intelligence and activity, presents, even during the calmest intervals, a picture of extravagance and madness.

The habitual melancholy of the English Muse extends also to sentimental poetry. In this last style of composition, the subject is sometimes the death of a forsaken maid; or, perhaps, a faithful lover is swallowed up by the waves, or devoured by some sea-monster, just as he is on the point of reaching his beloved. When such a poet as Gray leads his Muse into a country churchyard to tune her melodious lyre, he fails

not to excite the admiration of all lovers of melancholy. Milton, in his *Allegro,* is obliged to banish melancholy by a string of lively verses before he can express even moderate joy; and Goldsmith, with all his natural cheerfulness of spirit, yields to the inspirations of the elegiac Muse, in his sweet poem *The Deserted Village,* that paradise lost for which his *Traveller* searches throughout the world in vain.

I shall, doubtless, be told that there are English works and English poems of a more lively character; but the greater part of these compositions, and indeed the best of them, are the productions of a remote period. As to the more modern specimens of this kind, to say the least of them, they border upon satire. Bitter spleen and contempt of the fair sex are their prevailing characteristics.

Yet, after all, those very poems which savour most of melancholy and disdain of human nature, were the objects of our predilection, and in Germany were eagerly devoured. Each individual viewed them with reference to his own particular feelings. By some they were cherished as an excitement to tender melancholy; and by others, as the food of that despair which renders life insupportable. Shakspeare, our father and master—Shakspeare, with all his joy-inspiring powers, contributed in a singular degree to

lead us upon this gloomy course. The soliloquies of Hamlet haunted every youthful mind. The finest passages of the tragedy were learned by heart and recited; and without being pursued, like Hamlet, by the shade of a royal father invoking vengeance, every one thought it necessary to be as melancholy as the Prince of Denmark.

That nothing might be wanting to complete this gloomy illusion, not even a scene perfectly adapted to it, Ossian attracted our fancy to the misty shores of his Thule, at the extremity of the world. There, wandering through immense forests of fir-trees, amidst moss-covered tombs frowning in frightful sadness, the view was bounded by a tempestuous sky, and all was silent save the howling northern blast. The moon shed her cold beams over this Caledonian night; the shades of departed heroes, or of maidens pale as faded lilies, fleeted before our eyes; and the spirit of Loda appeared in all its terror.

Amidst these fantastic elements, these chimerical pictures, the imaginations of our youth were absorbed in the sorrows of ill-fated passion. The ordinary course of worldly affairs afforded no excitement to the mind, and they looked forward only to the cheerless prospect of lingering through the tedious langour of common life. They con-

soled themselves with the determination of ridding themselves of the burthen of existence, as soon as it should become absolutely insupportable. The little disappointments and vexations of every-day occurrence, served only to confirm this state of feeling. It spread universally, and was the cause of the great success of *Werther*. That work embodied the painful dreams of a distempered youthful fancy; it conveyed the expression, the echo, of a universal sentiment. That the English were already familiar with this state of mental affliction, may be seen by the following lines, which were written before the appearance of Werther:—

> "To griefs congenial prone,
> More wounds than Nature gave he knew;
> While Misery's form his fancy drew,
> In dark ideal hues and sorrows not its own."

Suicide, after all that has been said and written on the subject, still affords ample scope for interesting consideration. Montesquieu, speaking of the heroes and great men of antiquity, says that each conceived himself at liberty to close the fifth act of his tragedy at any time and in any manner he thought fit.

But I do not here propose to consider the question of suicide with reference to those men who have figured in the great theatre of the world, and whose lives have been devoted to the welfare of

a powerful empire, or to the interests of liberty. Such men, perhaps, are not to blame for having sought in another world the accomplishment of their grand ideas, when they found themselves cut off from hope in this. I here allude only to those individuals, who unable to find an object on which to exercise their activity, and led astray by extravagant desires, become disgusted with an existence which to them seems too tranquil and peaceful. Such was, at one time, the peculiar disposition of my own mind; and I well remember how much pain I suffered, and how many efforts I made to effect my cure. I set about deliberating coolly on the choice of a mode of death, and the following are the reflections which this subject suggested to me.

To detach himself from existence, to annihilate himself, is an act so unnatural to man, that he is almost always obliged to have recourse to mechanical means to accomplish it. When Ajax threw himself upon his sword, the weight of his body rendered him this last service: when a warrior directs his 'squire not to allow him to fall alive into the hands of the enemy, he relies on the assistance of an external moral force. Women seek in the waves a remedy for their despair. By means of the mechanism of a pistol, the object is attained with the greatest dispatch and the least possible effort. Hanging is an ignoble

mode of suicide, not to be spoken of: the English resort to it because they are accustomed from childhood to witness that kind of death, and therefore never think of the disgrace connected with it. Poisoning and opening veins are tedious ways of freeing oneself from existence: but the bite of an asp may be styled a ready, easy, and elegant mode of death, and was an idea worthy of a queen whose life had been spent in the midst of pomp and pleasure. All these resources are so many enemies with which we may conspire against ourselves.

After a careful examination of all the modes of suicide which history suggested to me, I found that no one had accomplished this act with greater magnanimity and calmness of mind than the Emperor Otho. That prince had lost a battle, it is true; but his affairs were not yet desperate. It was for the good of the empire, which already in some measure belonged to him, and for the sake of sparing the lives of so many millions of men ready to sacrifice themselves for or against him, that he resolved to put himself to death. He supped cheerfully with his friends; and the next morning he was found pierced through the heart with a poniard. Of all acts of the kind, this appeared to me the only one worthy of imitation; and I persuaded myself that no man who did not determine to

follow the example of Otho, should presume to make an attempt against his life. This conviction, though it did not lead me absolutely to renounce the idea of suicide, at least preserved me from one of those fits of melancholy with which the minds of our youth were assailed. I had a fine collection of arms of every kind; and, among the rest, a valuable poniard well sharpened. I placed it nightly by my bedside; and, before I extinguished the light, I hesitated several times whether or not I should plunge it in my breast: but, as I never could bring myself to this resolution, I always concluded by laughing at my own folly. I chased from my thoughts these extravagant ravings of a sickly imagination, and determined to live. But, that I might again derive satisfaction from existence, I conceived the idea of painting in some imaginative composition all the sentiments, ideas, and even illusions, with which this important subject had inspired me. I combined together the elements of a work which had been fermenting in my brain for some years. I recalled all the events which had caused me the greatest degree of pain and sorrow; but my ideas did not acquire a fixed form. I wanted an incident, a story upon which I might embody them.

While my thoughts were thus employed, the death of young Jerusalem took place. The most

minute and circumstantial details of the event were immediately circulated. The plan of Werther was instantly conceived. The elements of that composition seemed now to amalgamate, to form a whole, just as water, on the point of freezing in a vase, receives from the slightest concussion the form of a compact piece of ice. I was the more desirous of giving consistency to a work of so lively and varied an interest, and of executing it in all its parts, as I had already relapsed into a state in which I experienced greater pain, with even less hope of relief, than I had ever felt before; a circumstance which promised only a continuance of misery, or, at least, of discontent.

To form connexions, which have no natural or solid basis, is always a misfortune. We often find ourselves drawn against our inclinations into an equivocal intimacy; we lament that we are condemned to a sort of half-affection, yet find ourselves unable either to confirm or to relinquish it.

Madame La Roche had married her eldest daughter at Frankfort. She frequently visited her, and shewed herself dissatisfied with a union which, however, had been the result of her choice. Instead of appearing content, or of contriving some change for the better, she was continually venting complaints, and thus gave reason to suppose that her daughter was unhappy;

though, as the young lady seemed to possess all she wished, and experienced every indulgence from her husband, it was difficult to conceive whence her unhappiness could arise. Being on an intimate footing with the family, I soon became acquainted with the circle of their friends, of whom some had promoted the marriage of Mademoiselle La Roche, and all formed wishes for her happiness. Among these individuals was M. Dumeix, the dean of St. Leonard, who granted me his confidence and friendship. He was the first catholic ecclesiastic with whom I had been on terms of intimacy; and I derived much gratification from the interesting manner in which he explained to me the creed and rites of the old church, its internal discipline, and relations with society. I also well remember, among the visitors to the house, a lady named Servières, who was very beautiful, though at that time not very young. I took great pleasure in the society of these new friends, and participated in their occupations, their amusements, and even their religious worship. My early and truly fraternal attachment to Mademoiselle La Roche continued after her marriage. My age corresponded with hers; and, of all her friends, I was the only one whom she found to cherish that turn of thinking to which she had been accustomed from her earliest years. The most perfect confidence sub-

sisted between us; and though our mutual regard was untinctured by passion, yet I found, nevertheless, that it led to unpleasant consequences. The young lady was not perfectly reconciled to her new condition. Though enjoying the bounty of fortune, she found herself, in some measure, an exile in a house of business unpleasantly situated, where she had to perform the duties of a mother to the children of a former marriage; and she remembered with regret the smiling valley of Ehrenbreitstein, and the gaiety of her youth. I now found myself involved in all the interests of the family, without being able to take any real or active part in them. Whenever any cause of disagreement arose, an appeal was made to me; and the force of my affection generally contributed to render matters worse instead of better. All the vexations which invariably spring from this kind of misplaced attachments now weighed upon me with twofold force; and I found it necessary, once more, to form a desperate resolution to free myself from the burthen of my feelings.

Jerusalem's death, which was occasioned by his unhappy passion for the wife of his friend, suddenly roused me from my dream. With horror I compared his situation with my own; and I was powerfully struck by the resemblance. The composition on which I was then engaged

could not, therefore, fail to breathe that glow of feeling, which confers on a work of fiction the interest of reality. I shut myself up, and abstained even from receiving the visits of my friends; and while I set aside all that was not immediately connected with my subject, I collected together all that had any relation to my plan. I called to mind all the recent circumstances of my life, to which I had not yet imparted the colouring of fancy. Under the influence of all these circumstances, and after preparations made slowly and in secret, I produced *Werther* in the space of four weeks, without having previously conceived any plan, or written any portion of the work.

The manuscript being completed with very few corrections or alterations, I lost no time in getting the sheets put together: for binding is not less necessary to a book than a frame is to a picture; it enables one the better to seize the connection between the different parts. I had written this little work without previous deliberation: it was like an act of somnambulism; and, on revising it, I was myself struck with the connected form which it presented. In the hope that some new ideas for its improvement might be suggested to me, I submitted it to the perusal of several of my young friends. Contrary to my usual custom, I had not hinted to any one what

I was engaged on, and thus the perusal of my composition produced the more powerful impression on those who first saw it. This impression arose entirely out of the subject, and was totally the reverse of the effect which the work had produced on the mind of its author. My own faults or those of others, chance or my own will, reflection or imprudence, obstinacy or compliance, had hurled me on a tempestuous ocean, where I was tossed to and fro at the mercy of the waves. I owed my deliverance to the little composition, with the idea of which my situation had inspired me. I recovered my serenity of mind. I was like a sinner relieved from the burthen of his errors by a general confession; and I felt inspired with energy to enter upon a new existence. I had transformed reality into fiction, and I felt myself relieved. My friends, on the contrary, imagined that my work might, perhaps, have the effect of converting fiction into fact, of introducing into real life the extravagance of romance, and affording an apology for suicide. The idea thus erroneously conceived by a few individuals, soon extended to the public; and the work which had occasioned so great a benefit to me, was declared to have the most dangerous tendency.

But whatever mischiefs it may have caused, an accidental circumstance had well nigh prevented them all, and annihilated the work even

at the very moment of its birth. Merk had just arrived from St. Petersburgh; but in consequence of his incessant occupations I had seen but little of him, and I had only given him a general idea of the production to which I attached so high an importance. At length, however, he came to see me one day; and as he was not in a very talkative mood, I begged he would sit down and hear me read. He seated himself on a sofa, and I read to him several of the letters of Werther regularly through. He had been listening to me for some time without manifesting any sign of approbation, when, at the conclusion of a passage more pathetic than the rest, he suddenly rose, and exclaiming in an ironical tone, "Oh! that's admirable!" immediately quitted the room. I had always refrained from forming any positive opinion of my own works, whatever might be my predilection for them, until I should hear the judgment of others; and I was now firmly convinced that Werther was faulty both in the subject and the style, and that it was unworthy of publication. If there had been a fire in the room, I should certainly have consigned my manuscript to instant destruction. After the lapse of a few days, however, I became somewhat better reconciled to my work, when Merk informed me that, in consequence of some unpleasant business that had occurred to him, he was in very ill humour at

the time he called on me, and had scarcely heard a word I read to him. The cause of his vexation having been in some measure removed, he read *Werther*, and pronounced a favourable opinion on it. He rejected the idea of altering it, and desired that I would publish it in the state in which it was. I made a fair copy of my manuscript, which did not remain very long in my hands; for, on the very day on which my sister was married to George Schlosser, I received from the bookseller Weygand of Leipsick, a letter containing a proposal for publishing my work. I regarded this coincidence as a favourable augury. *Werther* was immediately sent off. I had the additional satisfaction, too, that the profits of the publication were not entirely absorbed by the expenses, which was unfortunately the case when I undertook to print Goetz Von Berlichingen.

Werther excited a powerful sensation: the reason was manifest; it appeared precisely at the right moment. The smallest spark is sufficient to blow up a mine that is ready laid. Werther was this spark. Every youthful mind was disordered by extravagant fancies and imaginary sufferings; and Werther afforded a faithful representation of the general distemper. It is vain to expect that the public should judge reasonably and coolly of a work of imagination. The great mass of readers formed the same opinion of this romance as my friends had done.

They considered it only with reference to the subject; and they were misled by the old prejudice that an author should always have a didactic object in view. They seemed to forget that a writer may describe incidents and sentiments which he neither approves nor condemns; and that in so doing he merely presents to his readers a subject on which they may exercise their own reflection and judgment.

I concerned myself very little about what was said of my work. I had fulfilled my task, and I left my judges to pronounce what decision they pleased upon it. My friends, however, carefully collected all the articles that were written upon *Werther;* and as they had begun to conceive a more correct idea of the object of the work, they amused themselves not a little at the expense of the critics. Nicolai was the first antagonist who entered the lists, and his production, entitled the *Joys of Werther,* was the subject of many good jokes. Nicolai, though actuated by good intentions, and possessed of considerable information, set out with a determination to depreciate every thing that went beyond the range of his own ideas, which he seemed to regard as the boundary of human intellect. He accordingly opened an attack upon me; and his pamphlet soon fell into my hands. I was much pleased with a charming vignette by Chodowiecki, an artist for whom I entertained a high esteem. As to

the work itself, it was woven on those rough materials which are rarely divested of any of their coarseness by a mind confined within the circle of domestic life. Nicolai seemed not to perceive that Werther's disease was past all remedy, and that a deadly canker had blighted the flower of his youth. He was satisfied with my narrative down to page 214; but when the unhappy victim of unconquerable passion prepares for death, the moral physician adroitly substitutes for the deadly weapon, a pistol loaded with the blood of a chicken. If the effect of this incident be revolting, it is at least productive of no ill consequences. Charlotte marries Werther, and the drama closes to the satisfaction of all parties.

This is all I recollect of Nicolai's production: I have not read it since the period of its publication; but I took out the vignette to preserve it in my collection of favourite engravings. Wishing to take my revenge as quietly as possible, I composed a little satire, entitled *Nicolai at Werther's tomb*, which I did not publish. On this occasion I indulged my taste for dramatic composition, and I wrote a prose dialogue between Charlotte and Werther, which was allowed to possess considerable comic humour. Werther was made to complain bitterly that the chicken's blood had been an ineffectual remedy for him. He survived, it is true, but

with the loss of both his eyes. He is reduced to despair on finding himself the husband of Charlotte, while he is deprived of the pleasure of beholding her beauty; and he persuades himself that he enjoyed greater felicity in seeing than in possessing her. Charlotte, as may be conjectured from the character that is drawn of her, is not very happy in the society of a blind husband. In this state of things, violent reproaches are vented on Nicolai, for his mania of interfering in other people's affairs. A tone of good humour pervaded the whole work. Nicolai's presumptuous and unsuccessful attempts to handle subjects beyond his grasp, were painted in faithful colours. This little production vexed Nicolai exceedingly; and in spite of his undeniable merit, it deprived him of all literary consideration. I never made a fair copy of the original manuscript, which was destroyed several years ago. I was myself well pleased with the production. The tragi-comic situation of the two lovers, augmented rather than abated the warmth and purity of their sentiments. The utmost tenderness of expression prevailed throughout the whole work; and even my adversary was treated with gaiety, rather than malignity.

But the language which I assigned to my book was far less courteous. It was supposed

to speak in the following imitation of an old ballad :—

There 's danger here, yon coxcomb cries,
What care I for his whim ;
None but a fool deep water tries
Until he learn to swim.
What 's this Berlin ban to me,
This puritanic creed ?
He who my meaning cannot see,
Had better learn to read.

Being prepared for all that could be said against *Werther*, I was insensible to all these attacks; but I was far from expecting an insupportable torment, which I experienced on the part of individuals of whose friendly feelings I was well assured. These persons never said a word to me on the subject of my work, without enquiring what portion of it was really true. Questions of this kind perpetually repeated, vexèd me and threw me into fits of ill-humour and impatience. To satisfy this importunity, I must have disconnected and separated the elements of a work which I had taken so much pains to combine in poetic unity.

But when I came to reflect on the subject, I could not tax the public with unreasonable curiosity. Jerusalem's death had excited an extraordinary sensation. A young man of good education and irreproachable conduct, in the

enjoyment of health and competency, the son of one of the first theologists and best writers of Germany, unexpectedly deprived himself of life, without any cause being at first assigned for the desperate act. But as soon as it came to be known that he was, on the one hand, the victim of an unfortunate attachment; and on the other, that he had experienced vexations from individuals in the upper ranks of life, the youth of both sexes and the middle ranks evinced the utmost sympathy for him, and all were interested in hearing every circumstance connected with the unhappy victim. Werther appeared, and presented details which were supposed to pourtray the habits and feelings of young Jerusalem. Local circumstances, personal qualities, all were similar. The picture was true to nature, and therefore all, at first glance, imagined they could recognize the likeness, and congratulated themselves on the discovery of the original. But on a further examination, many points of resemblance vanished; and doubts arose in proportion as efforts were made to discover the truth. Attention was thus diverted far from the true object. How, indeed, was it possible to recognize traits which I had copied from the history of my own life, and my own personal feelings? I had excited no interest in my youth, and my conduct, though not veiled in obscurity, had never been the subject of attention.

While I was engaged on my romance, I could not help recollecting the happy idea of that artist of antiquity who composed his Venus from the combined charms of a multitude of beautiful models. I followed this example in painting the portrait of Charlotte, on whom I bestowed the qualities of several lovely women, still preserving the characteristic traits of her who was loveliest of all. The public soon detected resemblances; and no lady had any objection to be considered as the original of the picture. These numberless Charlottes annoyed me exceedingly; for every body I met wished to know positively who the real one was. Like Nathan, with his story of the three rings,* I generally tried to escape by help of an evasion; but this stratagem succeeded only with beings of a superior order, and would not satisfy either the vulgar or the enlightened portion of the public. However, I consoled my-

* In Lessing's drama entitled, *Nathan the Wise*, the Sultan Saladin asks Nathan which is the true faith, the Mahometan, the Jewish, or the Christian? Nathan replies by the apologue of the three rings which Lessing has borrowed from Boccaccio's *Decameron*. A man in the east was possessed of a magnificent ring, which had the secret power of rendering beloved by God and man, the individual who wore it with the firm conviction of its virtue. The man bequeathed it to his best-beloved son. After being transmitted from generation to generation, one of the descendants of the original possessor, who was the father of three sons all equally dear to him, not knowing how to decide between them, had two rings made, so exactly similar to the real one, that he could not himself distinguish the slightest differ-

self with the hope of being speedily released from these vexatious inquiries; but, on the contrary, they have pursued me throughout the whole of my life. I determined to travel *incognito;* but unforeseen circumstances deprived me even of this last resource. If *Werther* really possessed the faults and the dangerous tendency attributed to it, its author was sufficiently, nay, beyond measure, punished by the persecutions to which he was exposed by the publication of the work.

I now learned by experience that authors and the public are separated by a deep abyss, of which, happily, neither the one party nor the other form any idea. I had long been convinced of the inutility of prefaces; for the more an author seeks to develope his intentions, the greater confusion he creates in the minds of his readers. Whatever reserve he may evince, the

ence. At his death, each of his sons received one of the rings with his blessing.

A dispute afterwards arose between them, respecting the right of primogenitorship attached to the possession of the privileged ring. The judge to whom they appealed, declared that the precautions adopted by the father to prevent them from distinguishing the real ring, rendered any decision impossible. The father's object had been to secure equal rights to his three sons; and it was their duty to vie with each other in fraternal affection and virtue, to prove in themselves or in their descendants, the mysterious virtue attached to the real ring, leaving the decision to posterity and supreme wisdom.

public will not the less persist in requiring every particular which he has shewn a wish to withhold. I also had the opportunity of observing an analogous singularity on the part of readers, which approaches to the ridiculous, when they are induced to record their opinions in print. It is supposed that a man who publishes a work, becomes by that very act a debtor to the public, and he never can do enough to satisfy what is expected of him, though before the appearance of the work, the possibility of such a production was never dreamed of. But the best or the worst of the matter, as regarded myself, was, that every one wished to become acquainted with a young author who had appeared so boldly and unexpectedly on the literary horizon. All were eager to gain an introduction to him, and those who lived at a distance from him were not the least curious. He thus found himself the object of interest, which, though sometimes agreeable, was often annoying and always fatal to the useful employment of his time. Though he had planned tasks which would have occupied years in the execution, yet he could not enter upon them with his wonted zeal. He was dragged from the bosom of quiet and retirement—those true elements of mental creation, into the noisy sphere of society, where favour or cold indifference, praise or censure, tend alike to mislead. These external influences are seldom in unison with our

internal dispositions, and if they do not present advantages, they fail not to prove prejudicial.

But that which chiefly contributed to divert my attention from more important works, was the amusement which my friends and I derived from our practice of dramatizing all that seemed worthy of attention. To explain what is meant by this application of dramatic composition, I must mention that, in order to enliven our literary parties, we were in the habit of separating, as it were, the materials which we had collected for works on a more extended scale. A simple incident, a trait of naïveté or awkwardness, an equivoque, a singular idea, a curious remark, the originality or whims of an individual, even an attitude or an expressive gesture,—in short, every thing that attracted observation in our intercourse with society, furnished us with the subject of a dialogue or a dramatic scene, either in verse or prose.

These little compositions, these inspirations of gaiety or sentiment, by exercising our fancy strengthened our taste for this style of poetic imitation. We endeavoured to seize objects, events, and individuals, and to imbue them with a vivid colouring, at the same time preserving their characteristic features. We wished, as it were, to embody every sentiment and peculiarity, and to exhibit it in a living form to the eyes of the spectator. These poetic fancies

might have been denominated epigrams in action. We sought to smooth away all sharpness and asperity, while every characteristic point was marked in the most decided way. My little piece, entitled the *Festival of the Fair*, is an epigram, or rather a collection of epigrams, of this kind. The characters there introduced really represented various members of our literary circle; or, at least, individuals connected with it. The solution of the enigma was a secret to most of the spectators, and those who laughed most, little suspected that others were amusing themselves at their expense. My *Prologue to the New Vision of Bahrdt*, is a production of a different kind. It served as a model for some of my fugitive pieces, of which many are lost, and some among those I have preserved, are not of a nature to admit of publication. Those which were printed, at the period of their production excited interest, and augmented the curiosity which was felt for the author. Others, which were circulated in manuscript, served for the amusement of my friends, whose numbers were increasing. I received a visit from Doctor Bahrdt, who then resided at Giessen. His behaviour was frank and polite. He himself laughed at my prologue, and expressed a wish to maintain a friendly intercourse with me. In the mean while my friends and I still continued to make merry at the expense of other people's oddities.

To excite the surprise which usually attends the appearance of a literary meteor, could not but flatter the vanity of a young author. I took pleasure in testifying my esteem for those of my countrymen whose merit had been crowned by Fame; among whom, I may assign the first rank to the celebrated Justus Moeser. This highly gifted man had for some time been publishing, in the Osnabruck Journal, his reflections on civil law. Herder, who never failed to observe all that was worthy of attention, pointed out these articles to me. Madame Voigt, Moeser's daughter, was engaged in putting them together in a combined form, and their publication was eagerly looked for. I opened a correspondence with Madame Voigt, by expressing my sincere esteem for her father's writings, and assuring her that his essays, though originally intended for a limited circle, were entitled to rank among works of general utility, both on account of the importance of the subject, and the talent with which it was treated. This declaration coming from one who was a stranger to them, and whose name was not altogether unknown, was received with pleasure both by the father and daughter, and helped to banish some doubts which Madame Voigt entertained respecting the publication.

Moeser's *Patriotic Fancies* present, indeed, a complete picture of social life. They shew how

a constitution that has its root in past ages, preserves, during the present time, its existence and its energy; how mankind adhere as much as possible to ancient customs, without being able to impede the course of events, or the changes produced by time; how some take the alarm at every useful innovation, while others are ready to grasp any thing new, without considering whether it be useless or even dangerous.

Moeser knew that public institutions have their basis in the family system; and therefore it was to the latter object that he particularly directed his attention. He points out the changes that have taken place in manners, customs, education, dress, diet, and domestic habits. He embraces every thing, and is always careful to avoid the monotonous pedantry of the didactic style, and to vary the forms which he employs. Whether he speaks in his own name, or conceals himself beneath a borrowed mask, he is always master of his subject, always profound, without relinquishing his gaiety or the charm of delicate raillery. Even when he is harsh and vehement, these qualities are always tempered by just discretion; and it is impossible not to admire the talent, the judgment, the facility, the taste, and the character, of the writer. In his choice of subjects of general utility, the depth of his views, the correctness of his observations, his happy fancy and good humour, Franklin appears to me to be the only writer with whom Moeser can be compared.

A man of this stamp could not but inspire us with profound respect. His influence over young men who knew how to distinguish and appreciate solid merit, was, of course, very extensive. To seize the mere form of his compositions did not appear to be so very difficult; but how could we hope to gain his fertile resources, or to treat with his charming freedom subjects which seemed obstinately to reject such a style.

But the most pleasing illusion in life, and that which we find it impossible to renounce, in spite of the painful feelings to which it gives rise, is the hope of attaining, as far as possible, the qualities which we most esteem in others, and reproducing them in ourselves.

CHAPTER XIV.

AMIDST the interest with which my first essays were received by the public, the persons by whom I was more immediately surrounded evinced a degree of zeal which was, perhaps, even more gratifying to me. My old friends had been acquainted with the manuscripts of those compositions which now excited such a sensation; they looked upon them in some degree as their own, and the success which they had, perhaps, rashly predicted, was to them a subject of triumph. This friendly circle was increased by the addition of new proselytes, at the head of whom I distinguished men, who themselves possessed creative talent, or who were eager to kindle and to cherish it.

Among them Lenz was the most remarkable for originality. No writer was ever possessed of more striking singularities. It was impossible to deny that he was gifted with talent of the highest order. Inexhaustible fertility of imagination, delicacy, facility, acuteness, and even profoundness; all seemed to be embraced in the extended circle of his qualifications. Yet, though

we cannot help admiring this extraordinary combination, the satisfaction it affords is still far from complete. Talents of this kind are the most difficult to appreciate. His compositions sparkle with brilliant touches; but the purest and most delicate inspirations are mingled with such strange conceits and extravagancies, as would scarcely be pardonable even in the most unrestrained effusions of comic humour. He spent his time in the production of trifles, which nothing but the vivacity of his genius could render tolerable. But his excellent memory, which retained a vast portion of what he read, and thus furnished ample materials for his original powers, enabled him to throw away a great deal of his time with impunity.

Lenz shared, and even carried to excess, that restlessness of spirit that leads the thinking man to dwell on internal disquietudes, which have but a transitory existence in unreflecting minds. Persons labouring under this state of feeling, are usually most rigorous with respect to morality, both in themselves and others, while they manifest the most complete disregard of the practical conduct of life. A peculiar trait which distinguished Lenz, was his decided taste for intrigue; but for intrigue in itself, unconnected with the hope of deriving any personal advantage from it. He endeavoured to embody and give consistence to the ridiculous phantoms of his

imagination. Thus, even his wickedness was ideal, and his affection, like his hatred, was directed only to chimerical objects. His sentiments and ideas, though arising purely from the caprice of his imagination, nevertheless served as stimulants to his activity. But his friendship was never useful, nor his hatred injurious; and he did no harm to any one but himself.

Lenz had been chosen as tutor to two young gentlemen of Livonia, whom he accompanied to Strasburgh. A more unfortunate selection could scarcely have been made. The eldest of the two young men, being under the necessity of returning home, separated with regret from a young lady to whom he was passionately attached. In order to banish rivals, and preserve the lady's heart for his absent pupil, Lenz conceived the idea of acting the part of lover himself. He immediately put his plan into execution, and carried it on perseveringly, without ever perceiving that the fair one was only laughing at his expense.

While at Strasburgh with his pupils, Lenz spent a great portion of his time in the society of the officers of the garrison; and there he, no doubt, collected the comic traits which he afterwards introduced into his drama, entitled *The Soldiers*. He fancied he had acquired a great knowledge of the military art, of which he had indeed really studied the details: and he

accordingly took it into his head some years afterwards to draw up a memorial for the French minister of war. This, he hoped, would be attended with the most advantageous results; but though his memorial developed the vices of the system pursued in France, the means proposed as a cure for the evil were perfectly absurd and impracticable. Lenz, however, flattered himself that he should acquire great influence at the court of Versailles; and he was not very grateful to his friends who prevailed on him to burn the memorial instead of forwarding it to its intended destination.

Immediately after the appearance of Goetz von Berlichingen, Lenz addressed to me a long essay, closely written on the narrow slips of paper which he was in the habit of using. It was entitled, *On our Marriage*; and its object was to compare his talents with mine; sometimes attributing the superiority to me, and sometimes placing us both on the same level. This parallel was maintained in so humorous and agreeable a style, that I could not help entering heartily into the views of the author, for whose powers of mind I entertained the highest esteem, and only regretted to see them employed in so fantastic and irregular a way. I replied by testimonies of friendly confidence; and as he invited me to a union of labour, I communicated to him all my works, those that I had finished, as well as those that I

had in contemplation. In return he sent me his manuscripts, one after another. They consisted of *The Governor*, *The New Menoza*, *The Soldiers*, and his translation of Shakspeare's *Love's Labour Lost*, which he published at the end of his Remarks on the drama.

This last production was directed against the regular drama. In a brief introduction, the author affirmed that he had read it some years ago, to a society of literary men, before the appearance of Goetz von Berlichingen. I could scarcely credit that there had existed at Strasburgh a literary society, with whom Lenz had maintained correspondence without my knowledge. However, I did not contradict the assertion, and I soon furnished him with an editor for this, as well as his other compositions, without ever suspecting that he had chosen me as the object of his fantastic hatred, his extravagant and capricious persecution.

I may mention Wagner as one of the individuals with whom I was on terms of intimacy. He formed a member of our society, first at Strasburgh, and afterwards at Frankfort. Without being endowed with any extraordinary qualities, he was not deficient either in talent or information. We received him as an adept. He shewed a regard for me, and as I had nothing to conceal, I communicated to him the plan of my Faust, and described the catastrophe of Marga-

ret. He thought the subject so interesting, that he adopted it in the composition of a tragedy, which he entitled the *Infanticide*. I had never before been thus robbed of my ideas before they reached maturity. I was vexed at the circumstance, but without cherishing any animosity against Wagner. Misfortunes of this kind have since often occurred to me; but I can only blame my own dilatoriness and my too great readiness to place confidence in others.

The powerful effect of contrasts both in speaking and writing, is universally admired. I may, therefore, esteem myself happy in having to speak of Klinger, after describing Lenz; for never was there a more striking opposition than that which the characters of these two men presents. They were contemporaries and competitors one with the other; but Lenz, like a transient meteor, shone only for a moment on the literary horizon, and disappeared, leaving behind no trace of his brilliancy; while Klinger, on the contrary, has maintained, down to the present time, his twofold reputation of a distinguished writer, and an active man of business.

I love to begin by describing the personal appearance of the individuals whom I have occasion to notice. Klinger was a man of pleasing exterior; he was tall, slender, and well made, and his features were regular. He was attentive to his dress and personal appearance, and upon

the whole, was looked upon as the most agreeable and elegant member of our literary circle. His manners were neither prepossessing nor repulsive, and his temper was calm and placid, when not influenced by any particular passion.

We admire a young woman for the charms which she possesses, and a young man for the qualities of which he affords the promise. I became attached to Klinger as soon as I knew him. His purity of sentiment and firmness of character inspired me with confidence. The circumstances in which he had been placed, had, from his earliest youth, inspired him with a serious turn. He and his sister, a beautiful and amiable young woman, were the only support of their widowed mother. For all his acquisitions, he had been indebted solely to his own exertions. Was it therefore surprising that he should be distinguished for an air of proud independence? He possessed, in a high degree, the natural gifts of prompt intelligence, and excellent memory, combined with the power of expressing himself with ease and fluency. But the qualities to which he himself attached the highest value, were his firmness and perseverance, virtues which indeed were natural to him, but which were strengthened by the circumstances in which he had been placed.

The writings of Rousseau could not fail to produce a favourable impression on a young man

of this character. *Emile* was his favourite work. The doctrine of the Citizen of Geneva, which made so many proselytes, had not a more ardent admirer than Klinger, who was himself a child of Nature. Having been born in a humble sphere, he had not to shake off the prejudices and trammels of wealth, against the baneful influence of which it is often so difficult to contend. He was, therefore, a sincere disciple of that gospel of nature preached by Rousseau. Klinger's conduct as a man and as a model of filial piety, entitled him to repeat the adage:—"All things are good as they come from the hands of nature." But sad experience had also convinced him of the truth of the remark afterwards made by Jean Jacques—"Every thing degenerates in the hands of man?" He had not to contend against himself, but against the habits of society, from the yoke of which Rousseau endeavoured to emancipate us. This violent and painful struggle forced Klinger to withdraw within himself, and afforded no room in his cultivated mind for gaiety and serenity. What efforts would it not have cost him to break through the feelings by which he was possessed? Thus, though traits of spleen occasionally escaped him, yet, in general, he possessed the art of commanding his temper. His works, as far as I can recollect, bear evidence of a powerful understanding, correct judgment, and lively imagination, aided by the talent

of observing the varied recesses of the human heart, and marking original shades of character. He painted children candid and amiable, young men brilliant, and those of maturer years polished and sensible. His caricatures are not too far exaggerated. His writings are not deficient in gaiety or good humour; but, on the contrary, are distinguished for wit and happy sallies, and are fertile in metaphor and allegory. In short, they would leave nothing to be desired, were it not that the effect of agreeable irony is sometimes destroyed by a tone of bitterness and chagrin.

That firmness which is the result of solidity of character, is the more estimable, when it is developed in active life, and in the business of the world. We cannot but respect the man who energetically employs the means best calculated to secure any desirable object, even though those means should have the appearance of harshness or violence. Such a man was Klinger. Flexibility was never the favourite virtue of the German, born a citizen of the empire; nor was it so with him of whom I am now speaking. Firmness, uprightness, and solid understanding, were the qualities which first raised him to an important post, and then enabled him to fill it honourably, and to enjoy the favour and support of his patrons. He was always faithful to his early friends, and never forgot the condition whence he had sprung, of which indeed he was

so eager to perpetuate the recollection, that he even adorned his coat of arms with memorials of his advancement.

Shortly afterwards, I became acquainted with Lavater. *His letter from a Pastor to one of his Colleagues*, had about this time created a sensation, and his theory had made many proselytes. Thanks to his unremitting activity, our correspondence was not suffered to relax. He was then seriously engaged upon his great work on physiognomy, the introduction to which had already been favourably received by the public. He was applying to all his friends for drawings and sketches, particularly for portraits of Christ: and, in spite of my incompetency for such a task, he insisted that I should make him a drawing according to my notion of the Saviour's countenance. This was indeed requiring an impossibility, and I could not but laugh at the idea. However, I found it impossible to satisfy Lavater, except by compliance with his whimsical demand.

The science of physiognomy met with many sceptics, or half-believers, who regarded it as uncertain or illusive. Even the partisans of Lavater took pleasure in putting his skill to the test, and with this intention they sometimes practised deceptions upon him. He had commissioned a skilful painter of Frankfort to furnish him with the profiles of several well-known

individuals. Among the rest was a portrait of Bahrdt, which, for the sake of a joke, was packed up, and addressed to Lavater as mine. The consequence was a thundering letter from the Doctor. Lavater vehemently protested against the trick, adding all that the circumstance could suggest to him in favour of his doctrine. My portrait was afterwards sent to him, but he was, according to custom, dissatisfied both with the painter and the subject. He always asserted that the artist was never correct and faithful. As to the originals of portraits, they never perfectly fulfilled the idea he had formed of them. He was always somewhat vexed when the individual departed from his imaginary model by the peculiar traits which constitute personality.

The idea which Lavater had conceived of man, was so closely in unison with the image of Christ which was impressed on his mind, that he was unable to imagine how any one could live and breathe without being a Christian. As to me, the Christian religion appealed to my mind and my heart, but I was at a loss to comprehend the mysterious physical affinity with Christ, on which Lavater so pertinaciously insisted. He absolutely tormented Mendelssohn, me, and others. He wished us to be Christians, and Christians after his manner; or that we should convince him of the truth of our creeds. This

ardent proselytism irritated me. I could scarcely have supposed that a man like Lavater would have cherished such a spirit. It was in direct opposition to the religious toleration which I had been accustomed to profess. Lavater's importunities served only to confirm me in my own opinions; which is generally the case with all whose conversion is attempted in vain. At length, however, he pressed me with the terrible dilemma, that I must be either a Christian or an atheist; and I then declared that if he would not leave me in the enjoyment of the Christian faith, which I had formed for myself, I should not have much hesitation in deciding for what he termed atheism; though I was nevertheless well convinced that nobody knew to which creed either the one or the other term was precisely applicable.

These discussions, though maintained with considerable warmth, did not abate our friendship. Lavater possessed admirable patience and perseverance. Convinced of the truth of his doctrine, he determined to propagate it, and he hoped that time and persuasion would effect, what the force of his arguments had failed to produce. He was one of those few happy beings whose worldly vocations are in perfect unison with their ideas and wishes; and whose first education, being in relation with that which they derive from experience, fully developes their na-

tural faculties. He was endowed by nature with the most delicate moral sentiment, and devoted himself to the ecclesiastical profession, for which he was prepared by an adequate course of study, though his attainments did not entitle him to be ranked among distinguished scholars. Though older than I and the rest of my literary friends, the voice of nature and liberty, which resounded so agreeably in our ears, had also made an impression on him. All felt that they possessed sufficient resources within themselves, and that it was only necessary to call them freely into action. The daily duty of an ecclesiastic, to inculcate moral principle and religious sentiment, was to Lavater a mission of the highest order. These functions were precisely suited to his character. To inspire others with the sentiments of virtue and piety by which he was himself animated, was his most ardent wish; and to observe himself and others was his favourite occupation. The purity and delicacy of his own feelings rendered the first task easy; while his judgment and penetration were not less favourable to the second. He was not born for contemplation, nor had he any inclination for poetry. His powers were naturally suited to an active life; and I never knew a man more distinguished for unremitting exertion. But our moral internal being is in some measure incorporated with our external relations. We are members of

a family, a class, a society, a city, or a state. It was requisite that Lavater should come in contact with these external objects before he could impart an impulse to them; and this could not be done without encountering obstacles and difficulties, particularly in a republic like that in which he was born, and which, within the limits traced by its situation and laws, enjoyed a commendable degree of freedom, cemented by time. From his boyhood he had been accustomed to reflect on the public interests, and to make them the subject of his conversation. In the flower of his age the young republican found himself, as a member of the community, empowered to give or to withhold his suffrage. Anxious to judge for himself, and to judge correctly of the merits of his fellow-citizens, he sought to make himself acquainted with their sentiments and faculties; and by thus investigating the characters of others he learned to examine his own.

Such were the circumstances which extended their influence over Lavater at an early period of his life. He applied himself to the active duties of life, rather than to the attainment of learning. He neglected the study of languages, and the analytical criticism inseparable from that study, of which analysis is at once the means and the object. When, however, the circle of his information and his views became infinitely extended, he often acknowledged both seriously

and jokingly that he was no scholar. To this want of profound study must be attributed his firm adherence to the letter, nay, even to the translation of the Bible; which, after all, afforded both foundation and means sufficient for the object he proposed to attain.

But the local corporation interests of a small community presented a sphere too circumscribed for the active mind of Lavater. To act justly, was to the young pastor an easy duty: injustice was a vice which he abhorred, and to which his heart was a stranger. A Swiss magistrate had daily committed various acts of oppression before the eyes of his fellow-citizens; but it was difficult to bring his conduct under legal investigation. Lavater, together with one of his friends, threatened the offending magistrate with the vengeance of the laws. The affair became public; legal proceedings were instituted against the magistrate, and he suffered the penalty which his misconduct merited. However, the parties who had instigated his punishment were censured; for, in a free state, justice itself cannot be administered by irregular means.

During a visit which Lavater made to Germany, he formed an acquaintance with our most distinguished men of learning and talent; but his intercourse with these individuals tended only to confirm him in his own theories. On his return to his native country, he pursued his

plans with increased ardour. His noble and generous heart had inspired him with an exalted idea of human nature. All that evidently departed from his imaginary model was, according to his belief, destined to find its corrective in the sublime idea of the Deity, determining from time to time to endow man with a portion of the divine Spirit, in order to restore him to his primitive purity and perfection.

But I have dwelt long enough on the peculiarities which marked the early career of this celebrated man. I will now describe the curious circumstances which attended my acquaintance with him. From the commencement of his correspondence with me and others, he had signified his intention of visiting Frankfort, in the course of a journey which he proposed making along the banks of the Rhine. This information excited the highest interest. Every one was curious to see so remarkable a man. The presence and conversation of such a visitor was joyfully anticipated by all who took pleasure in discussing points of morality and religion. The sceptics were already prepared with their objections. Some were presumptuous enough to expect that he would be overwhelmed with the weight of their arguments, and confidently looked forward to their own triumph and his confusion. In short, there appeared all the symptoms of favour and malevolence, which a man of superior

powers never fails to encounter amidst the mingled elements of which this world is composed.

My first interview with Lavater was of the most cordial description. We affectionately embraced each other. I found that he very much resembled the portraits I had seen of him. I was delighted to behold, in the plenitude of life and vigour, a man so highly celebrated, and characterized by peculiarities which none before him had ever possessed, and which, perhaps, the human mind may never again develope. From some exclamations which escaped him at the first sight of me, I was convinced that my appearance did not correspond with his expectations. Faithful to my natural inclination to be satisfied with the world as I found it, I told him he must be content to take me as I was, since it had pleased God and Nature so to make me. Our conversation turned on some points which we had treated in our correspondence, and on which we had not been able to come to an agreement. We were, however, soon interrupted; a circumstance at which I was exceedingly mortified.

When my friends and I wished to discuss subjects which powerfully interested the mind and heart, we for that purpose withdrew, and absented ourselves from our usual meetings, because we found that, owing to the diversity of opinions and ideas, it was scarcely possible even for a few individuals to come to an understand-

ing. But it was quite the reverse with Lavater. He loved to exercise his influence over congregated numbers. He was eminently gifted with the happy talent of inculcating his doctrine on the minds of his hearers; a faculty for which he was greatly indebted to his skill in observing physiognomical expression. Prompt in seizing the distinctive shades of human character, he rapidly scanned the minds of his auditors. He received a candid declaration, or a sincere question, to the satisfaction of his interlocutor; and his answers were always directly to the purpose. His mild and benevolent expression of countenance, his agreeable smile, his sonorous German accent, and honest Swiss dialect—in short, every peculiarity by which he was characterized—produced the most agreeable impression on his auditors. The attitude of his body, which was somewhat bent, by diminishing the ascendancy of his presence, placed him in some degree on a level with those about him. Vanity and arrogance he opposed by calmness and address. At the moment when he seemed to be on the point of yielding to his opponent, he suddenly developed his argument in a totally new point of view. Thus he succeeded in persuading and convincing; and, perhaps, even in producing a durable impression on his hearers: for men who are imbued with a portion of self-conceit, are often possessed of an easy temper; it is only

necessary to remove by gentle means the tough rind that envelopes the fertile seed.

A circumstance which very much embarrassed Lavater, was to meet with those persons whose unprepossessing exterior rendered them decided and irreconcilable enemies of his doctrine. Men of this kind cherished the most inveterate malevolence, though they expressed only trifling doubts. They generally employed considerable ingenuity and talent to discredit a doctrine which tended directly to mortify them: for it is not easy to find a Socrates who will deduce from his own personal deformity an argument in favour of the virtues he has acquired. The obstinacy of this class of adversaries was a torment to Lavater. The conflict which he maintained against them was not exempt from passion; for the smelting fire repels the resisting ore as oppressive and hostile.

Lavater's attention was so engaged during his stay at Frankfort that I had no opportunity of entering upon any confidential communication with him respecting our mutual sentiments and opinions. I derived instruction from observing the method he adopted in his intercourse with mankind; but these lessons were not attended by any personal advantage to myself, for there was no similarity between our respective situations and faculties. He whose object is the reform of morals, never loses his labour: his

success extends more widely than the Scripture modestly says of the sower. But the artist, if he be not acknowledged as such, labours in vain. I have already mentioned that my readers often excited my impatience, and I have explained why I was very little inclined to give them any hint respecting my designs. I felt but too sensibly the difference between Lavater's influence and mine. His was exercised on those immediately around him; while mine reached only those who were remote from me. People who were dissatisfied with him at a distance, became reconciled to him on a nearer approach. Those, on the contrary, who from a perusal of my works had formed a favourable opinion of the author, were much disappointed when, on their introduction to me, they found a reserved and uncommunicative man.

Merk, who had now returned from Darmstadt, was still faithful to his character of Mephistopheles. The interest manifested by the fair sex for Lavater, afforded him an abundant subject of ridicule. Having observed some ladies who were attentively inspecting the apartments, and particularly the bed-chamber of our prophet, "The pious souls," said he, "wish to see the spot "where the Lord has lain." But, in spite of his pleasantries, he was exorcised as well as the rest; for Lips, who accompanied Lavater, sketched the profile of our friend in no less correct a style

than that of the numerous portraits of noted and obscure individuals, who were destined one day to illustrate the celebrated pastor's great work on Physiognomy.

To me Lavater's visit had proved highly important and instructive. It imparted a new impulse to my love for the fine arts, and inspired me with new activity of mind. The objects which then absorbed my time and attention were too numerous to admit of this influence taking an immediate effect; but I felt the utmost impatience to renew the discussion of the important points of which we had treated in our correspondence. I therefore resolved to accompany Lavater to Ems, whither he was about to proceed; and I hoped, during the journey, shut up in a carriage, and secure against interruption, to be enabled freely to enter on the discussion of the questions which most interested me.

The conversations I had heard, between Lavater and Mademoiselle Von Klettenberg, afforded me a fertile source of useful reflection. By observing these two decided Christians thus brought in contact with each other, I clearly perceived how the same creed might be modified by difference of feeling. In those days of toleration, it used to be a common remark, that every individual has his own religion and his own way of worshipping God. Without precisely agreeing in this opinion, I was fully convinced that the

two sexes form for themselves a Saviour, each after their own way. Mademoiselle Von Klettenberg was attached to hers, as a woman is to a lover, to whom she surrenders her heart without reserve, in whom she reposes all her hopes and happiness, and to whom she entrusts the destiny of her life, without fear or hesitation. Lavater, on the contrary, considered Christ, in some measure, in the light of a friend, whom, with a heart free from jealousy and full of the tenderest attachment, he viewed as an object of emulation; and while he revered the sublime virtues of the Saviour, he sought to imitate, and did not even despair of equalling them. How different were these two directions of sentiment and imagination; and how well they express the general difference of feeling in the two sexes! Thus it is easy to explain how men, extremely susceptible of tender affection, (as for example Sannazar,) have devoted their talents and their lives to the worship of the Virgin, as the type of female virtue and beauty, and have even gone so far as to caress the holy infant.

It was not only from the conversations which I witnessed between my two friends, but also from the confidence which they mutually reposed in me, that I was enabled to judge of the relative difference of their sentiments, and of their opinions of each other. I could not fully coincide with either; for my own Christian doctrine had

also its peculiar character, modified according to feelings. As they were very little disposed to tolerate me, I repelled their censure by all sorts of paradoxes; and when I saw that they were about to lose patience, I usually took leave of them with a joke.

The conflict between knowledge and faith had not yet become the order of the day: but these two words, with the signification that is attached to them, frequently occurred in the course of a discussion. Those who cherished a low opinion of human nature, affirmed that there was as little certainty on the one side as on the other. I, on the contrary, declared myself both for knowledge and faith; but my two friends were not, for that reason, the more disposed to favour my opinions. With regard to faith, said I, the whole point rests in belief: it matters not what is the subject of that belief. That which constitutes faith is a feeling of security for the present and for the future; and this security depends on confidence in a Being supremely powerful and impenetrable. All rests on this firm conviction. As to the mode in which we picture to ourselves the Deity, that depends on the nature and extent of our faculties, even on circumstances, and it is altogether a matter of indifference. Faith may be compared to a sacred vase, into which the believer is ever ready to pour forth, with his utmost fervour, the sacrifice of his senti-

ments, his reason, and his ideas. It is the very reverse of knowledge; all the importance of which consists in the value and extent of what is known. Knowledge may be the subject of dispute, because it is susceptible of proof, and of more or less extension. It is communicated from individuals to multitudes; and the most chimerical of all illusions would be the hope of grasping it as a whole. It is, therefore, directly the reverse of faith.

Half-truths of this kind, and the reveries to which they give rise, may, when invested with poetic colouring, become the source of pleasure and noble excitement; but when introduced into a discussion, they serve only to disturb and confuse it. I, therefore, left Lavater free to communicate with those who sought after him for their edification. I deprived myself of close intercourse with him for a time; but for this I found abundant compensation in the journey which we made together to Ems. We set out in fair summer weather. Lavater was in charming spirits; for his morality and piety were free from every tinge of gloom. He was always ready to join in the gaiety of the moment, and to place himself in unison with those about him, provided they did not exceed the limits which his delicacy had prescribed. If these boundaries were ever trespassed upon, the offender was immediately called to order by a clap on the shoulder, accom-

panied by the exclamation, "My dear friend!" uttered in a tone of cordiality. My journey furnished me both with information and pleasure: but it served to make me acquainted with the character of Lavater, rather than to regulate and form my own. At Ems he was immediately surrounded with society of every kind; and as I did not find it convenient to be longer absent from Frankfort, I returned home.

The arrival of Basedow soon presented me with a new source of occupation. Never was there a more complete contrast than between this man and Lavater: a contrast that was striking even at the very first glance. Lavater's countenance was open and candid: Basedow's, on the contrary, bespoke a mind that was withdrawn and concentrated within itself. Lavater's eyes, shaded by long lashes, were expressive of serenity and benevolence. Basedow's small, black, sunken eyes darted their penetrating glances from beneath thick and bushy eyebrows. Lavater's brow was agreeably adorned with curly black hair. Basedow's sharp and harsh voice, his rapid utterance, his decided assertions, his sardonic laugh, his abrupt mode of breaking off and changing a conversation—in short, all the qualities that characterized him—were entirely the reverse of the amiable and captivating manners of the pastor of Zurich. Basedow also excited great interest and admiration at Frankfort;

but his society was not calculated to edify and instruct. His sole object was the cultivation of the vast field which he had opened, and, by improving education, to render the sojourn of man in this world happier and more conformable with the laws of nature. He even manifested too great eagerness for the attainment of the end he had in view.

I did not enter warmly into his plans, of which indeed I could not form a very correct idea. I applauded his desire of imparting a high interest to education, and placing it on a more natural footing. To cultivate the study of the ancient languages, appeared to me a laudable plan; and I was pleased to observe how his views tended to promote useful activity, and to give a novel and more natural aspect to the world. But, at the same time, I perceived that objects were still more disconnected in his elementary work than in reality; for in the world, as it appears before us, it is their nature that constitutes their consistency. Thus, through the veil of variety and apparent confusion, there is always discernible a certain regularity by which the various parts are combined together. Basedow's elementary work, however, breaks the real unity, by substituting an artificial connexion of ideas for the connexion of natural objects; and we have to regret the advantages of the sa-

tisfactory method adopted in the work of Amos Comenius.

Basedow's conduct was even more singular and incomprehensible than his doctrine. The object of his journey was to conciliate public favour for his philanthropic enterprise; and not only to win hearts, but to open purses. He explained his views with persuasive eloquence, and he knew how to gain the suffrage of his auditors. But he soon alienated even the minds of those whom he placed under contribution, and gave them unnecessary offence by expressing almost involuntarily his strange opinions respecting religion. On this point, again, he was completely the reverse of Lavater. The latter adopted the Bible literally and entirely, as applicable to the world in its present state. Basedow, on the contrary, had a restless passion for giving a new meaning to every thing, and regulating the doctrines and rites of the church according to his own caprice. He mercilessly and inconsiderately overthrew ideas, which, though not literally expressed in the Bible, are derived from it by skilful interpretation; those philosophic expressions and arguments, or those parables, of which the fathers of the church and the councils have availed themselves for the purpose of rendering intelligible what seemed to be obscure, and opposing heretics. On all occasions

he declared himself, in the most unreserved and decided way, a sworn enemy to the Trinity; and he was incessantly arguing against that article of faith, which is generally acknowledged to be an impenetrable mystery. This mania was very annoying to me in my private conversations with Basedow. The hypostasis, the ousia, and the prosopon, were continually at his tongue's end. I had recourse to my armour of paradox; I tried to wind round his opinions, and opposed his bold assertions by still bolder ones. These contests inspired me with fresh activity of mind. Basedow had read more than I; and he was skilful in disputation. Thus I was obliged continually to redouble my efforts, in proportion to the importance of the subjects which came under our discussion.

I could not let slip so fair an opportunity, if not of acquiring information, at least of calling my faculties into exercise. I begged my father and my friends to take charge of my most urgent affairs, and I again quitted Frankfort to accompany Basedow. But when I thought of the amiability of Lavater, what a difference did I observe between him and Basedow! The purity of Lavater's heart extended its influence on all around him: in his society one found it necessary to observe even maidenly delicacy, for fear of shocking him by any displeasing contrast. Basedow was entirely concentrated within himself,

and cared little for those about him. He had an intolerable habit of smoking bad tobacco; and he was continually setting light to his fungus-like tinder, which vied with the tobacco in infecting the surrounding atmosphere. He took pleasure in annoying me with the fumes of this horrid preparation, which I would have classed in natural history under the denomination of '*Basedow's fungus fœtidus.*' With all his merit, one of the peculiarities of Basedow was, that he took pleasure in exercising his malignant humour at the expense of the most inoffensive persons. He left nobody at rest. He loved to indulge in sarcasm, or to excite embarrassment by unforeseen questions. A bitter laugh denoted the pleasure he enjoyed in taking his interlocutor by surprise; and yet he was not the less delighted when he received a ready answer.

The oddities of Basedow served only to make me regret Lavater. When I met the latter, during our stay at the baths of Ems, he received me affectionately. He communicated to me his observations on the different characters of the visitors to the baths, among whom he had gained many friends and partisans. I also fell in with several of my old acquaintances, whom I had not seen for several years; and I had an opportunity of observing that men grow old and women change for the worse—a fact, of which, in youth, we find it difficult to convince ourselves. The

company at Ems increased daily. We met each other at the baths, and became daily more and more intimate. Balls and concerts were not wanting; and we had scarcely time to enjoy a few moments rest.

In addition to all this, I usually passed a portion of the night with Basedow, who took no share in the gay amusements of the place. He never undressed; but dictated throughout the whole of the night. He sometimes threw himself on the bed and slumbered for a little; while his secretary, with his pen in his hand, remained seated in his place until the moment when Basedow, between sleeping and waking, resumed the course of his ideas. All this took place in a room closely shut up, and filled with the fumes of his detestable tobacco and tinder. Whenever I quitted the ball-room, I hastened to join him; and I was always sure to find him ready to talk and dispute. If, after a short conversation, I happened to return to the ball, I was no sooner gone than Basedow resumed the thread of his ideas, and began to dictate as though he had never been disturbed.

We made excursions into the neighbouring country, visited all the castles, and all the ladies of quality, who are generally better disposed than men to receive talent and piety. At Nassau we met Madame Von Stein, a lady who was highly respected. At her house we met a great deal

of company, among whom were Madame La Roche and several young ladies. We also found Lavater engaged in his physiognomical experiments. Many vain endeavours were made to lead him into error; but his eye was too well practised to admit of his being deceived. Here, as elsewhere, I was tormented for explanations respecting Charlotte and Werther; and I sometimes found it impossible to evade these questions, with a due regard to politeness. I assembled the children round me; related to them all sorts of whimsical stories, founded on well-known facts: and I thought myself happy that none of my little hearers plagued me to inform them what was truth or what was fiction.

Basedow was intent on proving the vast importance of ameliorating the education of youth; and he invited all persons of wealth and distinction to promote his plans. If his arguments and powerful eloquence did not immediately induce people to open their purses, they at least inspired good wishes for his success. But no sooner had he worked himself into favour, than his unlucky antitrinitarian spirit gained possession of him. On one occasion, in particular, with a total disregard to the suitableness of time or place, he launched forth into all sorts of extravagance, conceiving that he was advocating religion, while the rest of the company found his sentiments intolerable. All sought refuge against

this annoyance. Lavater assumed a serious air, the ladies went out to walk, and I endeavoured by jesting to divert Basedow from the train of his discourse. But the dissonance was too powerful to admit of the restoration of harmony. The Christian instruction that was anticipated from Lavater, the hints on education that were expected from Basedow, the sentimental conversation in which I had intended to take part—in short, all the hopes of the company, were immediately defeated. On our way home Lavater reproached our pedagogue for his misconduct. As for me, I punished him in a comical way. The weather was very warm; and the smoke of the tobacco having rendered him very thirsty, he longed for a glass of beer. Observing an inn at a short distance from us on the road, he eagerly directed the coachman to drive up to it. However, just as we were about to stop, I desired the man in a very imperative tone to drive on. Basedow, astonished, in vain ordered the coachman to stop; but I vehemently insisted on proceeding forward; which we accordingly did. Basedow uttered a thousand maledictions, and appeared ready to strike me. I, however, calmed his rage by coolly observing,—"Father, instead "of being angry, you ought to be grateful to me. "It is fortunate you did not see the sign of the "inn. It exhibited two triangles entwined to-"gether. One trinity is generally enough to

"drive you out of your senses; but if you had "seen two, I suppose we should have had to bind "you hand and foot." He burst into a fit of laughter, at the same time venting all sorts of imprecations on me; and the good Lavater exercised his patience between the young fool and the old one.

About the middle of July Lavater proposed returning to Switzerland. Basedow found it his interest to accompany him; and I had become so accustomed to the society of these two men, that I could not prevail on myself to quit them. We had a delightful journey along the banks of the Lahn; and it was here, on seeing the remarkable ruins of a castle, that I wrote the song,

Hoch auf dem alten thurme steht, &c.*

I copied it into Lips's Album, and it met with the approval of my friends; but, prompted by my evil genius, which ever leads me to obliterate a favourable impression by one of an unfavourable nature, I wrote all sorts of jesting rhymes on the succeeding page. I was delighted to behold the Rhine once again; and I enjoyed in idea the admiration of the traveller who for the first time contemplates this magnificent river. At length we arrived at Coblentz. Wherever we went, we found ourselves in a throng of company; for

* High on the old tower stands, &c.

each individual of our party excited curiosity after his own way. Basedow and I seemed to vie with each other in the neglect of all politeness. As to Lavater, he, as usual, gave abundant proofs of judgment and prudence; but, incapable as he was of concealing his sentiments, in spite of the purity of his intentions, he nevertheless appeared a very singular being in the eyes of men of ordinary understanding.

The recollection of a comical dinner, of which we partook at a *table d'hôte* at Coblentz, furnished me with the subject of some verses which I have preserved. I sat between Lavater and Basedow. The former was explaining the Apocalypse to a country clergyman; and the latter was using vain endeavours to convince an obstinate dancing-master that baptism was an antiquated custom, not in unison with modern ideas.

We proceeded onwards to Cologne, where I congratulated myself on the expectation of meeting the two brothers Jacobi, who, with some other persons of note, were coming to meet my two celebrated travelling companions. I hoped to obtain their forgiveness for some acts of discourtesy, to which I and my friends had been instigated by the caustic humour of Herder. The letters and poems which had been publicly exchanged between Gleim and George Jacobi, had furnished us with a subject of pleasantry. We did not consider that we were betraying no

small share of egotism in thus disturbing the pleasure of others, for the sake of amusing ourselves. Our raillery had occasioned some misunderstanding between the literary societies of the Upper and Lower Rhine. But the causes from which this misunderstanding had arisen were too trivial to render a reconciliation difficult; and the conciliatory spirit of the fair sex was here successfully employed. Sophia La Roche had already given us a very favourable report of the two brothers Jacobi; and Mademoiselle Fahlmer, who came from Dusseldorf to Frankfort, was intimately acquainted with them and their connexions. Mademoiselle Fahlmer, by her exquisite delicacy of sentiment, and her perfectly cultivated understanding, bore evidence of the superior society in which she had moved. She gradually made us ashamed of putting her patience to the test of enduring our unceremonious manners. The amiable cordiality of the youngest Mademoiselle Jacobi, and the gaiety of her brother Frederick's wife, were charms which powerfully attracted us to visit their place of residence. Frederick Jacobi's wife was a most captivating woman; possessed of refined sensibility, exempt from all affectation. She expressed herself with ease; and the beauty of her form, together with the calm expression of her countenance, which never revealed any lively emotion, reminded me of Rubens's females. These ladies, during their stay

at Frankfort, had been on terms of intimacy with my sister; and the amiability of their manners had had the effect of banishing, in some degree, the coldness and reserve of Cornelia's disposition.

Our first introductions at Cologne were marked by cordiality and confidence; for the ladies whom I have mentioned above had given a good account of us to their acquaintance. During the journey I had been looked upon merely as the tail of the two great comets: but now I began to excite notice. My friends showed me attention, and seemed anxious that I should return it. For my own part, I began to be tired of my follies; which, to say the truth, formed only the veil beneath which I concealed my vexation for the misunderstanding and negligence of which I had been the object during my journey. At length, however, my real sentiments developed themselves; and, doubtless, the very force of my impressions had the effect of obliterating every trace of them from my recollection. Our thoughts and observations remain profoundly engraven on the mind; but the heart refuses to reproduce the ardour or the charm of the sentiments we have experienced. We find it impossible to renew the delight of those moments of enthusiasm which have rendered us so happy. They take possession of us unawares, and we yield to them almost unconsciously. Those who have observed us at

such moments, preserve a better recollection of them than we do ourselves.

I had hitherto sought to elude religious conversations; answering but seldom, and only with reserve, questions which appeared to contract too much the circle of my ideas on this subject. Besides, those who wished to pass off their sentiments and opinions as mine—and, above all, those who tormented me by reminding me of the laws of vulgar reason, and who imperiously prescribed to me what I ought to do and what I ought to avoid—soon tired me out of my patience. It may naturally be supposed that my resistance to these pretensions was not regarded with a very favourable eye, and soon occasioned misunderstanding. Advice, offered in a friendly and unassuming way, would have succeeded better with me; but my mind would not submit to be controlled.

A sentiment which exercised an invincible ascendancy over me, though I have never been able properly to express its singular effect, is the concurrence of a recollection with the impression of the moment, or the feeling of affinity between the past and the present. That sort of contemplative emotion, by which objects separated by time are combined in a single impression, imparts a fantastic colouring to the aspect of the present. I have painted this compound sentiment in many of my lighter productions. It

always produces a happy effect in poetry, though it leaves in the mind a singular, inexplicable, and somewhat unsatisfactory impression.

The contemplation of the monuments of antiquity at Cologne filled me with sensations which cannot be adequately expressed. The ruins of the cathedral (for an unfinished monument may be compared to a decayed one) revived those emotions to which the sight of the Minster of Strasburgh had accustomed me, but without awakening those meditations which a work of art usually inspires. That which I beheld at Cologne was at once too much and too little for me. I could obtain no assistance in extricating myself from the labyrinth into which I was entangled by my ignorance of the connexion between what I saw executed and the original design of the artist; for I could not then, as I now might, avail myself of the persevering researches which some of my friends have since made respecting these antiquities. In the presence of others I admired a vestibule or a magnificent range of pillars; but when I was alone, I contemplated with regret the vast edifice that had been struck with death in the midst of its creation. Alas! I exclaimed, that so sublime an idea should remain unexecuted! All the efforts here employed by the architect lead only to the conviction of the melancholy truth, that even labour and time are often insufficient for the

accomplishment of stupendous undertakings; and that, in the production of masterpieces of art, Minerva must issue ready armed from the brain of Jupiter!

During these intervals of pain rather than of pleasure, I formed but little idea of the gratifying and profound impressions which I was about to experience. I visited the old manor of Jappach; and all the emotions, which had hitherto been only cherished in my imagination, were realized in the most forcible way. The family who once occupied this habitation had long since been extinct; but the ground-floor of the mansion, contiguous to the garden, presented almost living traces of its former residents. At the first glance my attention was arrested by the floor regularly paved with red and brown bricks. I observed a carved arm-chair raised above the rest; and the seats and backs of all the chairs were worked like tapestry. The tables were beautifully inlaid, and supported on massive legs. Metal lamps were suspended from the ceiling. The fire-place and fire-irons were of enormous size. In short, every thing in this vast apartment was in perfect conformity with the age to which it belonged; nothing was modern except the visitors of the moment. But what most of all excited my astonishment and admiration, was a large family picture which hung over the chimney. It represented the

former proprietor of the mansion, surrounded by his wife and children. The figures in the picture seemed as fresh and vivid as though they had been painted but yesterday; yet the originals had long since disappeared from the world. Of those plump rosy-cheeked children, nothing now remained but the recollection traced by the hand of the artist. I was overpowered by my feelings. My imagination was exalted to the highest degree. All the sensibility of my heart was developed; and from that moment my new friends unhesitatingly granted me their attachment and confidence for life.

During our conversations, animated as they were by the congenial impulse of our hearts and minds, and which every object that excited our interest contributed to maintain, I would sometimes indulge in reciting the newest and most favourite of my ballads. *The King of Thule*, and some others, were well received. I read them with enthusiasm; for I was still fond of my poems, though I rarely recited them, being sometimes restrained by the presence of persons on whom the expression of sentiments so tender might have produced a dangerous effect. This consideration frequently seized me whilst I was declaiming, and caused me to break off suddenly. How often have I not been charged on such occasions with caprice and eccentricity!

Poetic composition was my favourite occupa-

tion; it was my peculiar vocation; yet I was not unaccustomed to studies of another kind. I eagerly participated in Jacobi's meditations on the impenetrable mysteries of nature. I was particularly charmed with the originality of his ideas. They gave occasion to none of those discussions into which I was led with Lavater on the subject of Christianity, and with Basedow on education. Jacobi's sentiments came sincerely from the heart; and while in the unreservedness of his confidence, he discovered to me the longings of his soul, all his ideas seemed to be my own. But this singular mixture of desire, enthusiasm, and ideas, did not enlighten me; it served only as a happy augury of the lights to which I aspired. However, if I did not go very deeply into these profound questions, I at least studied them attentively, and familiarised myself with the conceptions and the doctrines of an extraordinary man. It is true, I was as yet but half initiated, and that as it were by stealth, yet this was sufficient to produce very happy effects. This profound genius, who was doomed to exercise so powerful an influence over me, was no other than Spinosa. After vainly seeking on all sides a guide for my unsettled brain, I lighted on Spinosa's system of ethics. I should have been as much puzzled to state what had most struck me in this work, as to point out what parts of it had least excited my attention and interest. It,

however, furnished a sedative for my passions. It seemed as if a vast and uninterrupted perspective had opened for me over the moral and physical world. What particularly attracted me in Spinosa's writings, was the unbounded disinterestedness displayed in all his propositions. This singular maxim,—"He who loves God, as he ought to be loved, should not expect any return from God," with all the premises on which it rests, and all the consequences that are deduced from it, entirely occupied my mind. To be disinterested in all things, and particularly in love and friendship, was my most ardent wish, my favourite maxim, and the dearest object of my endeavours. "If I love you, what is it to you?" that haughty exclamation which subsequently escaped from me, was the expression of the profoundest sentiment of my heart. My predilection for Spinosa, however, proved the truth of the observation, that the most intimate unions are the result of contrarieties. What, in fact, could form a more complete contrast to my enthusiastic inspirations, than the calmness of that philosopher, applied as it was with perfect equality to all the affairs of this world? His mathematical precision was the very opposite to my poetic flights. Yet it was this very regularity, which is considered inapplicable to the moral world, that had rendered me so attentive to his lessons, and inspired me with a passionate

admiration of him. Pre-existing relations thus invincibly drew us together; the mind of the philosopher and the sensibility of the poet; the reason of the former, and the imagination of the latter. By the aid of these affinities was accomplished the union of two beings the most dissimilar to each other.

All these reflections and impressions, like opposing elements whose struggle precedes the instant when order shall succeed to chaos, had hitherto only excited in my mind the most violent fermentation. Frederic Jacobi was the first to perceive it. He cordially accepted my confidence, and returned it by an endeavour to draw me into his own sphere. He, too, experienced the longings of a restless and inquiring spirit; he too rejected all external aid, determined to seek within himself for information and a solid point of support. Unenlightened as I was with regard to my own sensations, how could I properly comprehend his? Though farther advanced than myself in the career of philosophic meditations, and even more familiar than I with the doctrine of Spinosa, Jacobi was not the less eager to throw light upon the chaos of my ideas. Such a pure and intimate connexion between another's mind and my own, was a novelty to me; and I grew more and more passionately fond of communications which became daily more familiar and more extended. Often, after we had parted for

the night, have I quitted my chamber to return to him; and by the light of the moon, whose trembling beams were reflected in the waves of the Rhine, we have stood together at his window, and launched into a vast field of speculation and discussion, presenting a fruitful source of reflections congenial to our happy state of frank and liberal communication.

I cannot now give any idea of our conversation on subjects, many of which I should find it a most difficult task to describe. However, one circumstance of this period of my life dwells strongly in my recollection. I allude to a journey to the hunting château of Bensberg, situated on the right bank of the Rhine, and commanding a magnificent prospect. What particularly excited my admiration was a set of pictures by Weenix, which adorned the walls. There were ranged circularly, as on the socle of the columns of a great portico, all the animals that serve for the sports of the chase. Immediately above these pictures, the eye was carried over a vast and extensive landscape. The artist had exhausted all his talent in giving life to these inanimate creatures. An exact attention to Nature was discoverable in the imitation of the various dresses and arms of the hunters; and though this fidelity might perhaps be somewhat carried to excess in the painting of the silks, the manes of the horses, the plumage of the

birds, the antlers of the deer, and the talons of the hawks, yet it served greatly to heighten the effect. After paying the tribute of admiration due to the painter, the spectator is led to consider by what mechanical resources, or what combination of genius, he could have succeeded in producing so wonderful a work. It is almost impossible to believe it to be the creation of human art; the pencil seems inadequate to produce such an effect. It is inconceivable how so many different objects should be imitated with such exact fidelity, without the employment of a different process for each. Whether a near or a distant view be taken, the surprise of the spectator is equally great; and this surprise is alike excited by the effect, and the uncertainty by which it is produced.

Our journey down the Rhine was extremely agreeable. The sight of that vast river seemed to expand the imagination. We arrived at Dusseldorf, and thence proceeded to Pempelfort; a delightful place, where we visited a family, in whom were combined the charms of sensibility and talent. The family circle was increased by a party of friends eager to participate in the pleasures of a most agreeable intimacy.

The gallery of pictures at Dusseldorf afforded abundant encouragement to my predilection for the Flemish school. Whole rooms were filled with brilliant specimens of vigorous and faith-

ful colouring; and if the contemplation of these fine works was not calculated to extend my views on the subject of art, I at least had the advantage of acquiring fresh information, and of obtaining a new excitement to my taste as an amateur.

We visited Elberfeld, and saw its interesting manufactures. At this place we again found our old friend Jung-Stilling, whom we had before met at Coblentz. He still considered his confidence in God and his sincerity to man as his trust, safeguard, and support. We were pleased to observe the credit he enjoyed with his fellow-citizens, whose eagerness to acquire the good things of this world did not prevent them from paying homage to virtues of a superior order. The aspect of Elberfeld is calculated to satisfy the mind, because there utility is the happy result of the love of order and of virtue. We were extremely interested in all we saw during our stay in that quarter.

On my return to my friend Jacobi, the perfect congeniality of our sentiments filled me with enthusiasm. The hope of obtaining a useful result from the concurrence of our efforts, animated us both. I pressed him to develope his sentiments and ideas in some work which might bear the stamp of his powerful genius. It was by this means that I had disburthened my mind of the ideas that overwhelmed me. It could not fail to

succeed with him also. He set to work with promptitude and courage; he gave vent to the noblest inspirations, and I had reason to congratulate myself on having instigated him to the task. At length we separated, happy in the belief of our immortal union. We were far from foreseeing that our efforts, as is too frequently the case in life, would pursue a totally different direction.

I have entirely forgotten all that occurred to me during my return up the Rhine; for the aspect of the same objects, when seen for the second time, is confounded with the first impressions. Besides, I was, during this last journey, enveloped in reminiscences and reflections. I was entirely occupied in recalling, in some measure, the sentiments I had experienced, and in meditating on all that had so powerfully excited my ideas. The result of all this was singular enough, and the efforts which I made to arrive at it occupied me long and seriously.

Amidst the aberration of my feelings, and the inequalities of a life devoid of any determinate plan, I could not help observing that Lavater and Basedow employed their faculties in the pursuit of an object entirely of a worldly nature. I had not failed to observe that these two men, while they endeavoured to inculcate and propagate a doctrine, each in his own way, secretly kept in view some favourite idea, some plan to

the attainment of which they attached high importance. Lavater proceeded with prudence and delicacy. Violence, boldness, and even coarseness, marked the manners of Basedow. Convinced, as they were both, of the nobleness of their views and sentiments, they had a right to command esteem, attachment, and respect. With regard to Lavater, in particular, it was evident, to his honour, that he had an exalted object in view; and that if, for its attainment, he listened to the dictates of worldly prudence, the sanctity of the end appeared to him to sanctify the means. While I observed them both, while I freely expressed to them my opinions and initiated myself into their ideas, I perfectly understood how a man of superior genius should desire to turn to the advantage of his fellow-creatures the divine faculties which he is conscious he possesses. But, having to do with men of grosser intellects, he is compelled, in order to secure their friendship, to lower himself to their level; and this necessity degrades his eminent qualities by assimilating him to his inferiors. Thus the celestial powers of genius are depreciated by an amalgamation with worldly speculations; and views directed to eternity lose their sublimity, and become narrowed by their application to ephemeral objects.

When I considered the plans of Lavater and Basedow under this point of view, and reflected on the necessity of their sacrificing, sooner or

later their sublime conceptions to vulgar means, I found them as much entitled to pity as to respect. Overstepping the narrow limits of my own experience, I weighed all the chances of these speculations. I found that history presented situations completely similar. It was thus that I conceived the idea of borrowing, from the series of events which compose the life of Mahomet, the groundwork of a dramatic representation of those bold enterprises so forcibly presented to my mind; and which, though determined by noble feelings, too frequently end in crime. I never could look upon the Eastern Prophet as an imposter. I had just read with the deepest interest and carefully studied his history; and I therefore felt myself quite prepared for the execution of my plan. I chose a form approximating to that of the regular drama, to which my inclination already led me; though I adopted, with a certain reserve, the license recently assumed in Germany, of freely disposing of time and place.

The piece opens with a hymn by Mahomet alone. The scene is supposed to represent a bright and serene night. Mahomet salutes the multitude of stars as so many divinities. To the propitious planet Gad (our Jupiter), then rising above the horizon, he pays special homage as the king of all the stars. The moon next appears, and captivates for a while the eyes and

the heart of the pious adorer of Nature. Presently the brilliant rising of the sun excites him to renewed homage. But the aspect of the heavenly bodies, notwithstanding the satisfaction with which they inspire him, leaves his heart a prey to desire. He feels that there is still something greater; and his soul is elevated to the contemplation of the only, eternal, and infinite God, to whom all things owe their existence. I had composed this hymn with the deepest enthusiasm. It is now lost; but it may still form the subject of a cantata, which would afford the musical composer a vast field for variety of expression. But he who would undertake the task should make himself familiar with the situation of Mahomet, as the conductor of a caravan, surrounded by his family and his tribe. He would find ample resources for the alternations of voice and the formation of a fine chorus.

Mahomet, having thus converted himself, communicates his sentiments and his creed to his family. Ali and his own wife become his zealous proselytes.—In the second act he labours to propagate his faith among his tribe; and Ali seconds his efforts with the greatest ardour. Enthusiasm or aversion are then manifested, according to the difference of the characters. Discord breaks forth, the contest becomes violent, and Mahomet is compelled to fly.—In the third act he triumphs over his adversaries, establishes his religion as

the public faith, and purifies the Kaaba of the idols which polluted it; but, not being able to carry every thing by force, he has recourse to stratagem. Human means are developed and extended, while the divine object is forgotten, and the heavenly light is obscured.—In the fourth act Mahomet pursues his course of conquest. His doctrine serves him rather as a pretext than as an object. He has recourse to all the usual means of success, without recoiling even from acts of cruelty. A woman, whose husband he had caused to be put to death, administers poison to him.—In the fifth act he experiences its effects. His sublime genius, his repentance, his return to sentiments more worthy of himself, command admiration. He purifies his doctrine, consolidates his power, and dies.

Such was the design of a work which was long the subject of my meditations; for I generally liked to settle a plan in my mind previously to entering upon a work. I had to paint in this poem all the effects produced upon mankind by the efforts of genius, aided by the resources of character and ability—their successes and disappointments. I had composed several songs which I intended to introduce into my piece. Only one of these remains in the collection of my Poems, under the title of "the Song of Mahomet." My intention was that Ali should recite this

song in honour of his master at the height of his prosperity, and shortly before the catastrophe produced by the poison. I recollect the intention of introducing some other fragments; but longer details would carry me too far.

CHAPTER XV.

AMIDST all these distractions, which, however, frequently brought me back to serious and religious thoughts, I returned always with increased pleasure to the society of my respected friend Mademoiselle Von Klettenberg. Her presence calmed, for a time at least, my erring inclinations and tumultuous passions. I might easily have observed that her health was daily declining, but I endeavoured to conceal this misfortune even from myself; and this was so much the more easy, as her cheerfulness seemed to increase with the progress of her disorder. She generally sat, attired with a certain degree of elegance, in her easy chair near a window, and listened with good-humoured attention while I read to her, or gave her an account of my excursions. I frequently sketched the spots which I had remarked, to enable her the better to understand my descriptions. She was particularly fond of hearing me read the letters of the Missionaries; and when I happened to advocate the people whom they sought to convert, and to declare that I preferred the primitive state of those ignorant

nations to that to which they had been brought, she never once forgot her usual gentleness of disposition and her friendship for me, nor seemed the less to trust in my salvation.

But I found myself every day more and more disunited from the sect which she had embraced, precisely by the same ardent zeal which had led me to join it. Since I had connected myself with the Moravian brethren, my attachment to that community, united as it was under the triumphant standard of Christ, had continued to increase. The circumstance which most attaches men to a positive religion, is the interest which its origin inspires. This is the source of the pleasure we experience in carrying ourselves back to the time of the apostles—to that happy age in which religion appears in her primitive colours. The apparent continuation of this simplicity—the perpetuity, as it were, of primitive Christianity—gave a magic influence to the society of the Moravian brethren. They traced back the origin of their sect to the first ages of the church. Its duration appeared never to have been interrupted; but to have slipped through all the intricacies of this world, like an imperceptible thread. It now half disclosed itself, under the protection of a man as eminent for his piety as for his birth. It was ready once more to strike its roots into the world by insensible efforts, and, as it were, under favour of chance. The distinctive feature of this society was the in-

dissoluble union of its religious constitution with its civil existence. The charge of propounding the religious doctrine was united in the same hands with the magistracy; the duties of the pastor were blended with the functions of the judge. Even the spiritual superior, while unlimited faith was due to him in matters of religion, had the direction of temporal affairs. His decisions on subjects of general interest, and on private cases, were received as though they had been the decrees of fate. The concord which prevailed in this society, and which was announced by every external sign, conciliated affection, whilst its missions excited in every direction the activity of the human heart. The secretary of legation Moritz, who was the agent of Count Isemberg, had taken me to the synod of Marienborn. I there made acquaintance with some men of high merit, who had inspired me with a sincere veneration, and it only remained for them to enroll me in their society. I studied their history, their doctrine, origin, and progress. I soon had an opportunity of conversing with adepts on the subject; but I found that they placed as little faith in my christianity as Mademoiselle Von Klettenberg herself. This at first annoyed me; but I soon found that my zeal for the community began to cool. I long sought in vain to discover what was the grand point of difference between us, and chance at length made

me acquainted with it. The circumstance which separated me from the Moravian brethren, as well as from many other worthy Christians, was an opinion which had already more than once divided the Church. Some maintained that human nature was so far corrupted by sin, as to possess no means of salvation within itself; so that, according to this doctrine, mankind have nothing to expect from their own efforts, and have no hope but through the interposition of Divine favour. Others, while they acknowledge the hereditary imperfection of man, discover in his disposition a happy germ, which, cherished by Divine favour, may at length produce the fruits of virtue, that noble guarantee of celestial happiness. To this latter idea I became deeply and almost unconsciously attached, though in my conversation and in my writings I had manifested a contrary opinion. But I could not bring myself to a complete understanding on this subject, while the dilemma, which removes all indecision, had not come under my consideration. I was suddenly drawn from my illusion. Convinced of the innocence of my opinion, I expressed it openly in a religious conference. My sincerity procured me a severe reprimand. My doctrine was declared to be nothing less than the heresy of Pelagius, which, it was said, had unfortunately acquired but too many partisans in the present age. I was surprised, and even

alarmed, at this discovery. I once more consulted the annals of the Church. After attentively studying the doctrines and the history of Pelagius, I found that for ages past opinions had been divided between these two opposite and irreconcilable creeds, respecting the nature of man since the fall; and that individuals had formed their decision only according to their natural energy or resignation.

For some years past the events of my life having compelled me to call my own powers into action, I devoted myself with ardent zeal and unremitting activity to the cultivation of my mental faculties. I found it necessary to regulate their employment, and to render them useful to others. This task imposed upon me unremitting exertions: my mind was wholly directed to Nature, who appeared to me in all her magnificence. I was connected with men full of sincerity and virtue, who were ready to make every sacrifice in fulfilment of their duty. To be false to them, to be false to myself, was alike impossible. A deep abyss separated me from a doctrine which my soul rejected. I was, therefore, obliged to withdraw from the Moravian brethren; but I could not divest myself of my attachment to the Sacred Writings, to the founder of Christianity, and to his first disciples. I accordingly formed a religion after my own mind; and I sought to establish and confirm it on a profound

study of history, and on a correct knowledge of all that tended, by approximation, to corroborate my creed.

Every object to which I enthusiastically devoted myself, immediately appeared to me under poetic forms and colours. I thus conceived the singular idea of taking the life of the immortal and wandering Jew, as the subject of a kind of epopee. Popular tales of fiction had, from my childhood, inspired me with a predilection for this narrative. It was calculated to afford me an opportunity of treating the different points of religion and its history, which so powerfully occupied my thoughts. The story of the work, and the meaning which I attached to it, were as follows.

There lived in Jerusalem an artisan, to whom the legend assigns the name of Ahasverus. My shoemaker of Dresden furnished me with a model for the character of this Jew. I painted him with the good-humour and jovial spirit of Hans Sachse, and his attachment for Christ served to ennoble his character. When working in his shop, Ahasverus loved to converse with the people who passed by. He joked with them, and addressed each in his own language, after the manner of Socrates. His neighbours were fond of his society. The Pharisees and the Sadducees came to see him, and even the Saviour and his disciples occasionally visited him. Ahasverus, though

his mind is directed to worldly interest, nevertheless conceives a sincere love for Christ; and he imagines that the best means of proving his attachment to the Sublime Being, is to bring him over to his own way of thinking. He urges the Saviour to renounce his contemplative life, to give up wandering with the idle multitude, and inducing the people to leave their work to follow him to the desert. An assembled multitude, he says, is ever ripe for insurrection, and can never effect any good object.

The Saviour, on the contrary, endeavours by parables to explain his elevated object and views; but they make no impression on the rude mind of the mechanic. Meanwhile, the influence and ascendancy of Jesus daily gain ground, and the good artisan appeals to him the more urgently. Christ, he concludes, will soon be obliged to declare himself the leader of a party, which cannot be his intention. After the condemnation of the Saviour, Ahasverus to his astonishment sees Judas enter his shop in despair. This disciple, who to appearance has betrayed the Lord, with tears relates the fatal event of which he has been the cause. He, like many more able partisans of the Saviour, had concluded that Jesus would head the people, and declare himself king; and he determined, by the adoption of a desperate step, to put a period to the delays of his Master. With this view he insti-

gated the priests to adopt measures of rigour from which they had hitherto refrained. For Christ's defence he trusted to the zeal of his partisans; and their success would have been certain, had not the Saviour, by surrendering himself, plunged into the abyss. This statement, far from exciting the indulgence of Ahasverus, exasperates him against the unhappy apostle, who, finding that all have turned against him, puts a period to his existence.

Jesus, when led to execution, passes by the dwelling of Ahasverus. Then ensues the scene described in the New Testament. The Saviour sinks under the burthen of the cross, and Simon the Cyrenean is directed to bear it. Ahasverus is actuated by that harshness of disposition which deprives man of all compassion for one who brings misfortune upon himself, and leads him to augment the misery of the sufferer, by the bitterness of misplaced reproach. He comes out of his house, reminds Christ of all the advice he has given him, and makes the attachment he bears for him the privilege of indulging in reproof. Jesus remains silent; but as soon as the pious Veronica removes the veil with which she has shaded the brow of the Lord, the countenance of Christ appears to Ahasverus, not with the expression of suffering and sorrow, but transfigured, and beaming with celestial glory. Dazzled by this spectacle, the Jew turns away,

and his ear is struck with these words: "Thou shalt wander on the earth until I again appear before thee in the same splendour." Ahasverus is filled with dismay. Recovering himself by degrees, he sees the crowd hurrying towards the place of execution, and the streets of Jerusalem are deserted. He then commences his wandering life.

Perhaps I may at another opportunity more fully describe the adventures of the Jew, and the incident which closes, though it does not conclude the piece. I had composed the commencement, some fragments, and the close, without fixing upon a connected plan for the whole. I could not devote sufficient time to the work, in order to impart to it the character I had conceived; and I therefore threw my scattered fragments together in a disconnected way. A circumstance of my life, relating to the period of the composition of Werther, and the effects produced by that work, then absorbed my whole attention.

The common lot of mankind, which all must endure, is a burthen peculiarly felt by men of the most precocious and extended mental powers. Whether we are brought up under the care of our parents, whether we look for support in the affection of a brother or a friend, or whether we find our happiness in love, man must always definitively seek for his principal resource within

himself. Even in his relations with the Deity, he will not always—or, at least, not in the moment of need—meet with a return for his respect, his love, and his confidence. How often, even in my youth, has something whispered to me, "Assist thyself!" How often have I not sorrowfully exclaimed, "Will no one come to my aid?" My creative talent always furnished me with the surest means of inward satisfaction and support. For several years past I had always found it ready at command. The objects which had occupied my attention during the day, often reappeared to me at night in connected dreams. On awakening, a new composition, or a portion of one that I had already commenced, presented itself to my mind. In the morning I was accustomed to record my ideas on paper; and I was again ready to compose in the evening, or at night, when excited by wine, or animated by conversation. My fancy was ever ready to seize every subject that occurred to me. When I reflected on this faculty, independent as it was of any external impulse or obstacle, I evidently perceived that it formed the basis of my moral existence. I was reminded of the story of Prometheus, who, without the help of the gods, peopled a world with beings of his own creation. I was convinced of the necessity of solitude for every production of importance. My most successful works had all been the offsprings of soli-

tude. My more frequent and extended intercourse with society did not, it is true, deprive me of the power or the pleasure of invention; it merely impeded me in execution. Not having yet formed for myself any fixed style either in verse or prose, I was continually reduced to the necessity of making new experiments and discoveries. Determined to rely solely on my own resources, I withdrew myself from man, as Prometheus withdrew himself from the gods, and this resolution was the more congenial with my temper and feelings, for my whole mind was occupied with the idea which had then seized me.

I revolved in my mind the fable of Prometheus. Having adjusted to my own form the ancient robe of the Titans, I commenced, without any long preliminary reflection, a work, the subject of which was the indignation manifested by Jupiter and the other deities against Prometheus, for having created man, animated him with life, and founded a third dynasty. These acts, indeed, could not but excite in the utmost degree the irritation of the gods; for the sovereigns of the universe were thus reduced to an insignificant and usurped rank between the Titans and men. To this singular composition I prefixed that monologue in verse, which has since become so celebrated in German literature, as the accidental cause of the misunderstanding between Lessing

and Jacobi on some important questions of philosophy and sentimental metaphysics. This spark produced a violent explosion: my poems prompted Lessing and Jacobi to an avowal of their most secret sentiments, which their minds, enlightened as they were, had hitherto cherished unconsciously. The dispute was maintained with violence; and, by a combination of fortuitous circumstances, it proved the cause of the unexpected death of one of our most illustrious writers, the celebrated Mendelssohn.

Philosophic and religious considerations were, doubtless, naturally enough connected with the subject I had treated: this subject was, however, essentially poetic. The idea of the Titans in polytheism is nearly similar to that of the Devil in theism. Both may be regarded as absurdities. However, neither the Devil, nor God of whom he is made the adversary, have properly a poetic character. Milton's Satan, though pourtrayed with masterly genius, has still the great disadvantage of a subaltern situation in all his efforts to destroy the magnificent creation of a Supreme Being. Prometheus, on the contrary, plays a noble part, for he creates and produces in despite of the gods themselves. It is also a more poetic idea to attribute the formation of man, not to the Supreme Ruler of the universe, but to an intermediate being, who, by his descent from the ancient dynasty of the sovereigns of the world,

obtains a sufficient degree of grandeur and dignity. Indeed the Greek mythology presents an inexhaustible source of significant allegories relating to man and the Deity.

My poetic inspiration was not, however, derived from the efforts of the giants to gain admittance into heaven. I preferred painting that calm, patient, and in some measure, plastic opposition, which acknowledges the Supreme Power, and at the same time aspires to rival it. The bold race of Tantalus, Ixion, and Sisyphus, furnished me with saints for my mythology. When admitted into the society of the gods they had been wanting in due deference. These arrogant guests had incurred the displeasure of their heavenly entertainers; and their disregard of the favour they had enjoyed, brought upon them the most pitiable punishments. Their fate, which the ancients conceived to be a subject worthy of the tragic muse, excited my deepest interest. When, in my *Iphigenia,* I introduced them in the background of the picture, as the formidable adversaries of the gods, I was in a great measure indebted to this idea, for the success of my work.

At this period I was alternately occupied with poetry and painting. I drew profile portraits of my friends. While I was dictating, or while any one was reading to me, I sketched the figure of my secretary or my reader. The fidelity of my pencil was admired; but this is an advantage

generally enjoyed by amateurs who give away their works as presents. I did not, however, allow myself to be deceived respecting the merit of my sketches; and I soon turned to the composition of prose and poetry, in which I certainly succeeded better. A vast number of poems of different kinds attest the enthusiasm for nature and for art with which I was at this period inspired; and also bear evidence of the cheerfulness and activity with which I prosecuted my literary labours. My friends and I found our zeal increased in proportion to the numerous occupations to which we devoted ourselves.

I was one day writing in my chamber, which being partly shut up, and hung round with sketches, had the appearance of an artist's study. A gentleman unexpectedly entered. In the dim light of the apartment, the contour of his figure at first induced me to suppose it was Frederick Jacobi; but I soon discovered my mistake, and I received my visitor with the politeness due to a stranger. From his elegant and easy manners I guessed that he was a military officer. He informed me that his name was Von Knebel. He had been in the Prussian service; and during a long residence in Berlin and Potsdam, he had become acquainted with the most distinguished men in those two cities, and indeed with all the principal literary characters of Germany. He was particularly attached to Ramler, by

whom he had been taught to recite poetry. He was acquainted with the writings of Goetz, who, however, had not yet acquired celebrity in literature. M. Von Knebel printed at Potsdam Ramler's *Island of Maidens*, and presented the poem to Frederick the Great, who expressed his opinion of it in a way very complimentary to the author.

In the course of a long conversation on German literature, I learned that M. Von Knebel was established at Weimar as tutor to Prince Constantine. I had already formed a high opinion of the good taste of the Court of Weimar. I knew that the Duchess Amelia had appointed men of the first-rate ability to superintend the education of her sons; and several distinguished professors of the academy of Jena contributed their efforts towards forming the minds of the young princes. The Duchess was not only a liberal patroness of the fine arts, but she herself cultivated them with zeal and success. Wieland was in high favour with her. The *German Mercury*, in the management of which so many distinguished literary men co-operated, contributed not a little to the celebrity of the city in which it was published. That city possessed one of the best theatres in Germany: it was celebrated for the talent of the actors and the authors by whom it was supported. The dreadful fire, by which it had been destroyed in the month of

May preceding, threatened, indeed, to suspend its success for a time; but hopes were confidently entertained that the liberality of the hereditary prince would promptly repair the mischief. In the course of my conversation with Von Knebel, he had perceived that I was not ignorant of the love for art, science, and literature, cherished at the court of Weimar. I expressed a wish to become acquainted with the individuals about that Court; and M. Von Knebel assured me that nothing was easier, since the hereditary prince and his brother prince Constantine were then at Frankfort, and were anxious to see me. But there was no time for delay, as the princes were not to remain long at Frankfort. I presented him to my parents, who were much pleased with his conversation, and not a little surprised at his mission. I lost no time in accompanying him to Frankfort, where I experienced the most agreeable reception from the young princes. Count Von Goertz, the tutor of the hereditary prince, also expressed himself glad to see me. We could not be at a loss for topics of literary conversation; but chance introduced a subject of the happiest kind.

I perceived on the table a new publication which had not yet been opened. It was the first part of Moeser's *Patriotic Fancies*. The work was no stranger to me; but no other individual then present knew any thing of it. I there-

fore undertook to give them an idea of it. This I regarded as a fortunate subject of conversation with a young and enlightened prince, who was enthusiastically resolved to promote the public welfare. The subject and the spirit of Moeser's work rendered it in the highest degree interesting to every German. Instead of advancing common-place objections to the parcelling out of the German empire, and denouncing the anarchy and weakness which many supposed would ensue from that measure, the profound wisdom of Moeser led him to regard the division of the great body into a multitude of small states, as being very favourable to the efforts and progress of individuals, in the relations of that progress with the wants, the situation, and the advantages of each province. Rising above the local interests of the little circle of Osnabruck, his views were extended to the interests of the circle of Westphalia. He pointed out their connexion with the general interest of the empire, of the condition of which he formed an admirable estimate. He explained the connexion between the present and the past, and by shewing the influence of previous events on the present situation of affairs, he clearly proved the utility or the danger of reform. He recommended all individuals in authority to pursue the same course, to enter into the spirit of the constitution of their respective countries, to seize the points of con-

tact which blended their interests with those of the neighbouring states and the empire, and thus to form a correct idea of the inevitable ascendancy of the present over the future.

Our conversation was maintained on analogous subjects. We spoke of the distinctive differences between the states of Upper and Lower Saxony, the primitive varieties in local productions, manners and customs, which from the earliest periods had given a peculiar direction to the legislature and government of these states. We endeavoured to mark with precision the distinctive characteristics of the two States, and we were convinced of the advantage of possessing a good model; for though it might not be possible to apply it literally in all its parts, yet it would at least suggest a plan which might be adopted according to circumstances. The conversation was carried on to a considerable length, and an opinion was formed of me more advantageous than I deserved. It had probably been expected that I should have conversed on those subjects on which my attention was habitually engaged, such as romances, dramas, &c. to which, perhaps, but little attention would have been paid. But, on the contrary, I had entered upon a dissertation on Moeser's work. I found my mind in unison with the grave meditations of that profound writer, whom the realities of active life had inspired with reflections of immediate uti-

lity; while, on the other hand, poetry must be brought from the sphere in which it hovers between the moral and the physical world, before even a reflection of accidental utility can be derived from its inspirations. Our conversation reminded me of the *Arabian Nights*, where an interesting subject is often episodically introduced, and interrupts the no less interesting narrative. We had touched upon several important subjects, but had not the opportunity of discussing them deeply, and as the young princes were soon to quit Frankfort, they requested that I would follow them to Mentz, there to pass a few days with them. I readily accepted this invitation, and hastened to communicate the pleasing intelligence to my parents.

It proved, however, less agreeable to my father than to me. The love of independence, a sentiment natural to the citizen of a free town of the empire, had always kept him at a distance from the great; and, though connected with the agents of the neighbouring nobility and princes, he had never maintained any personal communication with the latter. He loved to rail at the expense of courts; while at the same time he was pleased to hear the arguments that were brought forward against him, provided they were maintained with ingenuity. In these contests we generally kept up a running fire of old proverbs. To his *procul à Jove, procul à fulmine*, my young friends and I

replied, that it mattered not whence the thunderbolt came, so long as we knew where it fell. In answer to the adage, that no good ever comes of feasting with the great; we observed, that at all events it was worse to eat out of the same dish with a glutton. But his most powerful argument, which he usually kept in reserve, was Voltaire's adventure with Frederick the Great. This anecdote was a finishing stroke for us. After describing the high favour which the poet had enjoyed with the king, and his familiarity with the monarch, he detailed the unforeseen circumstance which put a period to their familiarity, and painted in forcible colours the situation of the great philosopher, when arrested by the Frankfort militia, on the requisition of the resident Freytag, and detained at the Rose inn. In answer to all this, we might indeed have observed, that Voltaire was not entirely faultless on that occasion; but from feelings of respect we acknowledged ourselves to be defeated.

But though my father could jest on this subject, he was nevertheless firmly rivetted in his opinions. He took it into his head that my invitation to join the princes had no other object than to sacrifice me to the resentment of Wieland, whom I had offended, and who was in high favour at Weimar. In spite of all my respect for my father, I could only regard this chimerical apprehension as the error of a too susceptible

imagination; but fearing to vex him by the fulfilment of my engagement, I vainly sought a pretence for eluding it, without incurring the reproach of unpoliteness or ingratitude. In cases of difficulty, such as this, I usually had recourse to Mademoiselle Klettenberg and my mother. My mother was no less clever in rendering active assistance, than our friend was in giving advice; and I used jokingly to call the one *counsel* and the other *action*. When Mademoiselle Von Klettenberg deigned to turn her eyes from heaven to the affairs of this world, she easily smoothed away difficulties which perplexed us children of earth. When she looked down upon the labyrinth, she discovered at a single glance the means of escaping from it; and the course being once pointed out, I might always rely on my mother's activity and readiness to follow it. Madame Goëthe was supported by pious confidence, as our friend was by holy meditation; her good humour never forsook her, and she rarely failed in any thing she undertook. Mademoiselle Von Klettenberg was at this time confined to bed by illness; my mother went to consult her. The advice she received was so judicious, that my father, though he still retained all his distrust, was nevertheless reluctantly prevailed on to consent to my journey.

I was punctual to my appointment, and I arrived at Mentz in very cold weather. The re-

ception given me by the young princes and the persons who accompanied them was equal to my hopes. The important objects on which we conversed at Frankfort were again recollected. We afterwards spoke of the modern German literature and of the licenses which it authorised. This naturally led to my pamphlet entitled *The Gods, the Heroes, and Wieland;* and I perceived with pleasure that the affair was noticed with good humour. I then related the origin of that piece of buffoonery. I felt it necessary to avow that, like true natives of the Upper Rhine, we were without reserve in our attachments and antipathies. Our veneration for Shakspeare went the length of adoration. How, then, could we calmly behold the efforts of Wieland to depreciate the interest of that great poet's works and repress our enthusiasm by the criticisms with which the notes of his translation were filled! We were grievously affected by the severity with which he treated our idol. This rigour was with us a great abatement from the merit of his work. We admired Wieland as a poet; we acknowledged his talents as a translator; but his criticism appeared to us fantastical, partial, and unjust. His observations on the Greeks, whom we honoured as demi-gods, had aggravated our discontent. It is well known that it is not in the perfection of moral qualities that the grandeur of the gods and heroes of Greece is to be

sought. It is by the lustre of physical duty, elevated to ideality, that they impose on the imagination. Under the influence of this splendour they have always been regarded by artists as the models and types of the beautiful. Wieland, however, thought fit, in his *Alceste*, to cast those gods and heroes in a modern mould. This he was entitled to do; for, doubtless, every one is at liberty to interpret poetical traditions in his own way, and to give to them that colour which he thinks most proper. But in his letters on this opera, inserted in the *German Mercury*, he endeavoured to give weight to his system. He cast from their pedestals those antique divinities, those magnificent statues of heroes, which are the objects of our worship; and while he measured them with the compass of vulgar reason, he did not perceive that he was annihilating all that is great and beautiful in the most sublime productions. This temerity enraged us; and, in one of our meetings, animated by conversation and wine, I felt the return of one of my dramatic fits, and hastily wrote my parody. I read it to my friends, who applauded it. Lenz, to whom I sent my manuscript to Strasburgh, appeared quite transported with it. He wanted to have it immediately printed. After some hesitation I consented, and my trifle was sent to press. It was a long time ere I understood what Lenz had in view. It was his first scheme for bring-

ing me into disrespect with the public. Of this I had not then the slightest suspicion.

I wished to prove to my new patrons by this candid statement that my little work had sprung from no malignant intention, and that any reprehensible personality was far from my thoughts. The better to convince them, I described the freedom and gaiety with which we were accustomed to rally each other in our society. These explanations appeared to remove every shade of dissatisfaction. The princes and their friends expressed surprise at our fear of sleeping under our own laurels. They compared us with those bucaneers, who were afraid of becoming effeminate by idleness, and whose captain, when he had no enemy to combat nor ship to pillage, used in the midst of a feast to fire his pistol under the table, that his men might not be too long unaccustomed to wounds and bloodshed. We talked for some time on the subject of this petty quarrel, and I was finally urged to write an amicable letter to Wieland. I yielded to this recommendation the more readily as Wieland had already explained himself on this act of youthful folly with much generosity in the Mercury, confining himself to a spirited reply, as was his custom in all his literary disputes.

The few days I spent at Mentz passed away very agreeably. On my return I was eager to relate to my family all the details of a journey

with which I was delighted. But when I arrived I found consternation on every countenance. We had lost our excellent friend Mademoiselle Von Klettenberg. This was a sorrowful event to me, more especially as I had at that moment great need for her friendship. But my regret was mitigated by learning that her pious life had been crowned by a peaceful end, and that to the last moment she maintained her serenity and her confidence in Heaven. Another circumstance checked the emotions of my heart, which was ready to overflow. My father persisted in his distrust, and still augured ill as to the consequences of my new connexion. I therefore communicated to my young friends every thing that had so strongly affected me. They were never tired of my confidence, but their attachment gave birth to an incident which occasioned me much pain. A short dialogue entitled *Prometheus and his Critiques* appeared. It was accompanied by clever caricatures, and Wieland, the author of the Mercury, was not forgotten. This piece of pleasantry gave me much uneasiness. It could only be attributed to one of my friends; or perhaps I might be regarded as the author. Prometheus was made to state some circumstances relative to my residence at Mentz, which could only have been known through me. This vexed me most of all. After the flattering reception I had received, after my conduct to-

wards Wieland, what was to be thought? The author remained anonymous. It was, however, soon learned that the pamphlet was from the pen of Wagner. I had myself detected his manner, but it was difficult to make the public believe he had not been assisted. This was not the only occasion on which I suffered from the levity and precipitation of my friends. I must confess that I had also faults enough of my own.

I have still to mention some celebrated men whom I met at this time at Frankfort. The name of Klopstock is entitled to my first homage. We corresponded together. He was on his way to Carlsruhe, and appointed a meeting with me at Friedberg, I hastened thither at the fixed time, but an accident retarded Klopstock's arrival, and after waiting for him in vain several days, I returned to Frankfort. He was there almost as soon as I was. He visited me; apologized for his involuntary want of punctuality, and appeared to be much pleased with my eagerness to meet him. He was low in stature, but well proportioned. Though serious and reserved, his manners were not destitute of ease. He spoke laconically and gracefully. The whole of his appearance had a diplomatic character. An ambassador imposes upon himself the difficult task of supporting along with his own dignity, that of a superior to whom he is accountable. He has

to watch over his own interests, but he must guard in preference those of his sovereign and his country; and to fulfil this twofold object, his first care must be to render himself agreeable. Such seemed to be the law by which Klopstock's conduct was regulated; he wished to be regarded as a man distinguished at once for his own personal merit, and for his devotedness to religion, morality, and liberty, of which he was indeed a worthy representative. A trait peculiar to men of the world, and which also characterized this great poet, was his disinclination to speak on subjects which one might naturally have supposed he would have found pleasure in discussing. He rarely conversed on poetry and literature. Finding that we were fond of the exercise of skaiting, he initiated us into all the rules of the art; and, moreover, gave us some lessons in horsemanship. He seemed purposely to avoid all that bore any reference to his habitual occupations, and to select subjects of conversation which, it might have been presumed, were hostile to his taste, but which he treated with the ease of an amateur. I need not make any further observations on the well-known peculiarities of this extraordinary man. Such singularities are not uncommon in men of superior minds, who, for want of opportunities for the exercise of their eminent faculties in their ge-

neral intercourse with society, often seek to render themselves agreeable, by means that would never have been thought of.

Zimmermann was also our guest for some time. This celebrated individual was of a tall and robust stature. His temper was naturally morose and reserved; but he was so eminently gifted with the art of self-possession, that he enjoyed in the world the reputation of being a man of mild and polished manners. It was only in his writings, and in the society of his intimate friends, that he gave vent to the natural severity of his disposition. His conversation was varied and instructive; and, making due allowance for his very thorough conviction of his own merit, it would have been scarce possible to single out a more agreeable companion. But that which was usually denominated vanity in Zimmermann, was by no means offensive to me; for I was vain myself, if vanity consist in unpretending self-satisfaction. We, therefore, maintained very good terms with each other, by means of mutual concessions. He treated me with candour and indulgence, and the hours which I passed in his society were very profitable to me.

But could it be just to accuse such a man of vanity? In Germany this reproach is far too general in its application. Vanity supposes nullity; it is self-complacency cherished without a warrantable ground. With respect to Zimmer-

mann, it was quite the reverse. His singular merit never led him to be satisfied with himself. He who cannot silently enjoy the consciousness of his natural powers, who does not find his reward in the mere exercise of his faculties, and who relies on the approval of others, is often deceived in his expectation. Men are sparing of praise, and lavish of censure.

Those who will not accept this apology for Zimmermann, will be still less inclined to forgive his more serious fault of assailing, and even destroying, the happiness of others. I here allude to his conduct towards his children. His daughter, who travelled with him, remained at our house while her father was engaged in visiting some families in the neighbourhood. This young lady was about sixteen years of age. Though slender and elegantly formed, yet her deportment was ungraceful. A regular set of features might have rendered her countenance agreeable, had it been animated by an expression of sensibility; but she was as cold and lifeless as a statue, seldom venturing to speak, and never in the presence of her father. However, after she had passed a few days at our house, my mother's kind disposition and engaging manners produced a deep impression on her. She threw herself at the feet of Madame Goëthe, and, with a torrent of tears, begged to be allowed to remain with her. In the most moving language

she implored my mother to keep her as her servant or her slave, rather than allow her to return to her father, whose tyranny exceeded all conception. Her brother had already fallen a victim to this harsh treatment; it had driven him insane. She had been enabled to endure her dreadful situation only under the idea that the same system was pursued in all families; but after the kindness she had experienced under our roof, she found it impossible to return to her father. My mother gave me a feeling account of the poor young lady's pathetic appeal to her. This excellent woman was so far overcome by compassion, as to declare that, if I would determine to marry Mademoiselle Zimmermann, she would gladly consent to her remaining in the family. If she were an orphan, I replied, I might perhaps take the matter into consideration; but Heaven defend me from becoming the son-in-law of her father! My mother took a lively interest in the fate of Mademoiselle Zimmermann: she succeeded in getting her placed in a boarding school; but the unhappy young lady did not long survive.

I should have refrained from noticing these unfortunate points in the character of a man of such high merit as Zimmermann, had they not already been the subject of public discussion. The hypochondriac humour which, during the latter period of his life, urged him to torment

others as well as himself, was, after his decease, unreservedly alluded to. His harshness towards his children was, indeed, the result of hypochondria: it was a sort of madness; a kind of moral assassination, to which he himself fell a victim, after sacrificing his offspring. Besides, it must not be forgotten, that this man, who appeared to possess so vigorous a constitution, was an invalid during the best part of his life; and the skilful physician, who had saved so many lives, was himself tormented by an incurable disorder. Though in the enjoyment of fame and fortune, yet his life was one unvarying course of misery. Those who judge his character from the writings which he has left behind him, will surely acknowledge that he was more to be pitied than blamed.

I cannot easily explain the nature of the influence which this remarkable man exercised over me, without recurring to some general considerations on the spirit of the age. The period to which I am here alluding might have been justly styled the age of exaggerated pretension; for almost every individual imposed on himself and others a task which exceeded the extent of human power. A new light shone upon all men eminently gifted with the faculties of thinking and feeling. To study nature for oneself, without intermediary assistance, and to adopt this study as a guide, were the means

which each individual conceived to be most certain and easy for the attainment of the objects he had in view. Experience became the universal watch-word, and every man exercised his sagacity to the best advantage. To physicians, above every other class of men, this method was best suited, and most easy of attainment. A bright luminary shed its radiance over them from the bosom of antiquity. The works which have been transmitted to us under the name of Hippocrates, present examples of the wise observance of nature, and the faithful reproduction of her forms. But it seemed to be forgotten that we do not view nature in the same light as the Greeks did; and that their poetry, their painting, and their system of medicine, can never be revived in modern times. Even admitting that we might be tutored in the school of the ancients, and take them for our guides, it would nevertheless be requisite to cultivate with unremitting zeal the boundless field of observation and experience; and, after all, we should not reap so glorious a harvest as might be anticipated. How often is the eye of the observer guided by prevailing opinion? It would have been necessary to examine different opinions, to submit them to the test of reason, before we could determine how to fix our choice, and finally to explore, unassisted, the boundless empire of nature. Here was an enormous undertaking! And

yet it was supposed to be the only means of attaining a knowledge of nature in all her truth and purity. How rarely is science divested of superfluous erudition and pedantry, or practice exempt from empiricism and charlatanism! How difficult it is to distinguish between use and abuse —to separate the seed from the husk! At the onset, indeed, it seemed as though the shortest mode had been discovered of attaining the desired object. The power of genius was invoked, that magical power, which smoothes down difficulties, terminates disputes, and satisfies the most sanguine wishes. Then came reason, eager to dissipate the gloom of prejudice by enlightened ideas, and to oppose all kinds of superstition with the arms of sound logic. Because extraordinary men, like Boerhaave and Haller, had in their discoveries exceeded all the hopes that could have been formed of them, new miracles were expected from their disciples and successors. The path had been opened, it was said; as if it were not a rare thing for human understanding even to open a path. It is like a ship which cleaves the waves and separates the billows on either side; but they immediately unite and roll behind her. Thus, though transcendant genius may, for a time, disperse error, and trace a path through the mazes of darkness, yet prejudice soon rallies her natural forces, and resumes her wonted course.

Zimmermann could never be brought to acknowledge these truths. He could never bring himself to believe that Absurdity rules the world. Every act of folly or injustice was to him the subject of anger, carried to a pitch of fury. Whether he had to contend with a nurse or a Paracelsus, a quack or a chemist, it signified not; he always struck with equal force and decision: and when he had worked himself out of breath, he was astonished to see the hydra, which he thought he had trampled under foot, rise again in full force to oppose him.

Those who are acquainted with the writings of Zimmermann—and, above all, his sensible work on Experience—may easily guess what were the subjects which I loved to discuss with him. He was twenty years older than myself; and this circumstance heightened the influence which he naturally exercised over me. His celebrity as a physician introduced him to the higher classes of society, with whose manners and habits he was well acquainted. The evil consequences of indolence and luxury formed his continual theme; and his medical observations, which accorded with the sentiments of great philosophers and poets, tended more and more to direct my mind to the observance of nature. I could not, however, entirely participate in his enthusiasm for reform; so that when we separated I was

soon restored to my natural bent, proportioning my efforts to my means, and good-humouredly attacking all that displeased me, without caring much for the consequences either to myself or others.

About the same period we received a visit from M. Von Salis, the founder of an excellent establishment for education at Marcklin. He was a serious, sensible man; and the gaiety and whimsicality of our little circle must have produced a very odd impression on his mind. Sulzer, who also visited us at the time he travelled in the south of France, probably conceived a similar idea of us; at least, so I should infer from a passage of his Narrative in which he alludes to me.

But, besides these visits, which were equally agreeable and useful, we also received others with which I would willingly have dispensed. My friends and I cherished so little distrust, that we were tormented by a host of impudent and needy adventurers, who grounded their importunities on conformity of taste, or on misfortune real or pretended. They put my purse under contribution; and thus obliged me to become a borrower in my turn—a thing to which I was particularly averse. As to my father, he was very much in the situation of that unskilful magician, who gets his house washed by enchantment; but, forgetting the mystic words by which the

supply of water is to be stopped, he soon runs the risk of being completely inundated.* M. Goëthe had laid out for me a plan of life, which he hoped would prove highly satisfactory to us both. This plan was, however, deranged by daily recurring accidents. The idea of my journey to Ratisbon and Vienna was now given up; but my father was still anxious that I should visit Italy, to acquire, at least, some general ideas respecting that interesting country. Some of my friends, however, were of opinion that this journey would occupy too long a space in the active part of my life; and they wished that I should take advantage of the favourable opportunities that offered themselves for establishing myself in my native country. On the death of my grandfather, my uncle had succeeded to his place in the senate, and consequently I was excluded from that post. But there were other public employments in my native city to which I could aspire, and which would afford me a competent income. I might become an agent to a person of rank, or obtain the honourable post of resident. I was easily persuaded to turn my thoughts to these matters. I entertained no doubt of my fitness to fill any of the posts I have just mentioned, though no previous experience had assured me that I was suited to a condition of life

* Goëthe here alludes to a tale which he has versified.—Ed.

for which both activity and versatility were required. To these prospects I was the more powerfully urged to look forward by an attachment which dictated to me the necessity of seeking to establish myself.

I do not know whether I have yet mentioned a society of young persons, male and female, of which I formed a member. My sister, though not the foundress of this society, was at least its centre and support. The habit of assembling together, and the pleasure which our meetings afforded us, had induced us to continue them even after Cornelia's marriage. All the members of our little circle, myself included, met together once a week, under the presidency of a young man of lively and agreeable manners. Our legislator conceived the idea of rendering Fate the arbiter of love; and our constant amusement consisted in the unpremeditated and fictitious attachments which we were called upon to represent. Every week the decrees of Fate divided us into couples of lovers; and those who were thus paired together were to appear, in the eyes of the rest of the company, as if inspired by a mutual attachment. Afterwards it was ordained that our party should every week be divided into couples, supposed to be united by the bonds of marriage. The couples joined by these supposed unions were required to conduct themselves towards each other as married people really behave in society. The

general rules enjoined that they were to act as though they were not united by any bond of connexion. They were not to sit next each other, and were to converse but little together. Every thing approaching to a caress was strictly prohibited. However, all cause of jealousy or vexation, either on the part of the husband or the wife, was to be carefully avoided; and the husband could only win the general approbation by observing that line of conduct which was best calculated to secure the affections of his wife.

Our conjugal unions were drawn by lot; and the ill-assorted matches which occasionally ensued, furnished us with subjects of merriment. Our matrimonial comedies were performed with great spirit, and every week a new one was represented.

At the very commencement of our meetings, by a singular chance, the same partner fell to my lot twice in succession. She was a charming young lady, and one whom I could have had no objection to marry in good earnest. Her form was well proportioned and elegant, her countenance agreeable, and the calm composure of her manners at once denoted health and serenity of mind. She manifested on all occasions the most perfect equanimity of temper. Though she spoke but little, yet her observations always indicated natural good sense and a cultivated mind. To testify esteem and affection for this interesting

young female, was not a difficult task; and in the fulfilment of any new duties towards her, I had only to listen to the dictates of my inclination. Fate having joined us together for the third time, our president solemnly declared, that Heaven had united us, and that we must never be separated. I was delighted to hear this decree, and my partner seemed not to be displeased with it. We evinced such a sincere regard for each other, that our companions pronounced us to be excellent models of conjugal happiness. One of our regulations was, that, during our meetings, the individuals who were coupled together should, in addressing each other, use the pronouns *thou* and *thee*. In the course of a few weeks this familiar mode of address came so natural to us, that we could not refrain from employing it when we happened accidentally to see each other in the intervals between our regular meetings. How singular is the force of habit! Nothing appeared more natural to us both than our pretended union. I became daily more and more attached to my partner: she, in her turn, daily manifested more and more confidence in me; and I really believe that, had chance thrown a priest in our way, we should not have hesitated to seal the nuptial bond.

One of our favourite amusements at our weekly meetings, was the reading of some new literary production. Beaumarchais' Memoire against

Clavijo had at that time just made its appearance. I read it in French one evening to my friends. It excited a lively interest, and called forth many observations. After every one had made some remarks upon it, my fair partner, addressing herself to me, said, that if I were her lover, and not her husband, she would request me to dramatise the Memoir; a purpose for which she conceived it was admirably adapted. "To prove to "you, my dear," replied I, "that I regard you at "once as my mistress and my wife, I pledge my- "self that in eight days hence you shall hear me "read this Memoir in a dramatic form." This rash engagement excited a little surprise; but I doubted not my ability to fulfil it; for I had at command the degree of invention requisite for such a task. When I escorted my partner home that evening, I was particularly thoughtful and silent. She asked what ailed me. "I have been think- "ing of my piece," replied I; "and I have nearly "arranged my plan. I wish to prove how much "pleasure I enjoy in doing any thing for your "sake." She pressed my hand; and when, in return, I tenderly embraced her, "Oh!" said she; "you forget your part: married people should "not shew so much affection for each other." —"Let us follow the impulse of our feelings," replied I: "it matters not what others do."

Before my return home, the plan of my piece was entirely arranged: but lest I should arrogate

too much merit to myself, I must confess that, on the very first perusal of the Memoir, the subject had presented itself to me in a dramatic point of view. However, had it not been for the circumstance which urged me to execute the task I had undertaken, the piece, like many others which I have at various times conceived the idea of producing, might have been laid aside for a future occasion. The manner in which this drama is executed, is well known. Tired of those dramatic reprobates who are instigated to ruin a hero by vengeance, hatred, or some base feeling, I determined to pourtray, in the character of Carlos, the conflict of the feelings of society, excited by sincere affection, against the inclinations of the heart, the passions, and external obstacles. Following the example of our old master Shakspeare, I made no scruple of literally translating my principal scene from Beaumarchais' Memoir; and I derived the whole of my dramatic action from the same source. The catastrophe I borrowed from an English ballad. My piece was finished by the appointed time; and it was received with high approbation by my young friends. My partner was delighted with it. To her, indeed, it owed its origin. The piece, in whose production we both had a share, confirmed the sentiment that had taken birth in our hearts.

The perusal of my drama suggested to Mephis-

topheles Merk some observations which were not very gratifying to me. "Never let me see you "write such trash again," said he; "any body "might produce such a piece as this." I thought he was in the wrong: it is a mistake to suppose that a writer should always seek after what is novel and extraordinary. Good works may be produced without departing from the circle of common ideas. If I had met with encouragement I could have written a dozen such pieces as Clavijo; and I doubt not but our theatrical managers would have been very well satisfied with them.

My feigned marriage soon became, if not exactly the town-talk, at least the subject of conversation among the members of my own family, and my friends. The idea was not unpleasing to my supposed mother-in-law; and was by no means disapproved of by my own mother. The latter had already shown herself to be prepossessed in favour of the young lady. She even went so far as to declare that she should be happy to have her for a daughter-in-law. My mother was vexed to see me lose my time in an endless course of tumult and dissipation. In keeping open house for all my literary friends, she received no reward for the trouble and expense thereby incurred, except the honour which the presence of so many guests conferred on her son. Besides, she plainly perceived that all these young men, who were destitute of

any settled means of subsistence, and who assembled together no less for the sake of entertainment than for mutual instruction, must eventually trust to each other for support. She knew how ready I was to tender my services in all such cases; and therefore she doubted not but the heaviest share of the burthen would devolve on me.

My father once more proposed that I should undertake my journey to Italy, which had been so long in agitation; and this my mother considered to be the surest mode of breaking off the many useless connexions I had formed. But, to guard against the dangers to which I might be exposed in my travels, she deemed it advisable to cement the bonds of that union of which our matrimonial meetings had given so favourable an augury. This, she concluded, was well calculated to inspire me with a wish to return and settle in my native country. I cannot positively say whether this plan was merely a supposition of mine, or whether such were really my mother's views, previously concerted with our late respected friend Mademoiselle Von Klettenberg. The conduct of Madame Goëthe, however, justified me in attributing the whole to her. Cornelia's marriage had left a void in our family circle. I felt the want of a friend like my sister. My mother had lost a helpmate, and my father a companion. All this was often mentioned with regret.

But the matter did not end here. My father and mother, when out walking one evening, met, seemingly by chance, the young lady who had so often acted the part of my wife. They conducted her home with them; and a long conversation ensued between them. At supper the circumstance was jokingly alluded to. It was observed that the young lady had pleased my father exceedingly. He declared that she possessed every qualification which he conceived to be requisite in a wife; and he considered himself a very good judge in these matters.

I soon observed that great preparations were making in the first floor of our house, as if company had been expected. The furniture was carefully brushed up; and I one day found my mother engaged in examining an old-fashioned cradle of walnut-tree wood, ornamented with ivory and ebony, in which, in my infancy, I had been lulled to rest. Finally, every day betrayed some new sign of an approaching change in the family. I observed all without saying any thing; and the idea of a lasting union, cemented in the bosom of our family, diffused over us all a degree of happiness which we had not enjoyed for a considerable time before.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE account which Goëthe has given of his life, and which has hitherto been followed, closes with a mortifying abruptness. Has the author's taste for dramatic effect induced him to take this method of sharpening the curiosity of his readers, and exciting a new interest by holding the gratification of that curiosity in suspense? Or is there something at this point of his history which he finds it difficult to explain? It is certain that of what has already been told, notwithstanding his interesting manner of telling it, there are parts, the retrospect of which ought to have produced some compunctions in the mind of the narrator. Whether at this remarkable crisis of his life, when he was on the point of marrying a lady whom he says he loved, and whose merits had secured the approbation of his parents, there intervened to prevent a union, which seemed about to be formed under the most favourable auspices, any thing which he may reasonably hesitate to disclose; or whether his thus cutting off the thread of his narrative, in

the midst of nuptial preparations, be the mere artifice of authorship,—cannot here be decided. Several German works containing biographical accounts of Goëthe have been consulted, in the hope that some of them would clear up the mystery in which this matrimonial negotiation is involved; but they have invariably been found altogether silent on the subject.

From Joerden's Lexicon of German Authors, it appears that our author spent in Frankfort the year 1775 as well as 1774, towards the end of which he has chosen to take leave of his readers. Except the accounts of his travels, there are no farther biographical materials from his own pen; and the supply from other sources is very scanty, and may consequently be stated within a small compass. But before the few facts which have been collected are detailed, the following description of the personal and mental qualities given of a man who holds so distinguished a rank in the literary world, by one of his contemporaries in early life, will perhaps be acceptable. It occurs in a letter written by Heinse to Gleim while Goëthe was at Dusseldorff, which place he frequently visited during the years 1774 and 1775:—"We have Goëthe here at present. He is a handsome young man of twenty-five; all genius from top to toe, power, and vigour;—with a heart full of feeling, a spirit of fire eagle-winged, *qui ruit immensus ore pro-*

fundo." What is here said of the mind of Goëthe appears still to be the general opinion of his countrymen. The author of the Lexicon above referred to, observes, that the account given by Heinse of his external appearance is confirmed by the testimony of all who knew him in his youth. "Indeed," adds Joerden, "if we judge of him by what he now is, he must have been a remarkably fine looking man. Old age has not impaired the dignity and grace of his deportment; and his truly Grecian head, large penetrating eyes, and elevated forehead, continue to rivet the attention of all who look on him."

Charles Augustus, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, while hereditary prince, visited Frankfort; where Goëthe, as has already been stated, was introduced to him. The result of the impression made by this meeting on the young prince, was the invitation of Goëthe to Weimar; whither he went in the year 1776, and where he has since, with the exception of the time occupied by his journeys in France, Switzerland, and Italy, continued almost constantly to reside. Immediately on his arrival he was appointed a member of the Legislative-Council, with a seat and vote in the Privy Council. In 1779, he became actually a member of the Privy Council, and in company with his patron undertook a second journey to Switzerland, where he had previously travelled in the year 1773 with the Counts Christian and

Frederick Leopold von Stolberg. On his return from his last Swiss tour, Goëthe devoted much of his attention to the business of the duchy of Weimar. In 1782, letters patent of nobility were granted to him, and he was made President of the Council of State. Between the year 1774 and this period, however, several of the author's works were published; for the Duke was very far from wishing, by the appointments which have been enumerated, to divert the exercise of talents he so highly esteemed, from literary to political labour.

In 1786 Goëthe undertook a journey to Italy; in visiting various parts of which, the Island of Sicily included, he spent nearly three years. His stay at Rome occupied a considerable portion of his time; and, with a mind stored with classical reminiscences and associations, he returned to Weimar in 1789. In 1792, the Duke of Weimar having joined the Prussian army which entered Champagne, Goëthe accompanied him, and was a spectator of the events of that extraordinary campaign, in which the Prussian veterans, led by the Duke of Brunswick, were compelled to fly before the raw levies of Republican France. It is said that since that period our author has constantly lived at Weimar. In 1808 he received the cross of the Legion of Honour from the Emperor Napoleon; and in the same year the Emperor

of Russia conferred on him the order of St. Alexander Newsky.

Weimar has been called the German Athens; a distinction which it in some measure merits, on account of the number of learned men there gathered together by the government, the liberality and enlightened views of which are worthy the imitation of the rulers of larger states. This little town is surrounded by elegant houses and delightful gardens. Ettersburgh, the Belvedere, Wilhelmsthal and Ilmenau, are to the Germans what the Portico, the Academic Groves, and the banks of the Cephisus and the Ilysus, were to the Greeks. Before the arrival of Goëthe, Wieland, Bode, Musæus, and Bertuch had shed a lustre over this retreat of the German Muse. Herder and Schiller more recently joined the author of Werther: Weimar became the capital of a literary republic, which Knebel, Emsiedel, Segesmund von Seckendorff, Bœttiger, Bahrdt, the brothers Schlegel, Madame Wollzogen, and Amelia Imhoff, contributed, with the great characters already mentioned, to render illustrious. All whose names were distinguished in art or literature obtained a flattering reception at Weimar, and were detained, at least for a time, as welcome guests in that temple of the Muses. Goëthe was ever the soul of these assemblages; but less occupied with his own personal fame

and superiority, than with the ardent desire of establishing the glory of his country, he devoted his whole life to promote the advancement of German literature, and the interests of those who seconded his efforts. He was constantly the warm friend of Herder and Schiller; whom, had his heart been less generous, he might have regarded as his rivals. His Memoirs have shewn how much Herder tried his patience; and to Schiller, whose melancholy and often peevish disposition may be attributed to impaired health and excessive occupation, he constantly manifested the indulgence and attention of an affectionate brother. His merit in these particulars is universally acknowledged by his countrymen; and it is a merit which is not always due to superior genuis. One individual alone attempted to interrupt the harmony that prevailed at Weimar. He wished to gain admittance to this sanctuary of literature; but his character excited distrust, and his proposals were declined. His wounded vanity avenged itself by a libel, which occasioned an individual whose name he had assumed to forfeit his situation. This agent of discord was the unfortunate Kotzebue.

It must indeed be admitted that Goëthe seems to have always regarded his varied powers of mind, and his rank in society, merely as means

by which he might be enabled to accelerate the advancement of science, literature, and art in Germany. He has been constantly engaged in stimulating and encouraging talent of every kind, and in publishing works which have exercised a powerful influence over the public mind of his country. He has left no path of literature untrodden. The dramatic art in all its branches, epic poetry, detached poems of every description, novels, travels, the analysis and theory of the polite arts and literature, criticism, epistolary correspondence, translation, memoirs, and works on science;—in short, Goëthe's genius has embraced every thing. He appears to have neglected no task by which he conceived he might open a road to improvement, or hold out new lights to guide the steps of adepts in the pursuit of human knowledge; and there is no work, however trivial, of this Colossus of German literature, in which the extravagant admiration of his countrymen does not recognize the impress of originality and genius.

On an examination of Goëthe's principal dramatic works, it will be found that *Goëtz Von Berlichingen* and *Egmont* are written on the model of the Shakspearian historical tragedy; that *Clavijo* resembles the domestic tragedies of Lillo and Lessing, with the observance of the French dramatic rules; that in *Iphigenia in Tauris*,

German sentiments and ideas are invested with Greek forms; and that *Torquato Tasso* exhibits the conflict of poetic genius with the spirit of courts. In the two last-mentioned dramas, simplicity of action is carried to such excess, that it almost sinks to insipidity. It would appear that the author, weary of scenic bustle and complicated incident, tried the possibility of exciting interest by dramatic pictures, almost devoid of action, and representing only a few characters. As to *Faust*, it has neither parallel nor model. There is no point of comparison for such a work. It is an allegorical romance, a tale of witchcraft in scenes and dialogues; but, in spite of all its extravagance, it is nevertheless a stupendous piece of machinery, put together and finished with exquisite skill. In this production Goëthe has displayed all the versatility and flexibility of his talent; and if the reader can enter into the monstrous visions of mysticism and superstition which the author unfolds, he will find him a poet of the highest order. The character of Margaret is at once pathetic and agonizing:—whether it be conceived and delineated in conformity with the rules of propriety and consistency, is a point on which Goëthe never seems to have bestowed a thought. This work of phantasmagoric terror is intended to convey a moral lesson. Satiety of pleasure, even of intellectual

enjoyment, leads to error and crime. He who is content with nothing, in the end surrenders up his soul to perdition. Such is the conclusion of this dramatic apologue.

In his minor dramas, Goëthe displays the art of conferring a lively interest on the most trivial subjects. The seal of superior genius and talent is always perceptible. In his comedy of the *Accomplices*, the characters, one and all, are criminal in a more or less revolting degree: but if the disgust which they are naturally calculated to inspire be once surmounted, it will be found that they are drawn with truth to nature, and that the piece possesses considerable comic humour in its situations. Interest, gaiety, and natural delineation of local manners enliven the pretty pastoral drama of *Jery and Bætely*, and the one-act piece of the *Brother and Sister*. *A Lover's Caprices*, *Erwin and Elmira*, *Lida*, *Claudine Von Villa Bella*, and Goëthe's other comic pieces, all bear the stamp of originality.

Goëthe's talent for the satirical and comic epopee is admirably displayed in his version of *Reinecke Fuchs*, (Reynard the Fox.) As this curious production is not generally known, a short account of it here will perhaps be acceptable. It was first printed in the dialect of Lower Saxony, in the year 1498, and was immediately translated into High German and Latin. It is gene-

rally attributed to Henry Von Alkmar*; but that a story of the same kind had previously existed is evident from his preface, in which he expressly states the work to be a translation.† Besides, a Dutch romance under a similar title *(Historie van Reynaert de Vos)* was printed at Delft in 1485. Whether Henry von Alkmar—or whoever the German author was—had the Dutch work before him, or whether both the German and the Dutch authors drew their materials from the same unknown source, are questions now involved in doubt. But whatever may be the fact, the poetic handling, the happy versification, the numerous traits of comic humour, and the interesting finish bestowed on many of the pictures, which in the Dutch are merely dry outlines, all entitle the German work to the rank of an original production. The poem presents the picture of a court in which a sovereign, guided by the mischievous counsel of a sordid favourite, is induced to act against his better inclination,

* It has been supposed that the author was Nicolas Baumann, Counsellor to the Duke of Juliers.

† The account given in the quaint preface is to the following effect:

"I Henry Von Alkmer, schoolmaster and governor to the noble and virtuous Prince and Lord Duke of Lorraine, have extracted this present book out of the Italian and French tongues, and turned the same into the German, for the love and to the glory of God, and the health of all who herein shall read."

and thus to cause the ruin of his dominions. The fox, who plays the principal character, is Reinhard or Reinecke, Duke of Lorraine; and the other animals all represent characters obviously drawn from real life. There is an old English prose translation, by Caxton, of this curious work, in which the translator says, "*I have not added, ne mynished, but have followed, as nyghe as I can, my copye, which was in Dutche,*" that is to say, not the German, but the Flemish, from which this translation is executed. Goëthe's Reinecke Fuchs is rather an imitation than a literal translation of Alkmar's work from the Lower Saxon dialect. It is written in flowing hexameters, and in the language of modern times. The materials, however, remain unchanged, and the whole is imbued with that air of antiquity which so well accords with the story. Goëthe has merely diffused a different colouring over his subject, where modern taste rendered changes necessary.

The unqualified admiration of Germany has been bestowed on Goëthe's compositions in the lighter styles of poetry, such as the epistle, the satire, the elegy, the idyl, and the romance. These Minor Poems certainly require great talent, and often inspire no less interest than productions of higher pretensions; and as Goëthe has been eminently successful in their execution, it is not surprising that his countrymen have assigned to

him the very highest rank as a writer of epistles and satires, and as an elegiac and pastoral poet.

Beauty of language is a charm which peculiarly characterizes the writings of Goëthe. He is always elegant and correct, natural, fanciful, and energetic. His style is happily adapted to every subject, simple as well as sublime. In this particular alone Goëthe is, in the estimation of his countrymen, the first of German writers! His *Iphigenia in Tauris* and his *Tasso* are considered as masterpieces of poetic style.

Goëthe's art of writing is not less perceptible in his prose than in his poetry. His three novels, *Werther*, *William Meister*, and *Elective Affinities*, are regarded in Germany as models of classic composition.

Werther is so well known in England, that to enter into any account of that work would be superfluous. *William Meister** is imbued with enthusiasm of imagination and feeling, united to glowing and faithful descriptions of the beauties of nature; but it is inferior to *Werther* in force of interest and well-maintained action. The most powerful degree of emotion is excited by the episode of the lovely and devoted Mignon. This novel contains one of Goëthe's most admired lyric compositions, which is sung by Mig-

* We observe a translation of this Work is just announced for publication.

non, accompanied by the guitar, at the commencement of the second volume. This song has been set to music by Reichardt, whose soul-breathing melody admirably blends with the eloquent poetry to which it is adapted. It is the favourite

"Kennst du das land, wo die citronen blühn,"

which is well known in England by Beresford's translation adapted to Reichardt's music,

"Know'st thou the land, where citrons scent the gale,"

The philosophic and religious opinions expressed in the novel of *William Meister* produced a powerful impression in Germany, as they were presumed to be hostile to Protestantism. The Memoirs have already shewn that Goëthe is a poet, a philosopher, and a protestant, after his own method. But though he professed to be a sincere Protestant, he has, in the work above alluded to, evinced a taste for the pomp and ceremonies of the catholic religion.

Of the celebrated novel, entitled *Elective Affinities*, it is only necessary to observe, that it serves further to unfold the talent of the author, though that talent is employed in realizing a conception which is not of the most happy or moral description. For this reason, perhaps, the colouring is less vivid and natural than in Werther and William Meister.

Of Goëthe's numerous writings on art and literature, those which have most contributed to the improvement of taste in Germany are; *The Propylea,* (a periodical publication); *Winckelmann and his Age; Considerations on Men celebrated in France during the Eighteenth Century;* and the observations annexed to his translation of the *Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini.* All these works are distinguished for novel, original, and ingenious views, solid and extensive information, and that shrewdness of penetration which characterizes superior genius; while at the same time they are equally remarkable for a brilliant elegance of style.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

OF

THE PRINCIPAL PERSONS

MENTIONED IN THESE MEMOIRS.

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ABBT (Thomas) was born at Ulm on the 25th of November, 1738. In prose composition he ranks among the first writers of Germany. His treatises *On Death for the Country* and *On Merit*, which were first printed at Berlin in 1761 and 1765, are highly esteemed. These works bear evidence of a lofty and powerful mind, an upright and feeling heart, and a delicate imagination. Abbt's style is energetic, dignified, and concise: perhaps the effort to attain conciseness is sometimes carried so far as to produce a degree of obscurity. The treatises above mentioned, together with a trans-

lation of Sallust, worthy of the original, afford proofs of extensive and well-directed information. Abbt was at once a theologist, a mathematician, and a philosopher. He possessed a great knowledge of literature, and of the ancient and modern languages. He had discharged the functions of professor of philosophy at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and of professor of mathematics at Rinteln; and he had just been called to the University of Halle, when he was appointed, by the Count von Schaumburgh-Lippe, a member of his council and of the consistory, and director of the Lutheran schools at Buckeburgh. At Berlin, Abbt became acquainted with Euler, Moses Mendelssohn, and Nicolai. During his travels in Switzerland, France, and Upper Germany, he had maintained an intercourse with Schœpflin, Bonnet, Bernouilli, Iselin, Moeser, and many other men of literary celebrity. He died at Buckeburgh of a hemorrhoidal colick on the 3d of November, 1766, at the age of twenty-eight. When we consider what he had already done, and what might have been expected from him, his premature death cannot but be regarded as a serious loss to literature. A monument was erected to his memory by Count von Schaumburgh-Lippe, who himself

wrote the inscriptions for it; a tribute equally honourable to the Count, and to the estimable man whose loss he regretted.

AUREA CATENA HOMERI. See FAVRAT.

BASEDOW (John Bernard), known also by the name of Bernard von Nordalbingen. He was born at Hamburgh in 1724, and died at Magdeburg on the 25th of July, 1790. He was at first Professor of Philosophy at the Gymnasium of Altona; and he afterwards founded the institute of education at Dessau, of which he was director until 1778. He was no less celebrated in his time, than Pestalozzi now is, for his exertions for the improvement of education on a system of his own. He developed his plan in a pamphlet, written in Latin, and printed at Kiel in 1752. His whole life was occupied in explaining and defending his method against numerous attacks, which were chiefly excited by his peculiar mode of viewing religious instruction. He published a vast number of writings for this purpose.

BENGEL (John Albert), born in 1687 at Wimreden in Wurtemberg, and died in 1752.

He was a clergyman and professor at Denkendorf, and the first Lutheran theologist who treated as a whole, and with deep attention, the criticism of the Scriptures of the New Testament. His work on the explanation of the Revelations of St. John, or rather of Christ, is celebrated. Among other writings by Bengel, is that on the exact agreement of the four Evangelists.

BODE (John Joachim Christopher) was born at Brunswick on the 16th of January, 1730. He was one of those men, more numerous in Germany than in any other country, who, being born in poverty, have, by dint of talent and industry, triumphed over the rigours of fate. His father was originally a day-labourer, but he became a soldier and afterwards deserted. Bode's first occupation was tending his grandfather's flocks. His health, when a child, was very delicate; and he obtained the nickname of *silly Christopher*, because he shewed no aptitude for mechanical labours. His paternal uncle having decided that he should learn music on account of his taste for that art, he obtained the situation of hautboy player in a regiment. His inclination for study was not

less ardent than his love for music. He soon learned many languages, and cultivated with equal success his twofold talent for music and literature. He composed concertos, solos, symphonies, and published at Leipzig in 1754 and 1756 some collections of odes and songs. Having lost his first wife and three children, he repaired to Hamburgh, where he presented to the theatre, which was then under the management of Koch, the celebrated actor, several comedies imitated from the French, Italian, and English. In 1762 and 1763 he became editor of the *Hamburgischen unpartheiischen Korrespondenten*, (the well-known *Hamburgh Correspondent*,) which has long been one of the most esteemed journals in Germany. His talents as a composer and an artist procured him at the same time great popularity. He married one of his pupils, Mademoiselle Simonette Kam, a young lady possessed of beauty, accomplishments, and fortune. But the happiness which crowned this union was but of short duration. In about a year after her marriage, Madame Bode lost her life in consequence of a fall from her horse. Bode renounced in favour of his wife's relations, the greater part of the fortune which she had left him. To relieve his mind by occupation

suited to his taste, he entered into business as a bookseller, in which Lessing was his partner. The first work published by Bode was Lessing's *Dramaturgie*. Neither of the partners, however, possessed the requisite experience for the business in which they had engaged, and they were obliged to renounce it. Bode's third wife was the daughter of Bohn, the bookseller of Hamburgh, by whom he had four children, who, with their mother, died in the space of ten years. The merit and talent of Bode procured him the confidence of the Countess von Bernstorf, widow of the great Danish minister, whom he had known at Hamburgh. This lady confided to him the direction of her affairs, and took him with her to Weimar, where he passed the remainder of his life in independence, and in circumstances the most agreeable and favourable to his literary pursuits. He was successively honoured with the titles of Court-Counsellor by the Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, Counsellor of Legation by the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, and Privy-Counsellor by the Margrave of Hesse-Darmstadt. After making a tour in Lower Saxony and visiting Paris, he died on the 13th of December, 1793.

Bode has enriched the literature of Ger-

many by his excellent translations from foreign productions, and particularly from the English. His translations of Sterne's Works, of Humphrey Clinker, the Vicar of Wakefield, and Clavijo's Pensador, are considered as masterpieces. He also produced some happy imitations of Sterne. His translation of Montaigne's Essays is considered excellent.

M. Bottiger, the friend of Bode, and the author of *Sabina, or the Toilette of a Roman Lady*, has written a very interesting essay on his literary life.

BODMER, (John Jacob). A native of Switzerland. He was born on the 19th of July, 1698. He became a member of the grand Council of Zurich, and was Professor of Helvetic history at the Gymnasium of that Canton for fifty years. Bodmer, who was celebrated as a critic, a poet, and a man of learning, united his efforts with those of his friend and countryman Breitinger, and devoted his whole life to the reform of German literature. The uninterrupted publication of observations on the writings and periodical works of the time—journals undertaken for the developement and

defence of the principles of taste—a continual dispute maintained with Gottsched, who had set himself up as the Aristarchus of Germany, and from whom the two friends soon wrested the sceptre of criticism—an essay on the theory of the beautiful in poetry and literature—the composition of works destined for the guidance and encouragement of young writers, such as Klopstock and Wieland, whose genius promised noble acquisitions to the literary glory of Germany—such were the labours by which Bodmer and Breitinger roused and directed the talent of their countrymen. Though these two eminent men may not have attained the objects they had in view, yet Germany is materially indebted to their activity. Klopstock and Wieland profited greatly by their visit to Zurich, and their intercourse with Bodmer and Breitinger. It was thus their talents became matured. Bodmer and Breitinger merely pointed out the right course, but that was doing much. Goëthe has pronounced a correct judgment on their merit and the utility of their efforts. Bodmer died on the 2d of January, 1783, at the age of eighty-five.

The most known of his works is the poem of *Noah, or the Noachide,* published successively under both these titles. This poem, which is

not without merit, though it seldom rises above mediocrity, first appeared in the year 1752. In 1747 Bodmer produced a work entitled *Pygmalion and Elise,* on the subject which so happily inspired the muse of Rousseau.

Bodmer's most esteemed writings are: A Treatise *On the Influence and Employment of Imagination for the Perfection of Taste,* 1727.—*Letters on the Nature of Poetic Taste,* 1736.—*A Critical Dissertation on the Marvellous in Poetry, and its union with the Probable,* 1740.—*Critical Considerations on the Painting of Poetry,* 1741.—*The Principles of the German Language,* 1741. The first volume of a careful edition of the poems of Opitz, with remarks, and the publication of the works of the old German Poets, called *Minnesingern,* prove the zeal of these two friends for the preservation of the early effusions of the Germanic Muse.

BREITINGER, (John Jacob) was born at Zurich, March 1st, 1701. He was successively Professor of Hebrew, Eloquence, Logic, and Greek, at the Gymnasium of his native city. He was created a Dean and appointed superintendant of the candidates for the Evangelical chair, and in 1745 he was made canon of the

cathedral. He contributed all in his power to the advancement of literature and Christian knowledge, and to the support of charitable establishments. He proved himself no less zealous for the reform of German taste and literature, an object to which he devoted his life, with his friend Bodmer, of whom he was the constant fellow-labourer. He embraced a less extensive career than Bodmer, limiting himself to the investigation of the principles of the beautiful in poetry and literature; but he was distinguished as a critic for great judgment, learning, and taste. His Art of Poetry, published in 1740, gave a new direction to German literature, and produced important results; it opened a course for bolder attempts than had hitherto been made. As Goëthe justly observes, he had the merit of pointing out the true end of poetry. Breitinger died on the 15th of December, 1776, after an active life devoted to the service of his country.

BREITKOPF, (John Theophilus Emmanuel), born at Leipsig on the 23d of November, 1719, and died in that city on the 28th of January, 1794. He was a man of considerable

information and an excellent Latin scholar. He improved the German printed character, and invented the best method known for printing music, Chinese characters, &c., with moveable types. Breitkopf's collection of types was the finest in Europe. He had also a great collection of geographical charts, drawings, engravings, &c.; a catalogue of which in 3 volumes octavo, was published after his death. There are many works by Breitkopf on the art of printing and on bibliography.

BROCKES (Barthold Henry) was born on the 22d of September, 1680, at Hamburgh, where his father was a respectable merchant. His passion for drawing and painting year inspired him with a taste for the study of mythology, history, and poetry. Music, jurisprudence, the French and Italian languages, travels through Germany, Italy, Geneva, and Holland, occupied the early part of his life. On his return to his country, he married a beautiful, rich, and accomplished lady, whom he has celebrated in his writings under the name of *Belisa*. The senate of Hamburgh entrusted him with honourable missions to the courts

of Vienna, Copenhagen, Berlin, and Versailles. He died at Hamburgh, on the 16th of January, 1747.

The most celebrated work of Brockes is a collection of moral and descriptive poems in honour of Nature and God. The nine parts of this collection were successively published, and the editions multiplied from 1721 to 1748. These poems were received with enthusiasm equal to that which, at the same period, was excited by the compositions of Gellert; but this enthusiasm was too soon succeeded by unjust oblivion. The poetical works of Brockes are, however, less to be commended for their flowing and sometimes diffuse style of versification, than for the devout and profound admiration which the author evidently felt for the beauties of nature. His pictures are rich and varied. For dignified and graceful simplicity, and pathetic sensibility, Brockes has never been surpassed. He is considered one of the poets who have successfully followed the track of Opitz and Canitz, those restorers of German poetry. He translated Thompson's Seasons and Pope's Essay on Man into blank verse.

BROGLIE (Victor François, Duke of), Mar-

shal of France, born on the 19th of October, 1718, died at Munster in 1804, aged 86. His father and grandfather were also marshals of France. Broglie was, in the opinion of a celebrated tactician, the only French general whose skill never forsook him on any occasion throughout the whole of the Seven Years' War. He restored the honour of the French arms in the battles of Sundershausen, Lutzellberg, Corbach, Fillingshausen, but particularly at the battle of Bergen, spoken of by Goëthe, which was fought on the 13th of April, 1759, and where, with 28,000 men, he gained a signal victory over the famous Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who attacked him at the head of 40,000 men. On the 1st of August following, the Marshal covered the retreat of the French army, when defeated at Minden, under the command of Marshal de Contades. The Duke of Broglie served in the war in Bohemia, and was present with Chevert at the taking of Prague by escalade. He fought under Marshal de Saxe at Rancoux and at Lanfield, and in 1757 under Marshal d'Estrées at Hastenbeck. In 1789, Louis XVI. appointed him minister of war and commander-in-chief of the French forces. There is in the Historical Memoirs of the Seven Years' War, pub-

lished in Paris in 1792, an account of the Duke's campaign in Germany, extracted from his own papers.

BURGER (Gottfried Augustus) one of the most celebrated modern poets of Germany. He was born at Wolmerswende, in the principality of Halberstadt, on the 1st of January, 1748. The developement of his faculties, both mental and physical, was so extremely slow, that his parents entertained but little hope of him. At the age of ten, reading and writing were his only acquisitions. He, however, gave proofs of an excellent memory. He was fond of solitude from his earliest childhood, and loved to indulge in those feelings produced by the gloom of forests and desert places. His first study was the composition of verses. He early evinced a great dislike to Latin. At the expiration of two years' application in spite of all his efforts, which were no doubt weakened, instead of being excited by the severe punishments he received, he had scarcely mastered the first declension. He was sent to school at Aschersleben, under the protection of his grandfather, where he made little progress in Latin, but continued to exercise himself in the com-

position of poetry. From that time he began to incur dislike through the satirical spirit of his epigrams. One of these compositions brought upon him so severe a punishment, that his grandfather withdrew him from the school, and in 1762 sent him to the Pædagogium of Halle. Burger's satirical vein was, however, wholly devoid of ill-nature. In obedience to the wishes of his grandfather, in 1765, he studied theology, for which, however, he himself had no taste. His love for pleasure drew upon him his grandfather's resentment, who recalled him from Halle. A reconciliation having afterwards taken place, Burger obtained permission in 1768 to go to Gottingen, and to substitute the study of jurisprudence for that of theology. But for want of due attention and perseverance, he learnt very little with the help of masters and books. Thus he was himself astonished at the knowledge he acquired without knowing how. His connexion with a woman of light character, his dissipation, and the debts he contracted, set his grandfather a second time at variance with him. His taste for poetry, however, and the society of young persons possessed of talent and inspired with enthusiasm for the literary glory of Germany, again roused his activity. Excited by the

example of his friends, Boie, Bister, Sprengel, Hölty, Miller, Voss, the two Counts Stollberg, Karl, Friedrick Cramer, and Leisewitz, he applied himself to the study of the classics. Thenceforward he was very successful in that style of burlesque poetry, those sallies of wit and gaiety which ensured popularity to a vast number of his compositions. The celebrated song *Bachus is a jolly fellow*, &c. was written about this time. The works of the great English, French, Italian, and Spanish poets, were the favourite study of Burger and his friends. To Boie, Burger was most indebted for his improvement. It was he who taught him to study attentively correctness and elegance of style. Percy's Reliques of ancient English Poetry was his favourite book. Burger had hitherto been obliged to struggle against want; but his friend Boje procured him, in 1772, a situation in the principality of Calenberg. His return to a more regular course of life induced his grandfather to pay his debts, and to supply him with a handsome sum by bills, a great part of which he lost through a false friend, to whom the money provided had been entrusted. This misfortune involved him in embarrassment for the remainder of his life. About this time he

wrote his famous romance of *Lenora*, which was attended with prodigious success. He married in 1774, but his unfortunate passion for a younger sister of his wife, rendered him long unhappy. He hired a farm at Appenrode in the hope of improving his fortune; but in this hope he was deceived. He returned to Gottingen to continue the publication of the *Almanach of the Muses*, which he had undertaken in 1778. At Gottingen he gave a course of lectures on æsthetics and on literary style. Having lost his wife in 1784, he married in the following year his beloved Molly, whom he has so often celebrated. He, however, lost her a short time after the birth of a daughter, and, in consequence of this misfortune, grief for some time exhausted the health and faculties of Burger. He endeavoured to rouse himself by occupation. He studied Kant's Philosophy, upon which he delivered lectures which were much esteemed. He was now appointed extraordinary professor at Gottingen, though without the receipt of any emolument. Burger had formed the determination of marrying again, in order to provide a mother for his three children, when a young lady of Stuttgard, who had been captivated by his poetry, made him an offer of

her heart and hand, in a poem which she addressed to him. At first Burger could not persuade himself that this proposal was serious. However he made some enquiries respecting his fair admirer, who was represented to him under the most favourable point of view; and the poetic reply he made to her established a literary correspondence between them, which terminated in their union. But this marriage soon proved a source of bitter vexation to Burger, and it is supposed to have contributed not a little to accelerate his death. He survived only two years after his separation from this third wife. His death took place on the 8th of June, 1794.

Neither Burger's character nor conduct are faultless; but his heart was ever kind and benevolent, even in the midst of misfortune. A generous or noble action always excited his enthusiasm; and though he had been frequently deceived by those in whom he reposed confidence, yet so far from thinking mankind generally bad, he formed the most favourable opinion of human nature. With a full consciousness of his own merit as a poet, he was perfectly modest. He was free from all ambition and pretension, and spoke but little in company; and though he did not possess

the manners of an accomplished man of the world, yet he knew how to render himself agreeable to the fair sex, whose favour he was always anxious to gain. He was sincerely attached to his family and friends, and as he was incapable of any feeling of envy, the success of his literary competitors afforded him as much pleasure as though approbation had been bestowed on himself.

Burger's writings are of various kinds. He composed songs, (many of which may be ranked in the class of odes,) pathetic and comic romances, ballads, tales full of humour and originality, sonnets, erotic poems, epigrams, &c. He restored to favour the sonnet style of composition, which had long been neglected and despised in Germany.

A complete collection of Burger's poems was published by Dr. Charles Reinhard, at Gottingen, in the years 1776, and 1797, in two volumes octavo, embellished with a portrait of the author, and several other engravings.

The most celebrated of Burger's poems are the following:—a free imitation of the *Pervigilium Veneris*, under the title of the *Festival of Venus; Adeline*, from Parnell; *Leonardo and Blandine;* the popular romance of

Leonora, of which there are six different English translations; a poem *To Agatha,* a lady who was admired and celebrated by Gemmingen, Zacharia, and Burger; a burlesque poem founded on the story of *Europa; Knight Charles of Eichenhorst, and the fair Gertrude of Hochburg;* the *Daughter of the Rector of Taubenhain,* &c. &c.

In the years 1797 and 1798, Dr. Reinhard also published Burger's miscellaneous works. This collection contains, among other things, several cantos of the *Iliad,* translated into iambic verse; versified translations of several of Ossian's poems; some fragments of the *Æneid,* and a translation of *Macbeth.* This last production appeared in 1784. There is also a poetic translation of this tragedy by Schiller.

Burger has likewise left behind him some prose translations, and critical writings, which are highly esteemed. He wrote for several public journals, and from the year 1779, until the period of his death, which happened in 1794, he edited the *Almanach of the Muses* at Gottingen.

If Burger did not fulfil the ideal character of a poet, according to the fastidious notions of perfection conceived by Schiller, yet he

is nevertheless esteemed as one of the first modern poets of Germany for energy and richness of imagination, delicate humour, and correct and beautiful versification. He claims the very highest rank for nature and truth in the ballad style of composition. No one ever knew better how to conciliate poetic talent with a style conformable to the taste of the multitude. He is the most popular poet amongst the Germans: it was his object to render himself such, and he has completely succeeded. His countrymen are fully aware of the sacrifices he incurred by this sort of celebrity, which was long the ardent object of his wishes. He now and then descends into absurd triviality; and he is not exempt from exaggeration and bombast. But his merits more than counterbalance his defects; and Burger enjoys, in an eminent degree, the approbation of literary judges and the favour of the multitude.

CANITZ (Frederick Rudolph Ludowig, Baron von). Born at Berlin on the 27th of November, 1654. His life was devoted to diplomatic affairs, and to public business of various kinds. He was a favourite of the Elector Frederick

William, and of his successor, and he was constantly employed by those two Princes. He died in his native city on the 11th of August, 1699. In his youth he manifested a great passion for poetry, which subsequently afforded him a source of recreation amidst his more serious occupations. Canitz had the merit of contending against the prevailing taste of his contemporaries, which was corrupted by the example of the Italian poets of the 17th century; and he imparted a superior tone to German poetry by the production of compositions distinguished for sound judgment, and enlivened by wit. Disdaining the success of Hoffmanswaldau and Lohenstein, he followed the traces of Opitz, and adopted purity of style and correctness of versification. Warmth, delicacy, and richness of imagination, are not the qualities which characterize the poetry of Canitz; but it is distinguished for natural ease, clearness, and elegance. His lively muse imparts an irresistible charm to the language of reason. His style was much admired by Frederick the Great; and Canitz was almost the only German poet to whom that monarch attached any value. The poems of Canitz were not published until after his death. Of all his works, his satires are most

esteemed; they approximate to the gay and light irony of Horace, and the judgment of Boileau, rather than to the philosophic spirit of Persius or the bitter vein of Juvenal.

The collected poems of Canitz have passed through twelve editions. That which was published by Ulric Koenig at Berlin in 1727, with a life of the author, overcharged with useless details and pedantic reflections, has served as a model for all the rest.

CELLARIUS, in German KELLER, (Christopher): one of the most learned and diligent philologists of the seventeenth century. This is probably the Cellarius of whom Goëthe speaks, and he doubtless studied his *Historia Antiqua*, and his *Notitia Orbis*. This latter work, the third edition of which was published at Leipsig in 1731, was and still is the most complete treatise on ancient geography. It cannot, however, be called the best, for the author was rather a compiler than a geographer. Christopher Cellarius was born in 1638, at Smalkald in Franconia. He was Professor of Eloquence and History at the University of Halle, where he died on the 4th of June, 1707.

CLODIUS (Christian Augustus) was born at Annaberg, in the Electoral Circle of Saxony. In 1738 he became Professor of Philosophy, Logic and Poetry at the University of Leipsig, and he was appointed perpetual secretary of the Literary Society founded in that city by Jablonowsky. Clodius died at Leipsig on the 30th of Nov. 1784. Without being ranked among the classical writers of Germany, he holds an honourable place among the most distinguished literary characters to which that country has given birth. His profound knowledge of the writers of antiquity, and his correct appreciation of their merits, justly entitle him to the reputation of a learned and intelligent philologist. His Essays on Literature and Morality are esteemed his best productions. They were published in four parts 8vo, at Leipsig, between the years 1767 and 1769. These essays, which include an excellent analysis of the comedies of Aristophanes, established the reputation of Clodius, and afford a more correct idea of his talent than any of his other productions. His work on Euripides is also very highly esteemed. His *Mendon*, however, does not rise above mediocrity. This is the drama on which Goëthe wrote a parody in the year 1767, and which was his first attempt in the career of literature.

But some short poems by Clodius, in the idyllic and pastoral style, are remarkably happy imitations of the classic poets. His prose style, which is certainly extremely energetic, has been censured as being somewhat too pompous and ornamental; but his pure morality and elevated sentiment never fail to secure the interest of the reader. Clodius married Julia Frederica Henrietta Stolzel, who was distinguished for her literary talents. After the death of Clodius, in the year 1787, she published translations of the poems of Elizabeth Carter and Charlotte Smith, which are characterized by all the elegance and feeling of the originals. She also began in the same year to edit a periodical publication, which had been commenced by her husband, under the title of the *Odeum*, in which she gave a notice of his life and writings. This miscellany contains many interesting and instructive articles. Clodius was the friend of Kleist and Gellert.

Professor Clodius is not the writer mentioned by Madame de Staël in her work on Germany. The individual there alluded to is Mathias Claudius, surnamed *Asmus*, or *the Messenger of Wansbeck*, a little town near Hamburgh, where he spent the greater part of his life. He was born in Reinfeld, a

town in Holstein, not far from Lübeck, in 1743; and he renounced several employments to lead a life of independence at Wansbeck. Both as a poet and a moralist, Claudius ranks among the most original writers of Germany. His poems consist of songs, romances, elegies, fables, &c. His songs have enjoyed the highest popularity, and have been set to music by the most celebrated composers; and his prose writings embrace a great variety of subjects under very various forms. His collected works, poetic and prose, were published in seven volumes, between the years 1775 and 1803, under the singular title of *Asmus omnia sua secum portans, or the Works of the Messenger of Wansbeck.* The first parts of this publication excited the highest interest. The author professes a popular kind of philosophy. Truth to nature, originality, gaiety, and a style suited to the taste of the multitude, are the means employed by Claudius to inculcate his ideas and to give currency to useful truths. His originality, however, is not always of the happiest kind. He frequently evinces great feeling, judgment, wit, and fancy; but his writings are, on the other hand, often disfigured by triviality, whimsicality, and low buffoonery. He does not always discriminate between the natural and the vulgar;

and his endeavours to preserve simplicity sometimes betray him into a puerile style. Claudius translated from the French, Ramsay's *Travels of Cyrus*, Terasson's *Sethos*, and Saint Martin's work *On Error and Truth*.

CLOTZ (Christian Adolphus). Born at Bischoffwerda, on the 13th of November, 1738, and died at Berlin on the 31st of December, 1771. Clotz was a man of profound learning and extensive information, and a writer of considerable wit. He was first Professor of Philosophy at Gottingen, and afterwards Professor of Rhetoric at Halle. He became involved in literary disputes with Fischer, Burmann, J. A. Ernesti and Lessing. His work, entitled *Vindiciæ Horatianæ*, in which he defends Horace against Father Hardouin, is much esteemed. It was originally published in 1764, and was reprinted in 1770, with additions under the title of *Lectiones Venusinæ*. His other principal productions are the *Manners of Learned Men;—The Genius of the Age;—* and *Literary Fops*, three facetious and satirical works, which were published at Altenburgh in 1761 and 1762.

CREUZ (Frederick Charles Casimir, Baron von). Born in 1724 at Hamburgh, and died in that city on the 6th of September, 1770. He was one of the most esteemed poets of Germany before the appearance of Goëthe and Schiller. His poetry is embued with the tone of gloom and melancholy which pervades the writings of Young. His principal poems are *The Tombs*, in six cantos, followed by Odes, and Philosophic Reflexions, published at Frankfort in 1760. Creuz resided for a considerable time at Berlin; and he was Counsellor of State and Privy Counsellor to the Prince of Hesse Homburg.

CRUSIUS, or, in German, KRANS (Christian Augustus). Born on the 10th of June, 1715, in the town of Lenna, near Merseburgh in Saxony, where his father filled the situation of rector. He was for a considerable period Professor of Philosophy and Theology at the University of Leipsig; and was at the head of the mystic school, which, as Goëthe observes, was opposed by the celebrated Ernesti. In Crusius, the character of the philosopher must be distinguished from that of the theologist. His writings are acknowledged to

possess greater depth and clearness than those of any German philosopher before the time of Kant. His works on logic, metaphysics, and philosophy, exercised considerable influence over Kant himself. His most esteemed works are *The Direction of the Human Understanding for the Attainment of Truth;—Instructions how to Live according to the Laws of Reason;*—and the *Theory of Human Attachments.* Crusius died at Leipsig on the 18th of October, 1775.

DARIES (Joachim George) was born at Gustrow in 1714, and died on the 17th of July, 1791. He was Professor of Philosophy and Law, and Director of the Universities of Frankfort-on-the-Oder. He wrote many works on philosophy and law.

DROLLINGER (Charles Frederick) was born at Durlach on the 26th of December, 1688. An ardent passion for poetry was to Drollinger as to Canitz, merely a source of amusement, his whole life having been devoted to more serious occupations. He possessed an extensive knowledge of ancient

and modern languages, history, law, philosophy and mathematics; and he was successively keeper of the library, the cabinet of medals, and the gallery of pictures in the castle of Durlach, and first archivist to the Margrave of Baden. He was deeply versed in the old language of Germany; and he prepared a glossary of that dialect as it was spoken in the time of Rodolph Von Hapsburg. He arranged in admirable order the archives of the Margrave of Baden, of whose confidence he received the most honourable testimonies. Drollinger too early sunk beneath the weight of his various labours; and died at Bâle universally regretted, on the 1st of June, 1742.

Drollinger, with Canitz and Brockes, may be ranked among the few German poets who reflected honour on their country before Haller's time. He at first allowed himself to be misled by the bad taste of Hoffmanswaldau and Lohenstein; but the poetry of Canitz soon brought him back to a better course. He began to write before the criticism of Bodmer and Breitinger, and the example of Hagedorn and Haller, had reformed the taste of their countrymen; and he subsequently proved himself worthy to compete with his young rivals. For natural feeling, pure and

energetic expression, and harmony of versification, his compositions are distinguished from those of his numerous contemporary rhymesters. In feeling and purity of style he frequently rises to a level with Haller, and of all the poets of his day Haller alone surpasses him in conciseness and depth of ideas. The poems which chiefly contributed to raise the reputation of Drollinger, are his odes entitled: *Praise of the Deity, the Immortality of the Soul,* and *Divine Providence.* They display throughout a degree of energy and masculine spirit, which had not previously been evinced in German poetry.

The poetic and prose works of Drollinger were first published in two parts at Bâle, in 1743.

ERNESTI (John Augustus). Born at Tennstadt, in Thuringen, on the 4th of August, 1707, and died at Leipsig on the 11th of September, 1781. He was professor of ancient literature, rhetoric, and theology at the university of Leipsig, and one of the most distinguished critics of Germany in philology sacred and profane. His editions of Homer, Callimachus, Polybius, Tacitus, and Suetonius are

accounted among the best; but the palm is awarded to his complete edition of Cicero, with a *Clavis Ciceroniana* which has been several times reprinted to be added to the other octavo editions of the same author. In his editions of the classics, Ernesti's object was, by extreme correctness in the texts, to obviate, as far as possible, the necessity of the notes which have been supplied by other commentators. His *Initia doctrinæ solidioris*, in octavo, which has gone through several editions, is considered as an excellent course of literature. The German theologists also esteem, as a classical production, his *Institutio interpretis Novi Testamenti*, which has also been frequently reprinted. He there lays down critical rules for the elucidation and explanation of the Scriptures. He has also left behind him a *Theological Library*, in ten volumes octavo, to which some other writers contributed. For a further notice of Ernesti, see, among other works, W. A. Teller's *Account of what Theology and Religion owe to Ernesti*, printed at Berlin, in octavo, in 1783, with a supplement by J. Sal. Semler.

ESCHENBURG, (John Joachim). Born at Hamburgh on the 7th of December, 1743. Eschenburg, who is one of the most diligent writers of Germany, first attended the university of Leipsig, where he was the fellow-student of Goëthe, and he afterwards went to Gottingen. The ancient and modern languages, antiquities, archaiology, mythology, and the history of art, are the subjects embraced within his extended circle of information. After the death of Zacharia, he was appointed Professor of Polite Literature at the Caroline College of Brunswick; and he filled this post up to the period when the establishment was converted into a military academy, during the ephemeral existence of the kingdom of Westphalia.

Eschenburg, by his writings and translations, has most materially contributed to diffuse a taste for English literature in Germany. His translation of Shakspeare's works, which includes the plays previously translated by Wieland, and which is accompanied by excellent historical commentaries and criticisms, has rendered the works of the great English dramatist exceedingly popular in Germany. This translation, together with the annotations, has been several times reprinted, and carefully im-

proved in every new edition. Eschenburg published in 1787 a *Notice on William Shakspeare*, which is highly esteemed.

Next to the translation of Shakspeare, the most celebrated works of Eschenburg are a *Theory of Polite Literature*, and a *Manual of Classic Literature*. The former, which has gone through three editions, includes a collection of examples in all the classical languages, ancient and modern; comprising the best fragments of the most distinguished poets and prose writers of every literary nation. *The Manual of Classic Literature* is divided into five parts; 1st, Archaiology; 2d, Notices on the classic writers; 3d, Mythology; 4th, Greek antiquities; and 5th, Roman antiquities. Of this work five editions have been published. The latest appeared in 1808. A French translation, with additions by C. F. Cramer, was published in Paris, 1802. Eschenburg has also published editions of many celebrated works; among others, a *Life of Sophocles*, by Lessing; and he has actively co-operated in the management of various journals.

FARRAT, (L.). Known as the author of the cabalistic work, entitled: *Aurea Catena Homeri*,

id est, Concatenata naturæ historia physico-chemica, latinæ civitate donata; which was published in 12mo at Frankfort in 1763. This work is still much esteemed by persons who have a taste for mystical and alchemical speculations.

GARVE (Christian) was born at Breslau on the 7th of January, 1742. He holds a distinguished rank among the philosophers and writers of Germany for the virtues which adorned his character, as well as for his literary talent. His bad health forced him to relinquish the study of theology, for which he was at first destined, and at a subsequent period (in the year 1772) compelled him also to renounce the functions of Professor of Philosophy at the University of Leipsig. He retired to his native city, where he lived with his mother, to whom he was fondly attached; and he fixed his residence permanently in Breslau, with the exception of occasional excursions to the country, which were no less gratifying to his taste than beneficial to his health. Garve was the friend of Gellert, Weisse, and many other celebrated men. He died at Breslau on the 7th of December, 1798, in his fifty-sixth

year, having, as Madame de Staël observes, presented an admirable example of patience and resignation during the sufferings produced by a protracted and painful disorder.

Notwithstanding his physical infirmities, Garve diligently prosecuted the study of literature. He was distinguished among the writers of the eighteenth century, as an author, a translator, and a critic; and, following the example of the most celebrated literary characters of Germany, he actively contributed his exertions in the management of various periodical publications. Garve's philosophy is wholly practical. As an enlightened moralist, a shrewd, candid, and judicious observer of human nature, he justly merits the high reputation he enjoys. Kant said of him, that he was a philosopher in the real acceptation of the term. He is not distinguished for originality, profoundness of ideas, boldness of speculation, or fertility of imagination; but he possesses a vast fund of experience, his ideas are sound and judicious, his style is pure, correct, and elegant, and his works breathe the purest spirit of virtue and reason.

Garve's most esteemed production is a collection of essays in five volumes, *On various Points of Morality, Literature, and Practical Phi-*

losophy. These essays contain his treatise on *Society and Solitude*, which had previously been published separately in two volumes; and the chapter on the *Solitude of the Invalid*, which he dictated with extraordinary firmness shortly before his death. They also include the *Treatise on Patience*, spoken of by Madame de Staël. Garve's *Considerations on the Principles of Morality* also enjoy a high reputation. His essays on the character of Zollikoffer, on the life of his friend Paozensky, on the character and the government of Frederick the Great, and his correspondence with Weisse, Zollikoffer, and various other writers, abound with interest. Of his numerous translations, those which have attained the highest celebrity are, 1st, Cicero's *Treatise on the Duties of Man*, which was undertaken on the invitation of Frederick the Great, and to which the translator has added remarks, and a dissertation *On the Union of Morality and Politics;* 2d, *Aristotle's Politics*, the translation of which was completed and published after Garve's death by Fülleborn; 3d, Adam Smith's celebrated work on the *Wealth of Nations*. His last translation was the guide to the study of political economy in Germany, before the publication of Lueder's work on the same sub-

ject, which is written on the plan of Smith and Stewart.

GEBLER (Tobias Philip Baron von) was born on the 2d of November, 1726, at Zeulenroda, a little town of Voigtland. Like Canitz and Drollinger, he devoted himself to business, and he occupied honourable posts in the service of the Austrian monarch. He died on the 9th of October, 1786, in the sixtieth year of his age.

Gebler's amiable qualities endeared him to his fellow-citizens. He was ever ready to participate in any useful plan, and to promote any patriotic view. Literature, political economy, and public education in Austria, are materially indebted to his exertions. He devoted his leisure hours to the improvement of the national drama. His dramatic works, which are published in three volumes, were almost all performed with success, between the years 1770 and 1775, in Vienna and in other parts of Germany. The *Minister* and *Clementine*, which are mentioned by Goëthe, and which are very much admired, are in the melo-dramatic style. His *Adelaide von Siegmar* is ac-

counted one of the best tragedies in the German language.

Gebler was not gifted with a genuine comic vein; but he possessed the art of interesting and rousing the feelings. He painted with considerable talent characters borrowed from the higher and middling ranks of society. His sentiments were elevated; and he always excelled in giving to his characters the language of friendship, generosity, and heroism. His dramas, which are always distinguished for morality and a tone of refinement, frequently present pictures which are not wanting in truth.

GELLERT (Christian Furchtegott) was born on the 4th of July, 1715, at Haynichen, a little town near Freiberg in Saxony, where his father was assistant preacher. His parents' indifferent circumstances, and the numerous family with which they were burthened, compelled Gellert, when only eleven years of age, to earn a livelihood by copying commercial letters, law documents, &c.; yet even in his childhood he gave proofs of taste and talent for poetry. Having completed his first course of education in a public school at Meissen, he repaired to

Leipsig to pursue a course of theology; but his extreme timidity induced him to renounce all thoughts of ascending the pulpit, and speaking in public. He undertook for a short time to superintend the education of two young gentlemen near Dresden; and he afterwards accompanied his nephew to Leipsig, in order to direct his studies at the University. Here he supported himself by giving private instruction to several of the students. Eager to contribute to the improvement of taste and morals in Germany, he published successively collections of fables, tales, comedies, and a romance entitled the *Swedish Countess von G——*. All these works, which had sound morality for their basis and their object, were crowned with universal approbation. The romance was looked upon as the first successful production of a German author in the class to which it belonged. He next published a dissertation on epistolary style, accompanied by a collection of his letters, which was followed by his hymns and sacred odes. These compositions were received with no less enthusiasm than his previous productions. Gellert was the intimate friend of Elias Schlegel, the founder of tragedy in Germany; of John Adolphus Schlegel, the brother of the dramatic poet; and of

Rabener and Weisse. His intercourse with these distinguished individuals often proved of the highest advantage to him. His health, which was still in a delicate state, his melancholy disposition, and his diffidence, induced him to relinquish academic instruction. But the court of Saxony, mindful of his merit, wished him to offer himself as a candidate for the chair of philosophy. This he did, on the persuasion of his friends; and he was appointed extraordinary professor. His course of lectures on poetry and rhetoric, and his subsequent course on morality, attracted crowds of hearers of all ranks and professions. These exertions served only to increase his ill health; and often, in spite of himself, his melancholy degenerated into gloom and dejection. However, his sufferings never rendered him a burthen to his friends, towards whom he constantly maintained his gentleness and equanimity of temper.

Gellert was a favourite of the celebrated Prince Henry of Prussia, the brother of Frederick the Great; and he was highly esteemed by Frederick himself, against whom he boldly took up the defence of the national literature. To enable Gellert to enjoy the exercise of riding on horseback, for the benefit of his

health, Prince Henry made him a present of the horse which he rode at the battle of Freiberg; and when this favourite animal died, the Elector of Saxony supplied its place by another horse chosen from his own stud. Many persons of the highest rank took a pleasure in augmenting, by presents and pensions, the scanty income of the professor, who was ever ready to share what he possessed with the unfortunate. His wants were very limited, for he had throughout his whole life accustomed himself to subsist on little. He joyfully beheld the approaching termination of his long sufferings, and he expired on the 13th of Dec. 1769, in his fifty-fifth year. His death was a subject of universal regret. Few men exercised so great an influence during their lives, or were so sincerely praised and lamented after their death. Over his grave, in St. John's church in Leipsig, an alabaster monument is erected, representing Religion and Virtue crowned with laurel. Religion presents to the spectator the portrait of Gellert in bronze. The bookseller Wendler, who had derived considerable emolument from the sale of Gellert's fables, erected in his garden an elegant marble monument to the memory of the celebrated professor. This example was followed by another bookseller named

Reich. Another monument to Gellert was erected by Sulzer, on his estate near Leipsig; and a similar tribute of respect to his memory was paid by Field-marshal Laudon. The Marshal's ashes also repose beneath a modest tomb on his estate of Hadersdorf, near Gellert's sarcophagus.

Gellert's virtues, and the signal services he rendered to morality and literature, well justified the regret testified for his loss, and the honours paid to his memory. He was not a man of genius or profound learning; but his virtue and piety, his zealous efforts for the advancement of morality and education, his pure taste and excellent understanding, united to a truly feeling heart, exercised the most powerful ascendancy over his countrymen, and imparted the highest interest to his writings. He may, perhaps, with propriety be ranked in a scale below Fenelon, and on a level with Rollin. He was equal in virtue to these two distinguished men; and if he was not endowed with the brilliant imagination and exquisite talent of the former, he possessed more true philosophy and greater shrewdness of judgment, than the latter. His pen is almost always elegant, correct, and pure. His fables and tales are extremely popular. His sacred

poems, which are distinguished for the purest piety and feeling, are considered his best productions. If his dramas and his romance are entitled only to a secondary rank, they nevertheless possess solid merit; and it must not be forgotten that they were the first German compositions in the particular classes to which they belong. His letters and his moral lectures, which are strongly imbued with the purity of mind and the practical judgment of the author, attract the interest of the reader, while they convey useful lessons and advice. The sound judgment and pure morality for which the writings of Gellert are so highly distinguished, gained him the confidence of his countrymen, and of foreigners of all ranks and conditions. He was continually consulted on questions of education, and appealed to in every circumstance of life. Elizabeth, the consort of Frederick the Great, a queen respected for her virtues, at once conferred a high honour on Gellert and herself by executing a French translation of his sacred poems and moral lectures. This translation was published at Berlin in 1789. The lectures had been previously translated into French by Pajon, and were published at Utrecht and Leipsig in 1772.

There are three different French translations of Gellert's fables, his tales, and his romance of the Swedish Countess. The translation of his letters by Huber, and Madame de la Fite, was published at Utrecht in 1775. His comedies entitled, *The False Devotee, The Affectionate Sisters, The Prize in the Lottery,* &c. have also appeared in French.

Several distinguished German writers,—among others, Weisse, Garve, and Cramer,—have published accounts of the Life of Gellert, with remarks on his works.

GEMMINGEN (Otho Henry Baron von), Chamberlain to the Elector Palatine, and Member of the Academic Society of Manheim. He lived privately at Vienna from the year 1784 to 1797, when he removed to Wurtzburgh. He was a successful dramatist, and the author of *The Father of a Family,* which appeared in 1780, and is accounted one of the best dramas in the German language. He is also the author of a comedy entitled *The Inheritance,* published at Manheim in 1779; a translation of Shakspeare's *Richard II.;* of Rousseau's *Pygmalion,* &c.; and also of Lite-

rary and Philosophic Miscellanies, published at Vienna, 1785-86.

Another writer of the same name (Eberhard Frederick Baron von GEMMINGEN), was born on the 5th of November, 1726, at Heilbron on the Neckar; and died on the 19th of January, 1791. He was one of those poets who proved themselves the successful competitors of Gellert, Kleist, Zacharia, &c. Poetry was, however, merely the occupation of his leisure hours. He published songs, odes, fables, elegies, &c. His elegies and moral poems are considered to be his best productions. The praise of pastoral life, nature and the Deity, philosophy, friendship and humanity, are the favourite themes of his muse.

GERSTENBERG (Henry William) was born on the 3d of January, 1737, at Toudern, in the duchy of Sleswick. It cannot be denied that Gerstenberg was gifted with original, energetic, and profound genius; but he wanted the assistance of cultivated talent and refined taste, and his writings are often disfigured by serious faults. Perhaps we may attribute, at least in a great degree, the negligence and defects observable in the works

of Gerstenberg, to the heterogeneous occupations which absorbed the attention of this author during the many years in which he devoted himself, first to the military profession, and afterwards to civil duties. He first served as an officer of cavalry in the war between Denmark and Russia in 1763; and he then published, in imitation of Gleim, his war songs of a Danish grenadier. He quitted the army on the retirement of his patron the Count of Saint Germain, and obtained a high post in the War Department. In 1775 he was appointed Danish Resident and Consul at Lubeck; and in 1783 he became one of the Directors of the Royal Lottery of Altona. During his residence in Copenhagen, he contracted an intimate friendship with many celebrated German writers. The taste for literature cherished by King Frederick V. and the favour shewn to German literature in particular by his minister Bernstorff, attracted many distinguished men to Denmark. Among the number was J. A. Cramer, whose talents as a Christian preacher reflected honour on his country; Resewitz, the pupil of Cramer; E. Schlegel, Klopstock, and Sturz, who lived near the minister; and Basedow, who resided at Soroe. Weisse was also the friend of

Gerstenberg, and Gellert cherished the greatest esteem for him.

Gerstenberg early acquired a high reputation as a lyric poet, a dramatist, and a critic. His collection of *Prosaic Poems*, published at Altona in 1759, are written in flowing and harmonious language, and abound with traits of nature and keen irony. The best of these poems, that entitled the *Isle of Cyprus*, breathes a spirit of lyric enthusiasm. His lyric and Anacreontic poems, published in 1765, are characterised by grace and elegance, and well deserved the brilliant success they obtained. His *Poem of a Scald*, an attempt wholly new in Germany, appeared in 1766. It is regarded as a happy application of the Scandinavian mythology to the lyre of the Germanic Muse, and is esteemed a model in the class to which it belongs. Gerstenberg was no less bold and original in his dramatic compositions. *The Bride*, a tragedy imitated from Beaumont and Fletcher, which was published in 1765, and his *Ugolino*, which appeared in 1768, were compositions in a style wholly new to his countrymen: they opened the course which has since been so gloriously pursued by Goëthe and Schiller. Though it is admitted in Germany that Gerstenberg's *Ugolino*,

as well as his *Minona, or the Anglo-Saxons*, are not calculated to excite interest in representation; yet the performance of *Ugolino* has nevertheless been tried at Berlin. Though in this drama the fearful frequently degenerates into the horrible, yet it cannot be denied that it exhibits scenes of the most touching pathos, characters not inferior to those drawn by the masterly hand of Shakspeare, and descriptive passages not unworthy the pencil of Æschylus.

The works in which Gerstenberg's literary knowledge and talent for criticism are most fully developed, are: 1st, *The Hypochondriac*, 2 vols. reprinted in 1772; 2d, his *Letters on Important Points of Literature*, 4 vols. published in 1766, 1767, and 1770.

At an advanced period of his life Gerstenberg applied himself to the study of philosophy, and particularly to the doctrine of Kant. He wrote a treatise *on the Categories*, which was printed at Altona in 1795.

GESSNER (Salomon) was born at Zurich on the 1st of April, 1730; and died on the 2d of March, 1787. This distinguished poet is perhaps less esteemed by his own countrymen than by foreigners. The Germans reproach

him for his employment of Swiss phrases and turns of expression. The ardent admirers of Goëthe consider the sensibility of Gessner to be mere puerility: they accuse him of want of energy; and of having, in his pastoral poems, painted the manners of Hebrew shepherds. Historical fidelity, and the correct delineation of local and national manners, are doubtless qualities of the highest importance; but are they the essential requisites of poetic beauty? Gessner painted the manners of the primitive ages of the world—the manners of the golden age. He has expressed, with true poetic feeling, the beauties of nature, and the charms of sentiment and virtue. He varies *ad infinitum* the colours and shades of his pictures, and imparts to them the loveliest and tenderest interest. He appeals to the imaginations and the hearts of all; and he is always full of elegance and grace. The emotions he excites are suited to all times and all places. Gessner's writings will be read and admired, when works characterised by a more vivid and more local tone of colouring shall have sunk into oblivion. The art of describing with irresistible charms the ideal world which he himself created, was the original and peculiar talent of Gessner; for in this respect all who have

attempted to imitate his magical pencil have remained far behind him. He united in an eminent degree the talents of a poet and a painter. It has been justly observed, that his poems are impressed with the genius of the painter, and his paintings with that of the poet.

Gessner's principal works are so well known that it is unnecessary to enumerate them here. A Life of this distinguished writer, by Hottinger, was published at Zurich in 1796. Interesting details of him will also be found in Leonard Meister's *Celebrated Natives of Zurich*; in the *Elogio di Gesnero dell' Abbate Georgio Bertola;* and in Joerden's *Lexicon of German Poets and Prose Writers.* The second volume of Herder's *Miscellanies of Polite Literature and Art* likewise contains an excellent fragment on Gessner, in which the merits of the poet of Zurich are duly appreciated.

GLEIM (John William Ludwig) was born on the 2d of April, 1719, at Ermsleben, in the territory of Halberstadt; and died at Halberstadt on the 18th of February, 1803. This celebrated German poet was, for the space of fifty years, secretary to the chapter of the ca-

thedral at Halberstadt. He is the author of fables, romances, comic songs, Anacreontic poems, &c.; but he is above all celebrated for his *War Songs of a Prussian Grenadier during the Seven Years' War*. His poems entitled *Halladat or the Red Book*, and *The Best of Worlds*, are also highly esteemed. Gleim was the friend of the historian John Müller, and some letters from him to Müller are printed in French at the end of the translation of Müller's Letters to Bonstetten, (Zurich, 1810). The most complete edition of Gleim's works was published at Halberstadt, in 7 volumes 8vo. 1811–1813, by his grand-nephew William Körte.

GOËTZ (John Nicolas) was born at Worms on the 7th of July, 1721; and died on the 4th of November, 1781. He was the friend and competitor of Utz and Gleim. His life was devoted to the duties of a teacher and a minister of the gospel. He resided for a considerable time in France, and in the year 1766 was appointed superintendant of the Lutheran church at Winterburgh, in the margravate of Baden Durlach.

With the exception of some fables, the im-

mature effusions of the author's youthful genius, the writings of Goëtz may be ranked among the most pleasing poetic productions of Germany. His comic and sentimental songs are highly esteemed; and he also succeeded well in the composition of odes, tales, epigrams, idyls, and elegies. His *Isle of Maidens* is accounted a model in elegiac composition: it reconciled Frederick the Great to German literature. His poem *On Pleasure* is also a happy inspiration, in the didactic and moral style. The poetry of Goëtz is characterised by fertility of imagination, natural feeling, gaiety, versatility, delicate sensibility, and a harmonious style of versification. His miscellaneous poems were published by Ramler, in 3 volumes, at Manheim, in 1785. It has by some been apprehended, that the celebrated editor, in correcting the works of Goëtz, which he was especially authorised to do by the poet himself, has occasionally deviated so far from the originals, as to render it difficult to ascertain their real merit. But there is little doubt that Ramler has confined himself to slight alterations; and besides, some of the best poems of Goëtz were published in previous editions.

Goëtz, conjointly with Utz, executed a translation of Anacreon's Poems.

GOTTER (Frederick William) was born at Gotha on the 3d of September, 1746; and died on the 18th of March, 1797, at the age of fifty-three. Though his life was almost wholly divided between business and literature, yet he also found leisure to cultivate the arts. His knowledge both of ancient and modern literature was very extensive; and he was equally familiar with the French, English, and Italian languages.

His residence at Gottingen, during two different intervals, introduced him to an acquaintance with the distinguished men who then shed a lustre upon that city; among others, with Heyne and Kœstner. Conjointly with his friend Boie, he established at Gottingen *The German Almanack of the Muses*, which was first published in 1770. A two years' residence at Wetzlar, from 1770 to 1772, as secretary of legation to Baron von Gemmingen, contributed materially to his improvement: he here became acquainted with Goëthe, and young Jerusalem, who subsequently became so unfortunately celebrated, and served as the model for *Werther*. Goëthe, Jerusalem, and Gotter, vied with each other in their zeal for poetry, the drama, and the advancement of German literature. Gotter, who was passionately fond of the

dramatic art, established private theatres, in which he developed great talent as an actor. To this talent he united, in an eminent degree, that of extempore composition. He shared the desire ardently cherished by his young friends, of founding the literary glory of Germany on original German productions. He was not insensible to the charms of nature, truth, energy, and enthusiasm in dramatic composition; but his taste led him to prefer the classical to the romantic style. He considered the dramas and the dramatic system of the French to be more regular and more conformable with the rules of art, than the productions of the English and the Spanish stage. In this predilection Gotter differed from all the celebrated German poets, his contemporaries. He translated many French tragedies and comedies; in particular, some of Voltaire's best dramatic works. His translation of *Alzire* is regarded as a model in point of style. Gotter has, however, conferred the same honour on several French dramas which were very little deserving of it. His tragedy of *Mariane*, imitated from La Harpe's *Mélanie*, obtained great success. A celebrated German critic, Merkel, in his *Letters to a Lady on the remarkable Productions of Literature*, judges this work, and the dra-

matic talent of its author, with a degree of severity which must certainly be considered as unjust. Gotter, he says, was not gifted with a truly poetic mind; and he denies his claim to the title of poet, in the more elevated acceptation of the term. He was, he admits, a man of singularly intelligent and shrewd mind, possessed of cultivated taste, and high talent for versification. He was a pleasing writer of poetry; but he wanted the energy of passion, the warmth and fertility of imagination, that would entitle him to rank among great poets. If, adds Merkel, he had combined these qualities, even in an inferior degree, to those which he possessed, he would, without doubt, have been a distinguished poet; but he wanted these requisites; and therefore he must be ranked in the class of those writers who will always be read with pleasure, but whose names will never be pronounced with admiration and enthusiasm.

Gotter is the author of a favourite melodrama, entitled *Medea*, which was translated into French by Berquin, in 1781. He also brought out on the German stage several operas, chiefly taken from French comic operas.

Gotter's best productions are his miscella-

neous poems, songs, romances, tales, epigrams, and particularly his elegies and epistles. His imitation of *Gray's Elegy*, which Goëthe pronounced to be superior to the imitation which he had himself made, is certainly an exquisite production.

Gotter has particularly distinguished himself in the epistolary style of poetry. His poem *On Powerful Minds*, which he wrote just after the death of his friend Jerusalem, is considered a masterpiece. His contemporaries were gratified to see a young poet thus openly profess attachment to religion and virtue.

Lofty sentiment, sound philosophy, elegant and refined taste, delicate sensibility, graceful diction, harmonious versification, are qualities which will ensure lasting success to the compositions of Gotter.

GOTTSCHED (John Christopher), a native of Juditenkorch, near Kœnigsberg in Prussia. He was born on the 2d of February, 1700; and died on the 12th of December, 1766. In the year 1730 he was elected professor of philosophy and poetry at the University of Leipsig; and in 1734 he was created professor

of logic and metaphysics at the same University. At an early period of his life he became interested in the reform of German literature. He wrote a German grammar, and some theories of polite literature and the arts, with the view of purifying the national language, and guiding the taste of his contemporaries according to the rules laid down by the ancients and the best French writers. His Grammar, his Critical Treatises on Poetry and Rhetoric, his Dictionary of the Fine Arts, his History of the Dramatic Art in Germany, &c., in spite of serious imperfections, proved highly useful to his contemporaries, and rendered signal services to German literature.

Gottsched was, indeed, merely a diligent compiler: he possessed more enthusiasm than taste, and his pedantic zeal wanted knowledge to direct it rightly. He materially contributed to defend his countrymen against the pernicious influence of bombastic and affected writers, such as Hoffmanswaldau and Lohenstein. He divested the German language of an absurd amalgamation of foreign idioms. He introduced the taste for a more correct and regular style than had hitherto prevailed in the literature of his country, and he pointed out to German writers the course they ought

to pursue. But the disciples soon surpassed the master, and discovered the insufficiency of his lessons, and particularly of his examples.

Misled by blind vanity, Gottsched fell into the two-fold error of wishing to continue the Mentor and the oracle of German literature, and of setting up, as models, poetic compositions of indifferent merit; such, for example, as *The Death of Cato*. Bodmer and Breitinger, men who possessed far more intelligence and information than Gottsched, were merciless censors and formidable opponents of his despotic pedantry. His reputation, which was at first gigantic, soon sunk beneath his merits; and like many other writers, he suffered the misfortune of surviving his fame.

Gottsched produced a vast number of translations and voluminous compilations. His principal writings are: *A Critical Treatise on Poetry*, 8vo. Leipsig, 1730 and 1751. This treatise was, however, eclipsed by Breitinger's *Art of Poetry*, which appeared in 1740.—*A Treatise on Academic Eloquence, for the Use of Public Schools*, 2 vols. 8vo. Hanover, 1728 and 1759.—*A German Grammar*, Leipsig, 1748. —A translation from the old poem, entitled, *Reinecke der Fuchs (Raynard the Fox)*, from the text of Henry von Alckmar, who was long

regarded in Germany as the real author, but who, it would appear, merely translated it (in the year 1498) from the Italian and French into the low Saxon. Goëthe's free translation of *Reinecke der Fuchs* has superseded that of Gottsched. It is, however, one of those works that can only be read as objects of curiosity.

Gottsched married Louisa Adelgunda Victoria Kulmus, the daughter of a physician of Dantzick, where she was born on the 11th of April, 1713. She possessed infinitely more talent and taste than her husband. Her virtues and intellectual attainments entitle her to a rank among the most celebrated of her sex. A playful and poignant vein of humour would have distinguished her in satirical poetry, had she chosen to devote herself to that class of composition. Some of her works possess the highest merit; but that which has justly maintained her reputation as an author, is the collection of her Letters, published after her death (which happened on the 26th of June, 1762,) by her friend Madame von Runkel, in 3 vols. 8vo. Dresden, 1771 and 1772. These letters will always be perused with interest: genuine sensibility, elevated and correct sentiment, varied and extensive information, the impress

of solid virtue, and an easy, elegant, and graceful style, are their distinguishing characteristics.

GRIESBACH (John James) was born on the 4th of January, 1745, at Butzbach in Hesse-Darmstadt; and died on the 24th of March, 1812. He was professor of theology at Halle in 1773, and at Jena in 1775. He was also a member of the ecclesiastical council of the court of Saxe-Weimar, &c. By his profound erudition and skilful commentaries on the Scriptures, he may be regarded as one of the German theologists who have most successfully supported the cause of revealed religion. His principal work, entitled, *An Introduction to the Study of Popular Dogmatics* (of which four editions were published between the years 1779 and 1789) produced an important influence on the opinions of his countrymen. Griesbach also published a Greek edition of the New Testament, with valuable commentaries. For a further account of the life and writings of Griesbach, see a notice, and the close of the funeral oration, written at the period of his death, by M. Koëthe; and an excellent necrological article

by M. Paulus, in the Philosophic Annals of Heidelberg, 1812.

GROSSMANN (Gustavus Frederick William) was born at Berlin on the 30th of November, 1746; and died at Hanover on the 20th of May, 1796. He was celebrated as a dramatic poet and an actor. His father was a schoolmaster, and his straitened circumstances rendered it difficult for Grossmann to pursue his course of studies to a close. He however obtained the appointment of secretary of legation to the Prussian resident in Denmark; but after being employed for some time, he was dismissed merely with thanks, when his services were no longer required. He returned to Berlin, where he devoted himself to the study of literature, and formed an acquaintance with many men of talent, particularly with Lessing. He wrote for the stage; and his connexion with Seyler, the manager of the theatre of Gotha, which town he visited, induced him to become an actor. He was very successful in the performance of old men's parts. He was successively manager of the theatres of Bonn, Frankfort, and Hanover. The warmth with which he espoused the cause of the French

Revolution gained him many enemies. During his performance of a farce, of which he was himself the author, he introduced into his own character certain satirical personal allusions, which gave offence to some individuals of eminent rank. He was imprisoned for the space of six months, and was only liberated on condition of never again appearing on the stage. His health had previously been much impaired by excessive drinking and want of natural rest, for he usually devoted the night to reading; but his imprisonment and banishment from the stage threw him into a state of dejection, which nearly deprived him of reason. He did not long survive.

Grossmann's most successful dramatic productions are, *Henrietta, or She is already Married*, and *Not more than Six Dishes*. *Henrietta* was first played in 1783. It obtained extraordinary popularity, and is still a favourite piece on the German stage. The subject is taken from the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. The other piece, *Not more than Six Dishes*, which Goëthe treats with so little indulgence, was also very successful. It is not destitute of interest, nor of a certain degree of comic humour. But the humour is somewhat overcharged, the plot is not very skilfully contrived, nor are the cha-

racters very well supported. This drama, however, has been three times translated into French, and has been performed in Paris; it was also represented at Bonn in 1780. Grossmann brought out at Berlin, in 1772, an indifferent translation of Lessing's *Minna*.

GUNTHER (John Christian) was born on the 8th of April, 1695, at Striegau in the Silesian principality of Schweidnitz, where his father was a physician. From his boyhood he evinced a taste and talent for poetry; and, excited by the example of his countrymen Opitz, he early tuned his lyre and invoked the inspiration of the Germanic Muse. His youthful effusions, which were full of fancy and enthusiasm, afforded abundant promise of future excellence; but the irregular and dissipated habits which shortened his existence, soon impaired the beauty of his compositions. His brilliant talent shone only by fits and starts. His profligacy and intemperance, which rendered him incapable of study, successively drew down upon him the displeasure of his father and his patrons. He spent the chief part of his short career in the misery of an unsettled life, wandering through Silesia,

Saxony, and Poland; and depending for subsistence on the bounty of those who were charmed by his poetic strains. One of his most zealous patrons, the Saxon counsellor Menke, succeeded in getting him appointed poet laureate to the court of Dresden; but on the day on which he was presented to Frederick Augustus, then elector of Saxony and king of Poland, he was in such a state of intoxication as to be incapable of uttering a word, and it was found necessary to remove him from the presence of the prince. He died, the victim of intemperance, on the 15th of March, 1723, before he had completed his twenty-eighth year.

Günther composed songs, sacred and profane, odes, satires, epigrams, elegies, &c. His works exhibit fertility of imagination, warmth of feeling, admirable facility of rhyming, and astonishing purity of style, for the period at which they were written: but even these beauties are occasionally tarnished by a mixture of trivial and low expressions, which but too plainly indicate the moral degradation of the author. Some of Günther's poems contain affecting details of his life and misfortunes. His best composition is the ode he wrote in honour of the peace concluded between Austria and

the Ottoman Porte in 1718, and in which he celebrates the glory of the illustrious prince Eugene of Savoy. His poetic works have passed through six editions. The last was published at Breslau and Leipsig in 1764.

HAGEDORN (Frederick Von), born at Hamburgh on the 23d of April, 1708. His father, who was descended from an ancient and noble family, was one of the King of Denmark's counsellors of state, and he exercised in Hamburgh the functions of Danish resident for the circle of Lower Saxony. After having long enjoyed the bounty of fortune, he experienced serious reverses, and died in 1722, leaving his widow and two sons but scantily provided for. The education of the two young men was, however, carefully attended to by their mother. On quitting the university, Frederick, who was the younger of the two, visited London, in quality of private secretary to Baron von Söhlenthal, the Danish envoy; and on his return to Hamburgh he was appointed secretary to the commercial society called *The English Court*. Being thus established in independence, he assiduously devoted himself to the worship of the Muses;

and he divided his time between literary occupations and the pleasures of society. Many men of eminent talent were at this period assembled in Hamburgh: among others, Carpser, the celebrated surgeon, a man of wit and convivial manners; Brockes, the competitor of Hagedorn; Zimmermann, Wilkens, Dr. Lipstorp, young Liscow, Zink, Bohn, the bookseller; Murray, the English theologist; and Behrmann, the author of several tragedies. Hagedorn took great pleasure in this society, and particularly in the company of his friend Carpser. But these lovers of gaiety neglected the precepts of Socrates, to follow those of Epicurus; and the consequences of a life which was regulated by no moderation of enjoyment, proved fatal to the poet. He became the victim of gout and dropsy, and expired on the 28th of October, 1754, before he had completed his forty-seventh year. He was found dead with a book in his hand.

In spite of this inclination for Epicurism, Hagedorn was universally beloved for his virtues and his excellent disposition. He was unassuming and good natured, readily applauding the merit of others, often attributing gratuitous superiority to his rivals, and ever prompt to aid, in any way, those who stood

in need of his assistance. The conduct of his whole life proved him to be a most sincere friend. His love of independence and repose excited his taste for the beauties of nature and the charms of rural life; and this taste was recognisable in the simplicity of his manners. His favourite place of residence was a country house on the banks of the Elster. No poet has more successfully painted the happiness and tranquillity of rustic society; and no poet has more correctly depicted his own sentiments and tastes in his writings.

Hagedorn's eminent talents were in perfect unison with the amiable qualities of his heart. Nature had endowed him with the happiest qualifications for poetic composition. His mind was ever prone to receive a lively impression of the good and the beautiful. Though his imagination never shone with energic lustre, or winged a bold flight into the lofty regions of art; yet fancy sparkled in all his ideas and invested them with a poetic colouring. His genius and taste were cultivated; and it is necessary to form an accurate notion of the intellectual degradation which prevailed in Germany during the life of Hagedorn, in order to appreciate the services he rendered to his country. At the commencement of the seven-

teenth century, the talents of Opitz afforded a happy presage for German literature; but Opitz was a solitary phenomenon, and one to whom no equal afterwards appeared. The close of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, were marked by retrogression. Bad taste prevailed, and threatened the literature of Germany with complete decay. But Hagedorn and Haller happily appeared. To these two distinguished men must be assigned the glory of having restored, or rather founded and perfected, the laws of taste in their native country. It was necessary to strike out a middle path between the extravagant bombast of Lohenstein and Hoffmanswaldau, and an insignificant and insipid style of rhyming, which also had its admirers. Hagedorn found excellent guides and powerful auxiliaries, in all the great writers of ancient and modern times, whose beauties had not hitherto been fully discerned and appreciated in Germany. To succeed in the task in which he engaged, required exquisite tact and no ordinary share of judgment. He had to contend with new difficulties and obstacles. The partisans of Gottsched wished to assume a pedantic and mischievous ascendency over language, taste and

poetry. They were, it is true, powerfully opposed by the Swiss school, but the despotism with which literature was threatened by the latter was scarcely less dangerous. Hagedorn steered his course skilfully and perseveringly amidst these storms. He prided himself in not appearing in the character of a professional scholar, but in that of a zealous amateur, by which means he kept free of all disputes. He was more than a mere scholar; his information was extensive and various, and immense reading had furnished him with an inexhaustible fund of subjects and ideas. He made notes of every thing, and his works were written with extreme care. Wieland has justly said of Hagedorn, that no poet, in any country, ever possessed more delicate taste; that his works are more finished than those of any other German writer, and that few have equalled him in assiduous application.

His first literary productions appeared in 1729, six years after the death of Günther. They are tainted with the vices of the national taste, and present examples of the imperfection, rudeness, and prolixity of expression prevailing at the period; for the German language was not yet fixed or cultivated.

Hagedorn found in his own country neither models nor judges. He was obliged to labour for his own improvement, assisted only by a profound study of the best ancient and foreign writers. He spent a considerable time in meditating and composing in secret. The first fruit of a long series of studies was a collection of *Fables and Tales*, which he published in 1738. These were the first good fables that had appeared in Germany, and they excited universal astonishment. A simple, pure, concise, and flowing style marked the talent of the author. His *Moral Poems* appeared in 1750; they are rather in the satirical than the didactic style, and they frequently present happy imitations of the gaiety and profound judgment of Horace. His masterpiece in this class of composition is his poem on *Felicity*. His collected Odes and Songs were published in 1747; his Epigrams appeared in 1752; a complete edition of his Poems appeared in 1756, in three volumes, octavo; but the best edition of Hagedorn's Poems, containing his life and an interesting selection of his letters, was published by Eschenburg, in 1800, in five volumes, octavo. The most admired productions of this father of German poetry are, next to his poem *On Felicity*, his tale of the *Cobler*, his

satire, entitled *The Scholar;* and his poem on the *Attributes of the Deity.* Hagedorn's fables and best poetic compositions, have been translated into French by Huber.

HAGEDORN (Christian Ludwig Von), the brother of the poet, was born at Hamburgh in 1712, and died at Dresden on the 24th of January, 1780. In 1763, he was appointed general superintendant of the Academies of Fine Arts at Dresden and Leipsig. He was an intelligent amateur of art, and is mentioned in highly complimentary terms by Winckelmann. He is the author of a highly esteemed work, entitled *Reflections on Painting*, published in German at Leipsig in 1762; 2 vols. 8vo. There is a French translation by Huber, published at Leipsig in 1775. Hagedorn wrote notes on a work attributed to Janneck of the Academy of Vienna, entitled *Letters to an Amateur of Painting, &c.*, published at Dresden, 1755, 8vo. His *Letters on the Arts* were published by Baden, in a collection which appeared at Leipsig in 1797, in 2 vols. 8vo.

HALLER (Albert Von), a man alike extraordinary for vast powers of mind, immensity

of acquirements, and universality of talent. He was born at Berne on the 16th of October, 1708, and died on the 24th of December, 1777. From his boyhood he was passionately fond of reading; and at an early age he collected a vast fund of information of every kind, without any particular object, and excited merely by the thirst for knowledge. His father intended him to study theology or law; but his own inclination determined him in favour of medicine. He studied at Leyden, under the two celebrated professors Boerhaave and Ruysch. He made equal advancement in medicine, anatomy, physiology and botany; and his writings, many of which are esteemed to be classical works, bear evidence of his genius and the extent and variety of his information. On his return to his native country, he had to encounter all the vexation of envious opposition, and he failed in obtaining two professors' chairs, for which he successively presented himself as a candidate. He was seventeen years Professor of Anatomy, Surgery and Botany, at the University of Gottingen, where he established an Anatomical Theatre, and a Botanical Garden; and he conferred as many benefits on this Institution as Boerhaave secured to the University of Leyden. Haller was three times married, and he uniformly

proved himself an affectionate husband and a good father. Anxious to enjoy repose in his native country, he declined propositions of the most advantageous kind, that were made to him from Russia, England, and Prussia. He returned to Berne, where he resided for the remainder of his life. His countrymen, who became sensible to his merit by the excellence of his works, and by the honours paid to him by foreigners, at length rendered him justice, and endeavoured to make amends for their former neglect of him. He was a Member of the Council of Berne, Amman of the Republic, and Director of the Salt-mines of Bex and Eagle, with a salary of 5000 florins. No writer of the eighteenth century maintained a more active and extensive correspondence than Haller: he was consulted by natives of every country in Europe. He was sincerely attached to the Christian religion, which he defended against the attacks of Voltaire. In the year 1777, the Emperor Joseph II., who at first would not see Haller, paid a visit to him, and treated him with the most marked respect. The Germans regard Haller as their second Leibnitz, and as the Aristotle or the Pliny of modern times.

Haller's most celebrated scientific works are:

his *Historia Plantarum Helveticarum*, in two volumes, folio; his *Elementa Physiologia*, in which he established the new doctrine of irritability; quarto, Lausanne, 1757—1766; his Library of Practical Medicine, and his Libraries of Botany, Surgery, and Anatomy.

From his earliest youth, Haller was inspired by a great passion for poetry. He at first suffered himself to be seduced by the false taste of Lohenstein, and composed several poems in the style of that writer. These, however, he burnt, eight years after he had congratulated himself on having saved them from destruction during a fire. At the period when Haller began to write, the German language was rude and unfixed, and Opitz, Canitz, and Brockes were the only national models, for Hagedorn was scarcely known. But Haller, whose taste was refined by the study of the classics and the English poets, approximated to nature and truth. His inspirations were all fresh and original, and his language was more dignified, concise, and energetic than that of any previous German poet. In 1732 he published anonymously his first collection of poems, which excited the highest interest. His *Morning Thoughts*, accounted his best poetic composition, were written as early as 1725.

Haller's poetic works consist chiefly of moral odes, satires, and didactic poems. His masterpieces are two elegies on the death of his two first wives, which are full of exquisite pathos. His descriptive and moral poem, entitled *The Alps*, those on the *Origin of Evil*, *Eternity*, *Reason*, *Superstition*, and *Incredulity*, and his *Odes on Honour and Virtue* obtained the highest success: they rank among the author's best works. Some of his poems (particularly that on the Alps,) have been censured for heavy and monotonous measure, unpolished style, and traces of bombast. But it cannot be denied that his compositions breathe the genuine spirit of poetry, and are animated by the sublimest inspirations. Though Haller has been surpassed in harmony, grace, and correctness, he has perhaps never been equalled in richness and vigour of imagination, or energy and conciseness of style. He himself declared, with too much modesty, that he had no claim to the character of a poet; and that he merely cultivated poetry as a recreation and a change from his more serious occupations. He considered himself to be greatly inferior to Hagedorn. Though endowed with different kinds of talent, Haller and Hagedorn equally con-

tributed to mark a new era in German poetry; and their names are inseparably connected together. Haller stands at the head of the moral and didactic poets of Germany.

He is the author of three political novels, entitled, *U-Song, Alfred and Fabricius, and Cato.* Their subjects are the three forms of government, the despotic, the limited monarchical, and the republican. The characters are ably drawn and the language good; but the works are, upon the whole, deficient in interest, and they are now seldom read.

HAMANN (John George) was born at Kœnigsberg on the 23rd of August, 1730, and died at Münster on the 21st of June, 1788. He was the contemporary and the countryman of Kant, and was distinguished as an author and a philosopher. Hamann was one of those extraordinary characters who may be looked upon as adventurers in the career of philosophy and literature, and who, by a whimsical turn of mind, are prompted to veil in enigmatical obscurity the results of their profound meditations. He was one of those deep thinkers who are often possessed with the unaccountable

mania of rendering themselves unintelligible, and whose talent shines by flashes, like the lightning amidst darkness.

The life of Hamann was as irregular and unsettled as his ideas. His father wished him to study theology or law as his profession; but he soon conceived a dislike to these studies. He proceeded to Courland and afterwards to Riga, where he became a tutor in several noble families. At Riga he formed a connection with a mercantile house, and he directed his attention to political economy, finance, and commerce, in the hope that his knowledge of these subjects would afford him the means of gaining a livelihood. With the view of managing some business for his friends, but more particularly for the sake of recovering his health and gratifying his taste, he travelled between the years 1756 and 1758 to Berlin, Lubeck, Holland, and England. After remaining for upwards of a year in London, where he wished to fix his residence, circumstances compelled him to return to Riga, and he employed himself for some time in superintending the education of the children of his friends, whose commercial correspondence he also managed. From 1759 to 1762 he resided with his father, who was in a declining

state of health, and he applied himself to the study of the classical authors and the oriental languages. He again returned to Courland and Livonia, and visited his native city, where for the space of two years he obtained some trivial employment in the capacity of a clerk. In 1764 he travelled into Germany, and visited Bâle, and Alsace, where he went in quest of an individual who had expressed the highest interest for him; but he returned without having met him. In 1765 he repaired to Mittau to fill the situation of tutor in the family of a celebrated lawyer, whom he accompanied to Warsaw. On the death of his father, he returned to Kœnigsberg. His attachment for his native country induced him to decline the acceptance of a very advantageous situation abroad; and in the year 1766 he was appointed Interpreting Secretary of the excise and customs in Kœnigsberg. This situation he retained until 1777, when he became superintendant of the customs. His health, which was in a very delicate state, prevented him from devoting to study so much of his leisure time as he could have wished. In 1784 the bounty of an unknown friend secured him for ever against the possibility of want, and he hoped to restore his health by a visit to Germany, which he

had long wished to undertake; but it was not until 1787, after twenty years' service, that he could obtain leave to retire from office with an adequate pension. He immediately set out for Münster, the principal object of his journey, and he resided alternately in that city and at Dusseldorf with privy-counsellor Jacobi, until the period of his death, which was accelerated by unremitting illness. Princess Gallitzin, who resided at Münster, and who is celebrated for her love of literature, erected a monument to his memory in her pleasure-grounds, where he was buried.

Almost all Hamann's works have fanciful and enigmatical titles. The first which excited attention in Germany were his *Socratic Memorials*, [Amsterdam, that is to say, Kœnigsberg, 1759,] and his *Philological Crusades*, [Kœnigsberg, 1762.] We may also mention his works entitled: *To the Sorceress of Kadmonbor*, Berlin, (Frankfort on the Maine,) 1773; *Hierophantic Letters of Vetius Epagathus Regiomonticola*, (Riga, 1775); *Essay on Marriage by a Sybil*, (published at the same place, and in the same year); χογξομπαξ, *A Fragment by an Apocalyptic Sybil on Apocalyptical Mysteries*, 1779; and finally, one of his latest writings, no less whimsical than those which preceded it, enti-

tled: *Golgotha and Scheblemini, by a Man preaching in the Desert.* Riga, 1784. Hamann also published in French, *Mosaic Essays,* containing: 1st, *A Neological and Provincial Letter on the Inoculation of Good-Sense;* and 2d, *A Philippic Gloss.* Mittau, 1762.—*A Lost Letter from a Northern Savage to a Financier of Pekin,* [M. Delattre.]—*Two more Lost Letters!!* [to M. Icilius.] Riga, 1773.—*The Kermes of the North, or the Cochineal of Poland.* Mittau, 1774.

The writings of Hamann prove how much he read and observed, collected and studied. His imagination is fertile and original. Amidst his fantastic conceptions there frequently occur passages remarkable for delicate irony, piquant observation, and extraordinary energy and richness of ideas. But these flashes of genius, these rays of sound and powerful reason, are almost obscured in the gloomy chaos of his illuminism and his mystical style. He invariably maintains the tone of a visionary; his wanderings, his mysterious allusions, his taste for emblems, his enigmatical quotations, his abuse of scriptural passages, and his style, which is incoherent and full of whimsical metaphor, disgust instead of attracting the reader. As Goëthe observes, it is always impossible to discover the point from which he has started, or that

to which he intends to proceed. Upon the whole, Hamann's writings can only be ranked in the class of literary curiosities.

HANS SACHS. See SACHS.

HEINSE (Wilhelm) was born at Langenweisen, a village near Ilmenau in Thuringen, in the year 1749; and died on the 22nd of June, 1803. He received his education at Erfurt, and chose Wieland as his model and his guide. He was the friend of Gleim, whose bounty relieved him from a state of poverty which he had previously endured with truly philosophic cheerfulness. He also maintained a footing of friendship with Müller and John George Jacobi, conjointly with whom he edited the *Iris*. He was Reader to the Elector of Mentz at Aschaffenburg, and subsequently became one of the Elector's Court Counsellors, and his librarian.

Heinse was one of the most original and witty writers of whom Germany can boast. His first letter to Gleim, to whom he had been recommended by Wieland, and which contains a summary account of his life, is full of exquisite humour. He commenced his literary ca-

reer in 1771, by a collection of epigrams. He published in 1773 a translation of Petronius, with remarks; a production which reflects greater honour on his talent than on his morality. In 1774 he produced a philosophic and descriptive romance entitled *Laidion* [Lais], *or the Mysteries of Eleusis.* This romance was very successful. It is written in a style too highly coloured and flowery for prose composition: but this is a fault common to many of Heinse's works. He was a passionate lover of the fine arts, and particularly of music: and his taste was greatly improved by his residence in Dusseldorf and Italy, where he spent three years, after having travelled through Alsace, Switzerland, Geneva, and the South of France. In Italy he executed his prose translations of *Jerusalem Delivered* and *Orlando Furioso.* On his return he resided at Mentz with the celebrated historian Müller; and he took advantage of the leisure he enjoyed at this period to write his two romances of *Ardingbello,* 2 vols. 1787, and *Hildegard von Hohentahl,* 3 vols. 1795, 1796. The ruling idea which Heinse has developed in these two compositions, is as follows: "Beauty "alone attaches the susceptible man to the "world, to nature, and to all living creatures. "The happiness for which man is born, consists

" in the feeling for and the enjoyment of beauty " of every kind." In these romances Heinse has depicted the sentiments which the arts of painting and music produced upon himself. Like Goëthe, he was enthusiastically fond of Italy. He was penetrated with just and profound admiration for the ancient and modern monuments that adorn the classic land of art; and he has described them, though with less purity of taste and imagination than the author of *Tasso*. Heinse's enthusiasm was roused only by that kind of beauty which charms the senses. He never rose to the perception of moral beauty. His pen imparts to the language of passion a degree of extravagance which staggers the reader. The influence of Petronius is too obvious in all his pictures: however, his descriptions of the ruins of Rome, the monuments of antiquity, and other works of art, are executed with a masterly hand; and the vivid colouring of his language almost brings, as it were, every object present to the eye of the reader. His judicious remarks enhance the interest of his descriptions. His letters to Gleim are characterized by the same kind of merit: the collection contains, among other valuable things, an admirable description of the festival of St. Peter at Rome.

The dialogues on music, which were written by Heinse in his youth, when struggling with poverty and privation at Erfurt, were published at Leipsig in 1805. The work bears no traces of the miserable condition of the author, during the time he was engaged upon it. These dialogues, which were written in 1776 or 1777, are full of novel and original ideas on the delightful art of which they treat. The interlocutors in the first dialogue are Rousseau and Jomelli.

HERDER (John Gottfried Von), a native of Mohrungen in Eastern Prussia. He was born on the 25th of August, 1744; and he died at Weimar on the 18th of December, 1803. His family was humble and poor, and he had to struggle with difficulties in order to acquire education and open his career in literature. He was successively a Professor of the Frederick College at Kœnigsberg, Chaplain and Director of the school attached to the Cathedral of Riga, Court Chaplain, Consistorial Superintendent and Counsellor at Bückeburg, and finally Court Chaplain and President of the Consistory at Weimar. Herder was at once distinguished as a preacher, a scholar,

a philosopher, an historian, a moralist, and a poet. He possessed an enthusiastic mind, a powerful understanding, and his whole life was influenced by the desire of doing good. His grand object was to apply literature to the moral improvement and happiness of mankind. He employed profound and varied erudition and extraordinary talent, in ascertaining the progress that had already been made in order to secure future advancement. He investigated the spirit of ancient nations and institutions, and the genius of ancient poetry, in order to attach his contemporaries to all that was excellent in ancient tradition. Herder bears a resemblance at once to Plato and to Fenelon. His eloquent style is more classical and more European than that of any other German writer, without in any degree compromising the originalities of his own genius, or that of his nation. He wrote on various subjects, and almost all his works attest the excellence of his mind and his talent. Among his principal productions the following may be distinguished:—His five Discourses or Memorials, which obtained prizes at the Academy of Berlin.—1st, *On the Origin of Language.* 1770. (This is the Discourse mentioned by Goëthe.) 2d, *On the Causes of the*

Decline of Taste in different Nations. 1773. 3d, *On the Influence of the Study of Polite Literature and the Arts on the Advancement of Science.* 4th, *On the Effect produced by Poetry on the Morals of Nations.* 5th, *On the Influence of Government on Science.* 1779. His poem of *The Cid*, from the Spanish romances on the same subject.—*On the Ancient popular Ballads of different Nations* (*Volks-Liede*).—*On Antiquity, and principally on the Monuments of Persepolis.*—*Enquiry into the Spirit of Hebrew Poetry.* —His *Sermons* and *Homilies*, which are imbued with the inspirations of Fenelon.—His Critical Examination of the Philosophy of Kant, entitled *Reason and Experience*, 2 vols. 8vo. Leipsig, 1799.—*Calligone*, 8vo. Leipsig, 1800.—*Criticism on Kant's Æsthetics, or Theory of the Beautiful.*—*Letters on the Improvement of Mankind*, 1 vol. 8vo. Riga, 1793 and 1797. This last is ranked among Herder's best works. But his *chef-d'œuvre*, which has gained him the highest reputation in Europe, is his *Philosophy of History*. Müller the historian edited this production in the collection of Herder's works, of which 28 vols. 8vo. had appeared at Leipsig in 1809. Madame de Staël, speaking of this *Philosophy of History*, says, that in point of style it is probably

superior to any other German work. The two first volumes, in which the author approaches very closely to the manner of Buffon and Bernardin de Saint Pierre, present a picture of the globe and its revolutions in their connexion with man. The two last volumes contain an Essay on Universal History, ancient and modern, in which Herder proves himself worthy to compete with Bossuet and Montesquieu. In spite of the turn for raillery and the caustic humour which Goëthe has remarked in Herder, his character was, as Goëthe himself says, truly amiable and noble. His virtues and talents rendered him highly respected by his countrymen. He resided long at the Court of Weimar, the Athens of Germany, in the society of Goëthe, Wieland, and Schiller. There are two notices on Herder, in Vols. I. and II. of the *Literary Archives*, published in Paris in 1803 and 1804: and there is in German a publication, entitled *Characteristics of Herder*, by Danz and Gruber, Leipsig, 1805. The King, then Elector of Bavaria, presented to Herder a patent of nobility for himself and his descendants. Meusel, in his fourth edition of the *Literature of Germany*, (Lemgo, 1783,) says Herder was born on

the 25th of April, 1741; but Goëthe, who was born in 1749, remarks that Herder was only five years older than he: the date specified in the *Universal Biography* is, therefore, most probably correct.

HEYNE (Christian Gottlieb) was born on the 25th of September, 1729, at Chemnitz in Saxony; and died at Gottingen on the 14th of July, 1812. He was Professor of Rhetoric, and Librarian of the University of Gottingen, perpetual Secretary of the Royal Society of Sciences, Director of the Philological Seminary, and a member of almost every learned society in Europe. He was the most celebrated philologist, antiquary, and archæologist of Germany; and he wrote Latin with more elegance than any other German author. The diligent labours by which he has thrown a light on mythology, and on ancient history and art, are celebrated throughout Europe. His commented editions of Tibullus, Homer, Pindar, Epictetus, Diodorus Siculus, and particularly of Virgil, are also well known. He is the author of many essays and biographical notices, of which the most distinguished are those on Haller, Machaëlis, and Winckelmann. The last

has been translated into French by C. Bruck, and was printed at Gottingen in 1783.

HOELTY (Ludwig Henry Christopher) was born at Mariensee, in the Electorate of Hanover, on the 21st of December, 1748; and died at Hanover on the 1st of Sept. 1776, before he had completed his twenty-first year. He was one of those men who seem to be born exclusively for the study of literature. In his boyhood, his passion for reading occupied him day and night. He evinced a precocious taste for poetry, and at the age of eleven he composed an epitaph in verse on a favourite dog: this production has been preserved. Study, however, had no effect in impairing his amiability of temper; and he gained the affection of all who knew him. He received from his father an excellent education, which was completed by an academic course of study at Gottingen. There he formed acquaintance with Burger, Miller, Voss, Boie, Hahn, Leisewitz, the younger Cramer, and the two Counts Von Stolberg, whose names afterwards became so highly celebrated. These young literary neophytes held weekly meetings together, in which they read and discussed subjects of art

and literature: they also communicated to each other the labours they were engaged on, and those which were approved were inscribed in a book for the purpose. Hoelty spoke but little in company, and he rarely mingled in conversation even when among his friends: but on the mention of any virtuous or generous action his feelings were immediately roused, and he expressed himself with eloquence. He was ever obliging and ready to render service; and he felt a keen sense of any act of injustice committed towards others. His love of the beauties of rural nature amounted to enthusiasm. At the early age at which he died he had acquired a vast store of information: he was master of geography and history, and was familiar with the ancient languages, including Hebrew. He also possessed an intimate knowledge of French, English, Spanish, and Italian.

Hoelty excelled in the composition of ballads, idyls, odes, and songs: his genius was peculiarly suited to the description of rural and melancholy scenes. His lyric compositions abound in exquisite pathos. He has sometimes been blamed for a sort of poetic luxury in language and imagery. His premature death proved a severe loss to German literature.

The best edition of Hoelty's poems is that which was published by Voss, at Hamburgh, in 1804, with an Essay on the life of the poet.

Hoelty also executed some translations from English works.

HOFFMANNSWALDAU (Christian Hofmann Von). We have often had occasion to mention the name of this poet, who, conjointly with Lohenstein, contributed to corrupt the taste of his contemporaries, and to check the impulse which Opitz gave to the Germanic Muse.

Hoffmannswaldau, who, as well as Lohenstein, was the countryman and contemporary of Opitz, was born on the 25th of December, 1618, at Breslau. His mental faculties were developed at a very early age; and while pursuing his studies at Dantzic, Opitz, who was in that city at the time, remarked his happy talent for poetry. After finishing his education at Leyden, under Salmasius, Vossius, and other distinguished men, he travelled through the Netherlands, England, France, and Italy. On his return to his native city he married, and filled successively several honourable posts; among others, that of President of the City

Council. He died on the 18th of April, 1679, at the age of sixty-one.

Hoffmannswaldau at first endeavoured to form his poetic style by the study of the ancients and the example of Opitz. It would have been fortunate had he remained faithful to Opitz, to the ancients, and to nature; but he suffered himself to be seduced by the false wit and affectation of the Italian poets of his age; and he introduced into German poetry the bad taste, antithesis, quaintness, false brilliancy, and forced metaphor of Guarini, Marini, and the writers of that school. This bad taste was admired and imitated, and the poets of Germany forsook the course which had been opened to them by Opitz. Hoffmannswaldau was the first German poet who wrote Heroides; and he was the first who treated in this style of poetic composition the interesting subject of the loves of Eloisa and Abelard. But, instead of pure sensibility and warmth of feeling, the Heroides of the German poet are distinguished only by bombast, vulgar ideas, and coarse equivoque. Hoffmannswaldau translated Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, and wrote a vast number of poems in various styles. Almost the only one that is now read, and in which he seems to have surpassed himself, is entitled: *Eulogium on an Amiable Lady.*

The first collection of his works appeared at Breslau in 1673; the second edition bears the date of 1730.

HUBER (Michael) was born on the 27th of September, 1727, at Frankenhausen in Lower Bavaria. At an early age he left Germany and repaired to Paris, where he applied himself for a length of time to the study of literature and the arts. In 1764 he married a young Parisian lady. In Paris he became acquainted with many celebrated literary characters; for example, the Abbé Arnaud, Suard, Turgot, &c. Huber possessed extensive talent and a correct taste. As he was equally master of the French and German languages, he undertook the task of introducing into France a knowledge of the great writers who reflected honour on the literature of his own country; and between the years 1761 and 1765 he published an excellent translation of Gessner's Idyls and other Poems, in which he was greatly assisted by Turgot. In 1766 he published in four volumes a tasteful selection of German poems, from the works of Hagedorn, Gellert, Utz, Kleist, and other celebrated writers of that period. He also assisted Arnaud and Suard in conducting the *Journal Etranger*. About this

time the study of the German language became very fashionable in Paris, and Huber was much employed in teaching it. In 1766 the Electress of Saxony (the widow of Frederick Christian), who was a Bavarian princess, invited him to Leipsig; and he was appointed Professor of the French language at the University of that city. In this capacity, as well by his correct judgment of works of art, as by his excellent translations of the best productions of German literature, he rendered signal services to his native country. At his residence at Leipsig he assembled daily meetings of the most distinguished students of the University, who freely discussed together in the French language, literary questions, or the most interesting political topics of the day. No foreigner of note visited Leipsig without attending these meetings. Huber died on the 15th of April, 1804, in his seventy-seventh year, highly and justly respected.

Independently of his translation of Gessner's works, Huber is the author of *Notes for the History of the Life and Writings of Winckelmann.*—A translation of Thümmel's *Wilhelmina.* —*A general Notice of Engravings, with a descriptive Catalogue of the Collection of Prints at Dresden and Leipsig;* 1777.—*The new Robinson Crusoe,* translated from the German of Campe, 1793, in

8vo.—*A descriptive Catalogue of the Cabinet of Prints belonging to M. Brandes of Hanover, containing Specimens of every School of Engraving from ancient times to the present day.* Leipsig, 1793, 1796, 2 vols. 8vo. Huber revised the French translation executed by MM. O. and X. of Wolke's *Natural Method of Instruction for accelerating, without translation, the comprehension of the words of every Foreign Language, &c.* 1782, 1788, in 8vo. He published new editions of the following works: *Gellert's Letters, with an eulogium on the author;* 1770 and 1777.—*A work on Education,* by Basedow.—*Reflections on Painting by Christian Ludwig Hageëorn, the brother of the Poet.* 2 vols. Leipsig, 1775.—*Winckelmann's History of Art and Antiquity.* Leipsig, 1781, 3 vols. 4to.—*Philosophic Letters on Switzerland,* by Meiners. 2 vols. 8vo. Strasburg, 1786.—*The Life of Manstein,* prefixed to an edition of his Account of Russia. Leipsig, 1771.—*A general Notice of Engraving and Painting, preceded by a History of these two Arts.* Dresden and Leipsig, 1787.

JACOBI (John George). The elder of two brothers, both celebrated in the modern school of German literature. He was born at Dussel-

dorf on the Lower Rhine, and studied at Helmstadt and Gottingen. His friend Clotz invited him to Halle, where he was created Professor of Philosophy and Rhetoric. The friendship he contracted with Gleim, awakened his love of poetry. In 1769 Gleim procured for him the appointment of prebendary of Halberstadt, which enabled him to live with ease and independence. In 1784 he became Professor of Polite Literature at the University of Friburg, in Brisgau, where he delivered, with great success, lectures on the classic writers of antiquity and on æsthetics.

John George Jacobi acquired high reputation as a lyric poet and a dramatist; but his lyric poems are his best compositions. His models were Chappelle, Chaulieu and Gresset. The prevailing characteristics of his compositions are grace, delicacy and harmony of versification. He described in an exquisite strain of gaiety and simplicity the pleasures of rural life. He has, however, been reproached for affectation and some other faults. He is the author of songs, cantatas, romances, and poetical pictures; and he has also written some epistles. His *Winter Journey* and his *Summer Journey*, which are written after the manner of Sterne, and are partly in prose, partly in verse,

have been much admired. The first edition of his works appeared at Halberstadt between the years 1770 and 1774, in three volumes. The second, collected and augmented, was published at Zurich, in four volumes, between the years 1807 and 1809.

John George Jacobi, co-operated with his friends Heinse, Gleim, Goëthe, Klamer-Schmidt, Lenz, Schlosser, Caroline Rudolphi, Sophia La Roche, &c., in the management of a quarterly miscellany for ladies, entitled the *Iris*, published at Dusseldorf and Berlin from 1774 to 1776. Jacobi resumed the work under the same title, and in the form of an almanack, in 1805, and continued it till 1807. He also published a literary almanack from 1793 to 1800, in which he was assisted by Herder, John Paul Richter, Klopstock, Pfeffel, John Henry Voss, Zink, Grübel, Frederick Brun, &c. This publication contains some excellent literary articles and fragments of poetry.

JACOBI (Frederick Henry) the younger brother of John George Jacobi, was born at Dusseldorf in 1743. He is highly celebrated among the philosophers and moralists of Germany. He held the situations of Counsellor

and Commissioner of Taxes at Berg and Juliers, and was a Privy Counsellor at Dusseldorf. Jacobi, as Goëthe observes, long studied, with the restlessness of an ardent spirit, questions which are but indissoluble problems to the most powerful and profound understandings. Endowed with an imaginative mind and a susceptible heart, Jacobi was aided in his investigation of these difficult questions by that ray of inward sentiment which enlightened Plato, Socrates and Fenelon. The dryness of Spinosa's system was calculated to repel a mind like that of Jacobi. Kant's doctrine was also too abstruse for him, and he opposed the opinions of both these famous philosophers. Madame de Staël's work on Germany contains an account of the philosophy of Jacobi and his moral romance entitled *Woldemar*. He assisted Wieland in editing the *German Mercury*.

JERUSALEM (John Frederick William) was born at Osnabruck on the 22nd of November, 1709, and died at Brunswick on the 2nd of September, 1789. Jerusalem was a celebrated theologist and protestant preacher. He was Almoner to the Court of Brunswick,

and tutor to the famous Duke of Brunswick, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Jena. He was the founder of the Caroline College at Brunswick, and Director and principal professor of the seminary at Riddagshausen, of which place the Duke gave him the dignity and revenues of Abbot. In addition to his excellent sermons he has written *Letters on the Religion of Moses*, 1762.—*Considerations on Religious Truths.* This work has been translated into French, and is universally esteemed.—*Refutation of the Opinions of Frederick the Great on German Literature.* The virtues and talents of Jerusalem rendered him the object of universal esteem. His daughter published at Brunswick, in 1792-3, the posthumous works of her father, 2 vols. 8vo. The second volume contains a brief notice of his life written by himself. There is also a life of him by an anonymous author, published at Altona, in 1790; and another by his friend Eschenburg, which appeared in the *German Monthly Magazine*, in June 1791. Jerusalem was the father of the interesting and unfortunate youth from whom Goëthe copied the hero of his Werther. The second edition of Jerusalem's collected Sermons appeared at Brunswick in 1788-9.

JUNG-STILLING (John Henry), was born at Hilchenback in the principality of Nassau-Siegen, on the 12th of December, 1740. He was at first a physician at Elberfeld, and he afterwards studied political economy at Lautern. He became Professor of agromony, &c., at Heidelberg, and in 1787, he was appointed Professor of Political Economy at Marburgh, and he obtained the rank of Privy Counsellor to the Elector Palatine. He has written works on political economy and several romances, and he is the real author of the *Popular Instructor*, a very successful production which was alleged to have been written by Clodius. Jung-Stilling has also written his own life under the title of *The Private Life of Henry Stilling, a True History*. By this modification of his name he is now usually distinguished.

KLEIST (Ewald-Christian Von), born in March 1715, at Zeblin in Pomerania, and died in 1759, in consequence of the wounds he received at the battle of Kunnensdorf. Kleist, who was descended from a noble family, was an officer of distinguished courage and talent, a man of the mildest and most humane disposi-

tion, and one of the most celebrated poets of the German school of the eighteenth century. He was a passionate admirer of the beauties of Nature, and loved to contemplate them in his solitary walks, which he used to call hunting poetic images. His poem on Spring is one of the best in the class to which it belongs. It has been repeatedly translated into French; first, by Huber, in his *Choix de Poésies Allemandes*, which, however, is but a feeble translation; next by M. Beguelin, at Berlin, 1781, in 8vo. and lastly, in verse, by M. Adrian de Sarrazin. Kleist has composed odes, songs, idyls, and fables. The best editions of his poems are those published at Berlin, 1782, in 8vo., and at Vienna, 1789, in 8vo. See his Life, published at Berlin, in 1760, by his friend Nicolai, and translated into French by Huber, in the *Journal Etranger*, 1761; see also Lavater's *Physiognomical Fragments*, &c.

KLOPSTOCK (Friedrick-Gottlieb), born July 2nd, 1724, at Quedlinburg, and died at Hamburg, March 14, 1803. Klopstock, who was the most celebrated of the German poets previous to the present school, was the author of the *Messiah*, and of some lyric poems and

tragedies, among which his Death of Adam is distinguished. The great beauties of the Messiah are a sufficient proof of his superior genius, though the want of action very much diminishes the interest of the production. Klopstock's fine odes entitle him to rank in the first class of lyric poets. His virtues procured him the esteem of all who knew him, and will ever be remembered with respect. Goëthe has described without exaggeration the ascendancy which he exercised over his fellow-countrymen. The object of his first love was the sister of his friend Schmidt, a young lady whom he has celebrated under the name of Fanny. His wife, whom he so tenderly loved, known by the name of Meta, and whom he has celebrated under that of Cidli, was a Miss Margaret Moller, of Hamburgh. He published, after her death, several works written by her, consisting of *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, a tragedy *on the Death of Abel*, &c., under the title of Posthumous Works of Margaret Klopstock. Goëthe is mistaken when he states that Klopstock did not marry a second time, which is a singular error on the part of a contemporary of Klopstock. At the age of sixty

seven, Klopstock formed a second union with an old friend of his, a widow lady, named Johanna von Winthem, whose maiden name was Dimpfel. He has been blamed for this second marriage, though he never ceased to cherish the memory of his first wife, by whose side he was interred, according to his desire. There are several English translations of the Messiah. The ten first cantos have been translated into French by Anthelmy, Yunker, Petit-Pierre, &c. A complete translation of the poem was published by the Canoness of Kurzrock, at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1801. Klopstock's *Death of Adam* has been translated in five acts in prose, by J. J. Roman, 1762, in 8vo.

KREBEL (Gottlieb Friedrick). Born at Naumburg on the Saale, June 30, 1729. In 1771 he was appointed treasurer of the great consistory at Dresden, and in 1777 secretary to the Elector of Saxony. He was a genealogist and a geographer. His principal works are a Genealogical Manual of Europe, and a collection of the most successful travels made in this quarter of the world.

KRUGER (John Christian). Born at Berlin, of poor parents, and died at Hamburgh in 1750, aged twenty-eight years. He distinguished himself both as an actor and a poet. It is to be presumed that he would have contributed materially to the advancement of the German drama, if his labours as an actor and a translator had not interrupted his progress. He has left behind him, among other works, a translation of the *Theatre of Marivaux*, and a collection of poems printed at Leipsig in 1763.

This collection contains various poems, prologues, and particularly comedies; of which the principal are, *The Blind Husband*, *The Candidates*, and *Duke Michael.*

LANGER (Karl Henry). Born at Breslau in Silesia, August 24, 1743. He was originally professor of the law of nature at the University of Moscow, which situation he held until 1774; and in 1781 he was appointed librarian at Wolfenbüttel. He is the author of a *Treatise on the Principles of the British Constitution*, published at Lübeck, 1763; and was one of the contributors to the *General German Library*. He travelled in Switzerland at diffe-

rent periods with the hereditary prince of Brunswick and his brother. Langer succeeded Lessing in the situation of librarian at Wolfenbüttel.

LAVATER (John Kaspar). Born at Zurich, November 15th, 1741, and died in that city, January 2d, 1801, after suffering fifteen months from the effects of a wound he had received from a French soldier at the retaking of Zurich in 1799. He was first deacon and afterwards priest of the church of St. Peter at Zurich; a poet, theologian, and philosopher, and one of the principal chiefs of mystic doctrine in Germany. He has rendered himself illustrious by his virtues, his talents, and his enthusiasm. His Swiss Songs and his Canticles have established his reputation as a poet. He has written many works on the subject of religion. Rotermund, in his continuation of Jœcher's Dictionary, gives the titles of a hundred and twenty-nine works by this celebrated man. His principal religious works are: *Pontius Pilate*, 4 vols. octavo, 1782, 1785; *Jesus the Messiah*, 4 vols. octavo; *Portable Library*, 24 vols. duodecimo, from 1790 to 1792. In these works he has fully developed his religious

doctrine. But the work by which he has gained the greatest degree of reputation out of Germany is that entitled: *Physiognomical Essays*, 4 vols. quarto, in German, between the years 1775 and 1778. Lavater's work on Physiognomy has been translated into English and French. M. Moreau de la Sarthe published, from 1805 to 1809, a new edition of the French translation corrected and augmented, 10 vols. in octavo and quarto. Lavater was the object of a literary and philosophical discussion, between Mirabeau, who had attacked his moral character in a pamphlet, and Brissot, who defended it with eloquence. Madame Roland, whose heroic courage and superior talents have immortalized her name, in an interesting account of a journey through Switzerland, which forms a part of her posthumous works, professes high veneration for Lavater, whom she had frequently seen at Zurich.

There is an interesting work relating to Lavater, written by himself, and published in 1800, in 2 vols. entitled, *Detailed History of my Exile*. There is also some account of him in the work entitled *John Kaspar Lavater*, by Henry Meister, in the American Almanack for 1802, printed at Zurich, and *The*

Life of J. K. Lavater, by George Gessner, his son-in-law, Zurich, 3 vols. octavo, in German.

LEISEWITZ (John Anton) was born at Hanover, May 9th, 1752. He studied the law at Gottingen, where he lived in intimate connexion with Boie, Bürger, Hoelty, and all those worshippers of the Muses who have since added so much honour to their country. At Brunswick he successively performed the duties of privy-counsellor and of judge from 1777 to 1801, when he was appointed president of the College of Health. He gave lessons in modern history to the two princes of Nassau-Orange, as well as to the princess their sister, and initiated the hereditary prince of Brunswick in the knowledge of the constitution and the affairs of his country. His probity and talent gained him universal esteem in his different offices. During the latter years of his life he was actively employed in preparing a plan for a new organization of the benevolent institutions in the duchy of Brunswick. This plan, which was admirably conceived, was printed in 1804. His perseverance, seconded by the approbation of the prince and the public, overcame every difficulty, and

he succeeded in executing his design, the happy results of which entitled him to universal gratitude. On his death, which took place on the 10th of September, 1806, a great number of his fellow-citizens voluntarily accompanied his remains to the place of interment.

As a writer Leisewitz has left behind him only one work, a tragedy, *Giulio of Tarento;* but it is considered one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the German theatre. The subject, which has been treated, but with less success, by Klinger, under the title of *The Two Twins,* is founded on the hatred of the two sons of Cosmo, first grand-duke of Tuscany, the murder of the one by the other, and the punishment of the murderer by his father: the author has changed the names of the characters, and the situation of the scene. Leisewitz was the friend of Lessing, and it was the tragedy of *Giulio of Tarento,* printed at Leipsig in 1776, which established their intimacy. Lessing happening to visit a library in company with Eschenburg, in search of the novelties of literature, met with the tragedy and was enchanted with it; he thought it was by Goëthe. Eschenburg expressed his doubts with regard to that. "So much the better," said Lessing, "we shall have another genius "added to our number, and one who will fur-

"nish us with something good." Leisewitz came to Brunswick; Eschenburg introduced him to Lessing, and the two poets became friends. Leisewitz had formed the design of writing a history of the thirty years' war, and had composed fragments on the subject; but unfortunately his occupations interrupted the progress of his work, and he committed to the flames the fragments he had written, together with other essays, a short time before his death.

LENZ (Jacob-Michel-Reinhold), born at Seszwegen in Livonia, January 12th, 1750. His father, who was originally a clergyman at that place, afterwards held the office of member of the Consistory and inspector of the schools of Dorpat, and at length became superintendant-general of the government of Livonia at Riga. Lenz commenced his studies at Konigsberg in 1769; he afterwards went to Berlin, where he was chosen as tutor to accompany some young gentlemen to Strasburg. After residing a long time in the neighbourhood of the Rhine, he lost his reason in 1778, led a wandering life, and died at Moscow, on the 24th of May, 1792, aged 43 years.

This author's character has been so well drawn by Goëthe in his Memoirs, that it is unnecessary to dwell on the subject here. His taste for the drama was only that of an enthusiastic amateur, and it withdrew his attention from serious and useful occupation. This want of object in his literary labours was the cause of his misfortunes. He had to struggle incessantly with poverty, and was reduced to the necessity of living on benefactions, without however losing any portion of his pride, which seemed, on the contrary, to increase with his misfortunes. He did not always accept what was offered him, and notwithstanding the extremity of his situation, he took offence when his friends attempted to do him a service without his consent. A Russian gentleman, at whose house he had long resided, and whose generosity he had experienced, defrayed the expenses of his funeral.

The most successful of Lenz's writings were, the piece entitled *The Tutor, or the Advantages of Private Education*, 1774.—*The new Menoza*, a comedy, 1774; founded on a Danish romance entitled *Menoza*, of which there was previously a good German translation, and of which Eric Pontoppidan, whom Bernardin de St. Pierre calls the Fenelon of Norway, furnished the

subject:—his comedy, entitled *The Soldiers*, and his remarks on the drama, with a translation of Shakspeare's *Love's Labour Lost*. This translation is the best part of the work, which is written in a laboured style, and is full of ill-managed attempts at humour.

LICHTENBERG (George Christopher), born July 1, 1742, at Ober-Ramstedt, near Darmstadt, where his father was superintendant-general of the reformed churches. He commenced his studies at the Gymnasium of his native town, and finished them at Gottingen. An accident, caused in his infancy by the negligence of a servant, had impeded his growth and enfeebled his constitution, but without affecting his natural gaiety or diminishing his taste for study. He evinced an early and singular predilection for natural philosophy, astronomy, and mathematics;—a predilection, however, which did not prevent his inquisitive mind, distinguished as it was for original vivacity as well as for delicacy of perception, from cultivating literature with equal success. After his appointment to the professorship of philosophy at Gottingen, he visited England on two separate occasions, and was noticed by his

Majesty George III. He there turned his attention chiefly to the arts and the drama, as is evident from his *Explanations of the Engravings of Hogarth*, and his *Letters on Garrick and the English Stage*. He entered into the married state at an advanced period of life, and spent his latter years in the enjoyment of domestic tranquillity and study. He died February 24th, 1799, aged fifty-seven years.

Lichtenberg was one of those rare geniuses, who, like Pascal, could unite the study of science with that of literature and the arts. As a philosopher, he was characterised by the penetration and justness of his views, the sagacity and correctness of his observations. Natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, and mathematics are greatly indebted to his labours. Like Fontenelle, he possessed the secret of rendering science popular, and of giving a clear idea of it in his lectures, which were distinguished for the high interest which he attached to them. As a writer, Lichtenberg was one of the most active and original thinkers of his time. Gifted with an eminently philosophic mind, a lover of all that is excellent in literature and art, and skilful in the management of ironical expression, he exposed in the most lively and

spirited manner all the exaggeration and absurdity which shocked his reason. Among other things, he ridiculed the strange affectation of sensibility and originality with which an unfortunate imitation of Shakspeare, Klopstock, and Goëthe had infected the literature of Germany, the excesses of the religious zeal and physiognomical system of Lavater, and the prophecies of Zichen on the misfortunes with which Germany was threatened. The extreme merit of Lichtenberg's writings makes it much to be regretted that the greater part of them are only fragments of unfinished works.

Lichtenberg's most celebrated works are: his *Remarks on the Author's Life, and on the Author himself*, which are full of originality, acuteness, and depth of thinking;—his *Explanations of the Engravings of Hogarth*, of which he completed only the five first numbers, but which form a commentary worthy of the text, and prove the commentator to have been no less a painter than the artist himself. His vein of irony and humour, the delicacy of his descriptive powers, and the brilliancy of his colouring, give an inexpressible charm to this work. The only fault that can be found with it, consists in the profusion of witticisms and bons-mots which pervade it, and the occasional high polish

which destroys the point of the humour. Yet the author is acknowledged to have united in the highest degree, next to Lessing, penetration of mind and purity of taste, with a certainty of principle in the arts, and with depth as well as extent of acquirements. Lichtenberg's *Laocoon* is regarded as a classic work in Germany.

His *Letter from the Earth to the Moon*, is a satire full of the most brilliant wit; but the author's object being to defend a literary miscellany then published at Gottingen, the interest is too local and too much dependent on particular circumstances to permit those who are ignorant of them to feel all the force of the wit.

Lichtenberg's works have been published in 9 vols. 8vo. at Gottingen, between 1800 and 1806: the five first volumes contain his literary works, and the four last his scientific works The *Explanation of the Engravings of Hogarth* has been published separately; a French translation of it appeared at Gottingen in 1797, entitled, *Explication détaillée des Gravures d'Hogarth, par M. G. C. Lichtenberg, professeur de Goettingue, ouvrage traduit de l'Allemand en Français, par M. Lamy.* His *Essay on Physiognomy* has also been translated into French.

LESSING (Gotthold-Ephraim) was born at Kamenz in Lusatia, in January 1729, and died at Wolfenbuttel, February 15, 1781. He was the real founder of the modern German language and literature, and the true model of the classic style in Germany. Lessing was at once a poet, a critic, and a philosopher. His piece entitled *Sarah Sampson,* a tragedy of common life, was an experiment of a new species of dramatic composition in Germany. *Emilia Galotti, Minna of Barnhelm,* and *Nathan the Wise,* productions stamped by originality of talent, formed a new era in the history of the drama: these works are reckoned among the best of the German theatre. Lessing excelled equally in literary criticism and in that of the fine arts. His *Laocoon, or the Limits of Poetry and Painting,* the production of a profound and enlightened genius, and in which the principles of both arts are traced out by the hand of a master, was considered a *chef-d'œuvre* in its time, and still is regarded as an excellent work. It has been translated into French by M. Vanderburg. Herder has published remarks on this celebrated work which may be considered as having corrected and completed it.—*The Dramaturgie* of Lessing,

directed particularly against the French theatre, was translated by Mercier and Junker, in 1785. Lessing's other celebrated works are:—*Fables in Prose, with a Theory of the Apologue,* translated by Dantelmy. Paris, 1762, 12mo. Boulard's edition, with the text. 1799, 8vo;—*The Life of Sophocles,* an excellent fragment;—*Letters on Literature,* 1761-65;—*Letters on the Literature of the Day;*—*Representations of Death among the Ancients;*—*Archaiological Letters,* in reply to Klotz, who had attacked the *Laocoon;*—*Essay on a Manuscript of Berenger Archdeacon of Angers,* found in the library of Wolfenbüttel, and containing his real doctrine on the Eucharist;—*Ernest and Falk,* an apologetic dialogue in favour of Freemasonry;—*Historical and Literary Memoirs,* compiled from the library of Wolfenbüttel;—and *Fragments by an Unknown Writer,* a work containing objections against Christianity, which placed the author in a very unpleasant situation. Voss published at Berlin, between the years 1771 and 1794, a complete collection of Lessing's writings in 30 vols. 8vo. The following may be consulted on Lessing and his works:—a criticism by Herder, inserted in the *German Mercury,* and in the

second volume of the Detached Papers;—*The Life of Lessing*, by his brother;—and a Notice in the third volume of Joerden's Dictionary of German Poets and Prose Writers.

LICHTWER (Magnus Gottfried), born at Wurzen, in the circle of Meissen, in the electorate of Saxony, on the 30th January, 1719; died at Halberstadt, July 6th, 1783. He was successively Professor at the University of Wittenberg, Canon, and Member of the Council to the Regency of the town of Halberstadt. His Fables have established his reputation, and in that style of composition he ranks on a level with Gellert and Lessing. The latest edition of his works was published by himself at Berlin, 8vo. 1762. A French translation of his writings was published at Strasburg in 1763, in 8vo. Lichtwer is also the author of a very heavy didactic poem, entitled *The Law of Reason:* it is an exposition of the philosophy of Wolf. An imitation of it in French, by Madame Faber, appeared at Yverdun, in 1777. Lichtwer published at Berlin, in 1763, a much esteemed translation of Minucius Felix, with some very judicious remarks.

LISKOW, or LISCOW (Christian Ludwig), a German satirist, born in the duchy of Mecklenburg, at the beginning of the eighteenth century; died at Eilenburg in Saxony, October 30, 1760, in a prison, where he was detained for debt. His Satires were printed for the first time at Frankfort in 1739, under the title of *Collection of Satirical and Serious Essays.* Muchler published a second edition of them. Liskow excelled in irony, and he wrote with a purity and correctness of style of which there was no idea in Germany before his time.

LOHENSTEIN (Daniel-Kaspar von), born January 25, 1635, at Nimptsch, a small town in the principality of Brieg in Silesia. He studied at Breslau and at Leipsig under the celebrated Carpzovius, and travelled during a long period through different countries of Europe. He married in 1657; was appointed a Member of the Council of the Court of Wirtemberg-Oelsnich, a Member of the Council of the Empire, and first Syndic of the town of Breslau; where he died in his forty-ninth year, on the 28th April, 1683.

The Italian poets of the seventeenth century, and among the rest Marini, corrupted the taste

of Lohenstein, who, though endowed with natural talents for poetry, corrupted in his turn the taste of the Germans. Some of his compositions prove that he might have equalled his fellow-countryman Opitz, if he had always taken him for his model; but bad taste perverted his talent, and following the footsteps of Hoffmannswaldau, he became the chief of a school whose errors retarded for a century the progress of German literature. Inflated expressions, tedious pathos, and trifling affectation, disfigure nearly all his writings. In his tragedies he took for his models Seneca the tragedian, and Andrew Gryph, who had first assumed the sock in Germany, but as Mairet and Scudery did in France; yet none of the tragedies of this German Thespis, or of his imitator, can be compared to the *Sophonisba* of Mairet. Lohenstein's six tragedies are entitled: — *Ibrahim Bassa*; — *Agrippina*, (in which the heroine, in a scene with her son, Nero, endeavours to stimulate his desires by the most lascivious expressions;) — *Epicharis*; — *Cleopatra*; — *Sophonisba*; and *Sultan Ibrahim*. This last piece contains more than thirty characters. The Sultan dishonours the Muphti's daughter, for whom he has conceived a passion; she destroys herself;

Ibrahim is deposed in an insurrection, he is imprisoned, and puts an end to his existence by dashing his head in despair against the walls of his prison.

Lohenstein has also composed various poems, sacred and profane. The most esteemed of his small poems is addressed to Balthazar Frederic de Logau. This composition is quite in the style of Opitz. There are also several prose writings by Lohenstein; among others, *Arminius and Thusnelda*, an historical romance in the style of the *Calprenède*. It was published after the author's death, in 2 vols. 4to, Leipsig, 1689-90. In spite of its bombast and all the other defects of style, many parts of it are distinguished by energy and talent.

MENDELSSOHN (Moses), born at Dessau, 1729; died at Berlin, January 4th, 1786. He was a philosopher of the school of Wolf and Baumgarten;—one of the most enlightened literati and best writers of Germany, and with Lessing, powerfully contributed to the progress of sound criticism, and to the improvement of German prose. If he has not profoundly scrutinized, as Kant did after

him, the exactness of philosophic plans, yet sound reason, excellent talent, and a good disposition, qualified him in an eminent degree for the developement and the defence of truths essential to the welfare of man and of society. His *Treatise on Moral Sentiments*, containing a theory of the fine arts, translated into French by Thomas Abbt, Geneva, 1763; Berlin, 1764; his *Phædon*, (three Dialogues on the Immortality of the Soul, 1767, translated into French by Junker, Paris, 1772; his *Dissertation on Evidence in Metaphysics*, on which the Berlin Academy bestowed their prize in 1763, and ordered to be translated into French, and printed in 1764; his *Jerusalem, or a Treatise on Religious Power and Judaism*, Berlin, 1783; his *Letter to Lavater*, in which, with equal moderation, sense, and spirit, he declines either opposing or embracing Christianity, Berlin and Stettin, 1770, translated into French, Frankfort, 1771, under the title of *Jewish Letters from the celebrated Moses Mendelssohn*; and his *Morning Hours, or Discourses on the Existence of God*, Berlin, 1785;—are all so many lasting testimonies of his acquirements, his talents, and his excellent intentions. Mirabeau, who has written in praise of this philosopher, and of his works and plans in favour

of the Jews, an essay which attracted great notice at the time, (London, 1787), bestows the highest praise on the *Jerusalem*, and says that it ought to have been translated into all the languages of Europe. The mild and beneficent virtues of Mendelssohn, and his zeal for the general good and for the reform of the Jews, were fully equal to his talents. His debates, to which Göethe alludes, and which really accelerated the death of the Jewish philosopher by the violent emotion and the labour to which they excited him, were occasioned by the public appeal which Lavater addressed to him, to refute the proofs of Bonnet in favour of Christianity, or else to become a Christian. Next came the accusation of Spinosism, brought against Lessing by Frederick Jacobi, in his treatise on the doctrine of Spinosa. Mendelssohn repelled the accusation in a *Letter to the Friends of Lessing;* but his delicate health could not hold out against the too violent agitations which these discussions excited.

MERK (John Henry), born at Darmstadt, 1742, and Member of the Council of War in that town. Merk assisted in the

management of several journals, and particularly in that of *The German Mercury*. He published abridgments of several works of Pallas, and of Müller's compilation for the History of Russia;—translated Ossian's Poems, Shaw's Travels, and Hutchinson's Treatise on the Beautiful;—wrote several Essays on Natural History; and among other things, three Letters (in French) on the Fossil Bones of Elephants and Rhinoceroses found in Germany, particularly in the territory of Hesse-Darmstadt. He also wrote a Description of the principal Gardens in the Environs of Darmstadt, and was one of the principal coadjutors of the German Encyclopedia.

MICHAËLIS (John David), a celebrated orientalist and protestant theologian; born at Halle, February 27, 1717, and died August 22, 1791. He was Professor of Philosophy at Gottingen from 1745 to 1791; Secretary of the Royal Society of Sciences in the same city, from 1751 to 1756; Director of the same Society from 1767 to 1770; and one of the editors of the *Literary Gazette* from 1753 to 1770. He drew up the questions of which Niebuhr resolved a part in his *Travels in Arabia*. These questions, which are full of inte-

rest, were printed at Frankfort in 1762, 8vo, and have been translated into French. It would have been well had all who have since travelled in the same countries taken them into consideration. Michaëli's grand object, to which Goëthe alludes, was to explain the obscure passages of the Bible. Michaëlis is celebrated both as a philosopher and as the reformer of the *Biblical Exegesis*, (Criticism on the Sacred Books.) He applied to these two departments of labour immense extent of acquirements, and particularly the knowledge of the languages, history, and manners of the East. His chief philosophic works are: his *Memoir which obtained the Prize of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin in* 1759;—*On the Influence of Opinions on Language, and of Language on Opinions*, translated into French by Mérian and Prémonéval, Bremen, 1762, 4to;—*Philosophic Morality*, 2 vols. 8vo, Gottingen, 1792;—*Considerations on the Doctrine of the Holy Scriptures, on the subject of Sin and Atonement*, second edition, Gottingen and Bremen, 1779, 8vo;—*On the Duty of Speaking Truth*, Gottingen, 1750, 8vo. His best works of critical theology are: *The Mosaic Law*, 6 vols. Frankfort, second edition, 1775 to 1780, a highly esteemed *Introduction to the Perusal of the Books of the New*

Testament, 2 vols. 4to. Gottingen, 1787-88, with two supplementary volumes in English by Dr. Marsh, translated into German by Rosenmüller, and published at Gottingen, 1795 and 1803;—*Introduction to the Perusal of the Old Testament*, 1 vol. 4to. Gottingen, 1787, containing Job and the Pentateuch;—*Oriental Library*, 31 vols.—*A new Translation of the Old Testament*, 13 vols. 4to. 1769-85; and another of the *New Testament*, 6 vols. 4to. 1788-92, both with notes;—*Elements of Dogmatic Theology*, 8vo. Gottingen, 1784. The reader may consult the notes which Michaëlis has left on his own life, printed in 1793 at Leipsig, 8vo. together with the notices of Heyne and of Eichhorn.

MILLER (John-Martin), born December 2d, 1750, at Ulm, where his father was Theologian of the Cathedral, and Professor of the Oriental Languages to the Gymnasium of the town. J. M. Miller filled the same line of situations after having studied at Gottingen, where his love of poetry and literature united him in intimate friendship with Voss, Hoëlty, Leisewitz, Bojé, Bürger, and other young students associated in the cultivation of the Muses. When Klopstock came to Gottingen, Miller

accompanied him on his departure for Hamburgh, where he became acquainted with Claudius (Mathias). He returned to Leipsig, where he lived six months on terms of intimate friendship with Cramer (C. Fr.). In 1781 he was appointed Professor of the Law of Nature, and afterwards of the Greek Language, at the Gymnasium of Ulm. He was appointed Theologian of the Cathedral in 1783, and occupied the Chair of Dogmatic Theology in 1797.

Miller has acquired high reputation as a preacher, as a romance-writer, and as a poet. His romances, though they paint tender passion with the greatest warmth, breathe only the purest, the most Platonic love. His morality is sound, his motives excellent; and the love of virtue dictates his lessons. His style is agreeable and flowing; and like La Fontaine, his rival and his successor, he interests and engages his reader by the nature and truth of his details. His *Siegwart*, a monastic tale, 3 vols. first appeared in 1776, and was reprinted in 1777, with charming engravings, by Chodowiecki; —*Charles of Burgheim and Emily of Rosenau*, 4 vols. Leipsig, 1778-79;—*Charles and Caroline*, (Vienna, 1783), and several other compositions of the same kind, produced a great sensation in Germany. Miller's defects consist in a too tender and whining sensi-

bility, prolixity, and fatiguing prodigality of minute details. *Siegwart* has twice been translated into French; first, anonymously, Bâle, 1783; and afterwards by Delavaux, Paris, 1785.

Miller's Poems, published at Ulm, 1783, consist of idyls, elegies, songs, and compositions of different kinds. Though they cannot be considered as models of perfection, yet they are by no means deficient in grace and simplicity. His sermons teem with the love of virtue and enlightened piety. The author is reckoned among the number of those modern writers of Germany, who have done honour to their country, though they cannot be placed in the first rank.

MOESER (Justus), born at Osnabrück, December 14, 1720; died January 8, 1794. His father was President of the Consistory of Osnabrück. Moeser distinguished himself as a lawyer. He was appointed in 1747 Advocate of the town; then Secretary, and afterwards Syndic of the order of Nobility. During the whole of his life he rendered the most signal services to his country, which he in some sort governed during the long minority of the prince. Moeser

was therefore really a man of business and a statesman; and his patriotic views inspired almost all his writings. Like Cicero, Xenophon, and Franklin, he drew a great part of the materials for his works from his experience of the world and of business. He is compared to Franklin by his fellow-countrymen for his profound understanding and amiable temper, for the varied forms in which he clothed his ideas, for the precision, the justness, the energy and originality of his conceptions and his style. But Moeser's situation in life and his habits of practical administration led him to maintain doctrines, such as his Apology for Slavery, and his natural classification of society by orders and conditions, which, as far as regards sound philosophy, and rectitude of sentiment and thought, leave him far behind the American legislator.

A History of Osnabrück, 1765-80, 2 vols. 8vo. —*Patriotic Reveries*, 1775-76, third edition, 4 vols. 8vo. Berlin, 1804;—and *Miscellanies*, 2 vols. 8vo. Berlin and Stettin, 1797-98, are the works which have ranked Moeser among the best writers of Germany. In the Miscellanies are contained a fragment, entitled *Harlequin, or a Defence of Grotesque Comedy*, Hamburgh, 1761, in which the grave author maintains his argu-

ment with great spirit and gaiety; and a *Letter to J. J. Rousseau's Savoyard Vicar*, 1785, the object of which is to disprove that natural religion is sufficient for a great society; a doctrine which the author developes with a great deal of skill. The interesting observations of Thomas Abbt on this work, (*Letters on Modern Literature*, 23 vols. one hundred and twenty-seventh Letter, page 13 to 36), deserve to be perused. — *Letter to M. de Voltaire on the Character of Martin Luther, and on his Reformation*, published in French by the author. In this work Moeser attempted to imitate Voltaire's style; but though he has not succeeded in that respect, the essay is not the less well conceived, and forms a very good defence of the work of the German reformer against the sarcasms of his celebrated adversary;—a fragment *on the German Language and Literature*, 1781, the shortest and best of the defences published at the time, in reply to the well-known letter of Frederick the Great, which appeared at the close of 1780, entitled: *On German Literature, the defects with which it may be charged, the causes of those defects, and the means of correcting them.* Moeser has also left behind him some fragments of a

work, entitled *Anti-Candide*, and intended as a refutation of Voltaire's romance.

MORGENSTERN (John-Lucas), a battle-painter at Frankfort on the Maine, remarkable for the perfection of his drawing and colouring. As invention was not his forte, he trusted to his friends for the designs of his compositions. The connoisseurs compare him to Steen Wyk. His oil-paintings resemble enamel from their neatness and polish; and the delicacy of his touch is unequalled.

MORHOF (Daniel-George), born Feb. 6, 1639, at Wismar, in Mecklenburg; died July 30, 1691, on his return from Pyrmont to Lübeck. Morhof was a profound scholar. He was appointed Professor of Poetry at Rostock, in 1660; in 1665, Professor of Poetry and Eloquence at Kiel, and afterwards librarian and Professor of History in the same city. There are a great number of his works, which display more learning than method; that to which Goëthe alludes is entitled, *Polyhistor, sive de Notitiâ Auctorum et Rerum*, of which the best edition is that of Lü-

beck, 1732, 2 vols. 4to. One of the most singular of Morhof's works is that which he published in 1665, in 4to. under the title of *Princeps Medicus*. It is a dissertation on the power attributed to the kings of France and England of curing the Scrofula. Our learned author believes in this privilege, and maintains that it cannot be exercised but by means of a miracle.

There are also some German poems by Morhof, in which some straggling beauties are discoverable, and which prove that this contemporary of Opitz was no stranger to the feeling for true poetry. A book which he published also in German under the title of *Historical and Critical Information on the German Language and Literature, Kiel*, 1682, shows a thinking mind, and extensive erudition, and an ardent zeal for the literary glory of Germany. This work developes more enlightened and useful views than the later writings of Gottsched, and perhaps even more than those of Bodmer and Breitinger.

MORITZ (Carl-Philip), born September 15, 1757. at Hameln; died June 26, 1793, at Berlin, aged 26 years. He learnt the trade of a hatter at the age of twelve, and did not

commence his studies at Hanover till he had attained his fourteenth year, after which he continued them at Erfurt, Leipsig, and Wittenberg; but he could never complete them to his satisfaction. He struggled for a long time with poverty. In 1780, he obtained the situation of assistant rector in a school at Berlin. In 1782, he travelled to England, returned afterwards to Berlin, and was appointed extraordinary professor in a Gymnasium. He abandoned that place in 1786, to make a journey into Italy, where he became acquainted with Goëthe, with whom he remained a long time at Weimar. After his return from Italy in December 1788, he was appointed Professor of Æsthetics and Antiquities to the Academy of the Fine Arts at Berlin; in 1789 and 1791, a member of the council of the court, a member of the Academy of Sciences and Belles Lettres, and Professor of Style and National Literature to the school of artillery.

Moritz was endowed with eminent mental faculties, and with a rare degree of penetration and sagacity. More profound study, greater extent of acquirements, and a longer life were only wanting to place him in the very first rank. There is perhaps no example of literary activity equal to that of Moritz;

and it is not easy to conceive how a man, who died at the age of thirty-six, could have found time to write so great a number of works of such different kinds. He may rank among those literati of Germany, of whom it was sarcastically said, that they were never content unless they had laboured twenty-five hours a-day. His style, it is true, sometimes savours of the rapidity of his compositions, but notwithstanding this rapidity, which often led him to hazard imperfectly digested ideas, his thoughts were, nevertheless, clear and original; and if he was not one of the greatest writers, he at least possessed one of the best regulated minds in Germany. He has written works on Education, Poems, Comedies, Romances, Essays on Freemasonry, on Mythology, on the Arts and Monuments of Antiquity, Travels in England and Italy, and a work on experimental Philosophy. He zealously co-operated in periodical publications, which he supplied with excellent articles, among the rest the Description of Rome and its monuments, written during his travels in Italy. But his best works are those on the study of the German Language and Prosody. Here he was both a creator and a legislator, and Goëthe has rendered full justice to his merits n this particular. His romance of *Anton Reiser*,

Berlin, 4 vols. 1785—1790, and particularly the fifth part, published after the death of the author, by his friend Klischnig, contains some curious details on the life of Moritz. His work entitled, *Ανθουσα, or the Antiquities of Rome and the Religious Customs of the Romans*, is much esteemed. It was published at Berlin in 8vo. 1791 and 1797.

MORUS (Samuel Frederick Nathaniel), born at Laubau in 1736. He was a celebrated philologist, and he published some highly esteemed editions of several classical authors, with commentaries. Morus was successively Professor of the Greek and Latin languages at the University of Leipsig.

MOSER (Frederick Charles Baron Von), born at Stuttgard in 1723. He was one of the privy counsellors of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, and president of the council at Darmstadt. He was a writer on politics and religion, an historian and a poet. His poem of *Daniel in the Lion's Den*, which is mentioned by Goëthe, appeared at Frankfort and Leipsig in 1763. Moser published a

collection of fables with engravings, at Manheim in 1786, and a second collection in the same city in 1789.

NICOLAI (Christopher Frederick), one of the writers who have most materially contributed to the improvement of literary taste in Germany. He was born at Berlin, on the 18th of March, 1733. His father was a bookseller, and Nicolai was intended to follow the same business, but his favourite pursuit was the study of literature. Amidst the literary disputes that arose between the school of Gottsched and the disciples of Bodmer and Breitinger, Nicolai, with Lessing and Mendelssohn, formed an independent triumvirate, solely animated by correct taste and the desire of advancing German literature. After the death of his father and elder brother, the necessity of managing an extensive bookseller's business did not induce him to relinquish his literary studies. His indefatigable activity enabled him to find time for all. From 1757 to 1760, he conducted, conjointly with Mendelssohn, a periodical work, entitled, *The Library of Polite Literature.* In the year 1759 its title was changed to that of *Letters on Modern Literature,* and it was managed by Nicolai, Mendelssohn, and Lessing, aided

by Abbt, Resewitz and Grillo. These were really the first periodical publications, which by a profound theory of literature, and a solid and impartial tone of criticism, diffused in Germany a knowledge of the true principles of every style of literary composition, imparted a new impulse to talent, and prepared the revolution which was soon after effected on the Germanic Parnassus. Nicolai continued his labours in this way in the *General German Library*, which he conducted at Berlin and Stettin, from 1765 to 1792, and in the *New General German Library*, which he edited from 1800 to 1805. By means of these two last publications he succeeded in establishing a useful interchange of literary communication in all parts of Germany. Always ready to assail works which exhibited traces of false taste or absurd extravagance, he frequently entered the lists with adversaries with whom he was not able to cope; as, for example, Lavater, Herder, Goëthe, Kant, &c.; but though Nicolai occasionally engaged in enterprizes beyond his powers, yet his real talents, the purity of his intentions, and the services he rendered to German literature cannot be denied. Among Nicolai's romances the most celebrated is the *Life and Opinions of Sebaldus Nothanker*, (Berlin and Stettin, 1799,) a French translation of which appeared in London in

1774 and 1777. It has also been translated into English. This work, which attacked the spirit of intolerance and persecution, was exceedingly popular. Nicolai is also the author of a work *On the Templars, their secrets, and the origin of Freemasonry*, which has also been translated into French.—*Travels in Germany and Switzerland*, 12 vols. 1783, 1796.—*Curious Anecdotes of Frederick the Great, and some of the individuals about him.*—*The Life of Ewald Kleist*, which was the first interesting account of that distinguished man that had appeared in Germany, 1760. Nicolai is also the author of the *Lives of Thomas Abbt*, and *Justus Moeser*, and many other works. He furnished Mirabeau with materials for his work on the Prussian monarchy

OESER (Adam Frederick). A distinguished painter, modeller, and engraver, born at Presburg in 1717, and died at Leipsig on the 18th of March, 1799. He was the friend of Winckelmann, to whom he rendered assistance in his early study of ancient art. He was successively a professor of the new academy of the fine arts at Dresden, and governor of the academy of the arts at Leipsig. His numerous valuable productions had a great influence in

improving the arts he professed. His most remarkable works are the paintings on the ceiling of the new theatre of Dresden; his pictures which adorn the new church of St. Nicholas; his picture of the Witch of Endor, which consists of four figures, and is remarkable for its excellent composition and warmth of colouring; his statue of the Elector of Saxony, above the gate of St. Peter, at Leipsig; the tomb of Queen Matilda of Denmark, erected in the gardens of Zelle, and, above all, the small monument erected in memory of Gellert in the garden of Wendler the bookseller, at Leipsig. His drawings are much esteemed; and his engravings and etchings are executed with admirable delicacy and taste. Oeser is much celebrated for his illustrations of books.

OPITZ (Martin) was born on the 23d of December, 1597, at Bunzlau in Silesia. He was the father and restorer of German poetry. Sound taste, aided by excellent study, enabled him at an early age to ennoble his native language by rendering it the medium of his poetic effusions. The want of protection and the miseries of war drove him to a wandering course of life. He successively travelled to Holland and Holstein, was patronized by the famous

Bethlem Gabor, and he resided at Lugnitz with the duke. He next visited Vienna, where the Emperor Francis II. created him poet laureate; and he afterwards proceeded to Thorn, Dantzig, Wittenberg and Dresden. He was raised to the rank of a nobleman by the Emperor under the title of Opitz of Boberfeldt, and was appointed secretary to the Burggrave of Dohna, in which capacity he went to Paris, where he remained from 1630 to 1631. At Leyden he became acquainted with the celebrated Daniel Heinsius. During his visit to Paris he was a favourite with Grotius, whose house was the resort of the most distinguished persons then in the French capital. Here he formed an acquaintance with Claude de Saumaise, Nicolas Rigaltius, Hottoman, De Thou, &c. Ladislas IV. King of Poland, having seen him at Dantzig, appointed him his secretary and historiographer. Beloved and esteemed as he was for his talents and virtues, it might have been expected that he would have enjoyed a long and an honourable career; but he was attacked by the plague which broke out at Dantzig, and he died suddenly on the 20th of August, 1639, at the age of forty-two. He had been engaged for the space of sixteen years on a large work, entitled, *Dacia Antiqua*, from which he expected to gain the highest

glory. His manuscript was lost, and his books dispersed. His poems have, however, immortalized him.

The works of Opitz do not display the creative genius, the divine inspiration, the fertile and brilliant imagination of a Homer, a Tasso, or a Milton. Even his odes are deficient in warmth and enthusiasm; but he was endowed with excellent judgment and pure taste. He was the first who applied the German language to poetic harmony, and raised it to a dignified and fixed character. Opitz is always natural. His style, though occasionally somewhat rude, is energetic; and many of his writings exhibit a degree of correctness and elegance, of which before his time the Germans had no idea. He was the first who understood and applied to the German language the prosody of which he found it to be susceptible, and the rules of which he explained in his *Essay on German Poetry*, a very remarkable work for the period at which it was written. His Opera of *Daphne* was the first ever written in the German language: it was set to music by Schutz, and was represented at the court of Saxony, in 1627, in the presence of the Landgrave and Landgravine of Hesse. He also wrote another Opera called *Judith*. Opitz composed odes, epigrams, cantatas, sacred

and didactic poems, &c. His poems entitled *Vesuvius* and *Zlatna or Peace of Mind*, his *Consolations amidst the calamities of War*, his *Eulogium of Mars*, and his *Cantata to the King of Poland*, are among his most admired compositions, and possess beauties which will ever be esteemed. In order to form a just estimate of the merits of Opitz, it must be borne in mind that he had neither model nor competitor, and that he himself created all, even the prosody of his language.

ORTH (John Philip) was born at Frankfort on the Maine, in 1698, and died in March 1783. He is the author of several works on law subjects.

PARACELSUS BOMBAST VON HOHENHEIM (Aurelius Philip Theophrastus) was born in 1493, at Einsiedlen, a little town not far from Zurich, and died at Salzburgh on the 24th of September, 1541. His father was the natural son of a grand master of the Teutonic Order. Paracelsus received an excellent education, and in a short time made great progress in the study of medicine. After travelling over nearly the whole of Europe, he re-

turned to Bâle, where he taught chemistry. He opposed the theories of Hippocrates and Galen, and constantly manifested the most absurd vanity and charlatanism. Science was, however, materially indebted to his exertions. He made great improvements in chemistry, and in spite of the absurdity and obscurity which have thrown discredit on his labours, he nevertheless effected many important objects. He pretended to have discovered the secret of making gold and of prolonging human life, for the space of centuries; of this, however, he did not avail himself for his own advantage, since he died at the age of forty-seven. The best edition of the works of Paracelsus is that published at Geneva, 1658, 3 vols. folio.

PFEIL (John Gebhurd, or John Gottlieb Benjamin), born at Freiberg in Saxony, in 1732. He wrote in Latin *A Commentary on the Origin of the Criminal Laws*, 1768. He is also the author of the following works in German: *The History of Count von P—*, of which five editions have been published; the first appeared in 1755.—*Moral Tales.—Lucy Woodville*, a domestic tragedy.—*The Fortunate Island, a Supplement to the New Discoveries of Captain Cook in the South Seas, extracted from the Journal of a Traveller,*

Leipsig, 1781.—*A Discourse on the means of preventing Infanticide, without favouring immorality.* This last work obtained a prize at Manheim.

RABENER (Gottlieb William) was born on the 17th of September, 1714, at Wachau, near Leipsig, and died at Dresden on the 22d of March, 1771. He was a member of the Council of Taxation at Dresden. His whole life was devoted to various employments in this department of the public service; and in the exercise of his duties he invariably distinguished himself for talent, probity, and an ardent desire to conciliate his functions with the happiness of his countrymen.

Amidst his official occupations he found leisure for the study of literature, and was celebrated for his eminent poetic talent. He was the friend of Gellert and Weisse; like them was stimulated by the example of Hagedorn and Haller, and like them he contributed to the improvement of taste at that period of German literature. The excellent qualities of his heart and his cheerful temper, which never for a moment forsook him, even when his house and property were destroyed in the bombardment of Dresden by the Prussians, endeared him to

his friends, and rendered him an object of general esteem. His satires are very celebrated. They do not indeed assail mediocrity and folly with the wit and severity of Juvenal or the caustic spirit of Boileau: they are rather pictures of manners and character, in which absurdity is developed in a tone of delicate irony, exempt from personality, as in the writings of Theophrastus, La Bruyère, Addison, Steele, and Duclos. There is, indeed, frequently more of harshness and bitterness in the sarcasms of La Bruyère, than in the half-blunted darts of the German poet. As Goëthe and other German critics justly observe, Rabener could only direct his attacks against the vices and follies of the middle ranks of society. The abundant harvest which the failings of the upper classes would have presented, was to him forbidden fruit. A degree of reserve was imposed upon him by the situation he held, as well as by the spirit of the period in which he lived. For purity and conciseness of style, Rabener is ranked among the best writers of his age. He co-operated in the management of two periodical publications, the one entitled *Amusements of Reason and Wit*, and the other *The Bremen Miscellany*. These works, to which Gaertner, J. A. Cramer, J. Adolphus Schlegel,

C. A. Smidt, Ebert, Zacharia, J. Elias, Schlegel, Mylius, Giseke, Gellert, Klopstock, &c. contributed, exercised a beneficial influence on German literature, before Wieland, Lessing, and Mendelssohn wielded the sceptre of criticism.

The first edition of Rabener's satires appeared at Leipsig in 1751. The last edition of his works was published with a life of the author at Leipsig in 1777. There are several French translations of them, among others one entitled *Mélanges amusans, récréatifs, et satiriques de litterature Allemande, traduite librement de M. Rabener*, 4 vols. Paris, 1776, in 12mo.

RAMLER (Charles William) was born at Colberg on the 25th of February, 1725, and died at Berlin on the 11th of April, 1798, at the age of seventy-four. From the year 1748 he was Professor of Logic and Polite Literature at the Cadet College of Berlin. He was the friend of Kleist, Spalding, Sulzer, and Lessing, and with the latter contributed to raise the fame of his native country, by his twofold talent as a poet and a critic. Ramler is chiefly celebrated for his lyric poems. He was inspired at once by the genius of antiquity and the

spirit of patriotism, and his effusions, like those of Pindar and Horace, are full of harmony, purity, and taste. Ramler's claim to the title of a poet has been disputed by a party, who, overstepping the intentions of their leaders, refused to acknowledge the existence of genius, unless accompanied by that fire of imagination which too frequently bursts forth in mere raving, and which in its thirst after originality often plunges into the abyss of whimsicality and extravagance. But sound criticism, even in Germany, has acknowledged Ramler to be not a feeble imitator, but a worthy rival, of the bard of Tibur, at least in his early compositions and in his translation of fifteen odes of the Roman lyric poet. As a critic, Ramler, by his correct judgment and taste, contributed materially to improve the literature of Germany. The Aristarchus to whom a writer such as Lessing made it a rule to submit all his works, and whose advice he often thought himself happy in adopting, certainly deserves to maintain a high rank among the Professors of the Theory of Polite Literature. The reproach which has generally been applied to Ramler, and in which Goëthe has joined, of having, without special permission, subjected to his rod several living writers whose works he undertook to

correct, is, however, founded in truth. The right of searching for gold in a dunghill does not imply that of polishing without the owner's consent, the work of an esteemed artist. The public wish to recognize an author, whom they have once accepted, with the merits and defects that really belong to him.

Goëkingk, the friend of Ramler, published an edition of his poems in two volumes. A French translation of most of his compositions has been published by M. Cacault, under the title of *Poésies Lyriques de M. Ramler, traduites de l'Allemand.*

SACHS (Hans). A shoemaker of Nuremburg. He was perhaps the most prolific poet that ever lived. In 1567, nine years before his death, he himself estimated the number of his compositions at 6048. He published a selection of his works in 1548. The second edition appeared between the years 1570 and 1579, and a third edition was published between 1612 and 1616. These old editions, of which scarcely a single complete copy is now to be found, prove the extreme popularity which the works of Hans Sachs enjoyed during the life of the poet. He pos-

sessed natural talent of the highest order; and though he did not pass through a course of classic study, yet by dint of reading, he acquired an extensive and varied stock of information. Rudeness, negligence, and incorrectness were the faults of his age, but the most distinguished German writers of the present day, among others Wieland and Goëthe, have acknowledged him to be a genuine poet, full of nature and energy. His tales and burlesque dramas exhibit a vast deal of wit and humour. He would have shone with brilliant lustre, had he lived during a more improved period of German literature. Goëthe has raised a noble monument to his memory in his poem entitled :—*Explanation of an old Engraving representing the poetic mission of Hans Sachs.* However, notwithstanding the approbation bestowed upon him by many distinguished men, a recent proposal to publish a new edition of his works has not been attended with success.

SCHIEBELER (Daniel) was born at Hamburgh on the 25th of March, 1741; and died on the 19th of August, 1771. From his boyhood he was a passionate lover of romance,

poetry, and music. He composed several operas, among others, one entitled, *Lisuart and Dariolette*, which is an imitation of Favart's *Fée Urgelle*. He is also the author of cantatas and romances full of grace and feeling.

SCHLEGEL (John Elias) was born on the 28th of January, 1718, at Meissen in Saxony, and died on the 13th of August, 1741, fifteen years before the birth of Goëthe. Schlegel's taste was formed in the school of the ancients; and he may be regarded as the founder of tragedy in Germany, for it is needless to take into account the imperfect productions of Hans Sachs, Andrew Gryph and Lohenstein. Schlegel preferred the dramatic system of the French to that of the English; but it would have required the genius of Corneille and Racine to have naturalized the art of those two great dramatists in Germany. Schlegel's talent was of the secondary order. He wanted the creative fire, force of conception, and purity of taste, requisite for inventing a plot, pourtraying character, penetrating the mind of the spectator with the passions that animate the scene, and exciting and maintaining an increasing interest to the close

of a dramatic composition. His dramas are deficient in warmth and energy; and he is justly reproached for languor and declamation. His best tragedies, viz. *The Women of Troy, Armenius* and *Canute,* however, possess considerable beauties, and are admired for pure and noble diction, and harmony of versification. He endeavoured to introduce genuine comedy into Germany; but his efforts were not very successful. However, his comedies entitled the *Dumb Beauty,* and the *Triumph of Women,* surpassed all that had hitherto been produced in that style, and obtained the approbation of Mendelssohn and Lessing.

Schlegel had an excellent instructor in his father; and filial affection induced him to sacrifice, for the space of four years, his ardent taste for literature to the desire of pleasing his parent by the study of the law. His excellent character acquired him the esteem and affection of Gellert. He resided for several years in Denmark, where he became acquainted with the celebrated Holberg, and he had just been appointed a Professor of the College of Soroe, when he died.

A complete collection of Schlegel's works, in verse and prose, was published by his brother, J. H. Schlegel, with a life of the

author, at Copenhagen and Leipsig, in 1761 and 1771.

SCHLOSSER (John George), born in 1739, and died on the 17th of October, 1799, at Frankfort on the Maine. He was the countryman, the friend and brother-in-law of Goëthe, having married his sister Cornelia. As a lawyer, a magistrate, a philanthropist, and a political writer, his upright character, his zeal for the public good, as well as his information and talent, rendered him an object of universal respect. From 1787 to 1794 he was in the service of the Margrave of Baden, in the quality of privy counsellor and director of the court of justice; but he renounced his functions from feelings of delicacy, because he could not succeed in establishing a law which he conceived to be favourable to the poorer class of the people. After residing for two years at Eutus in Holstein, he was, in 1798, appointed syndic of his native city, and he continued to exercise the duties of this post until his death.

Schlosser wrote a great deal, and on various subjects; and he was very successful as a translator and commentator of the classics. His writings on morality, politics, and legislation,

are highly esteemed. His most celebrated works are his *Moral and Religious Catechisms for country people*, which have been highly useful to the classes for which they were intended. His collected works, in 6 vols. 8vo., were published at Bâle and Frankfort in 1779-1794. Schlosser was a diligent contributor to the most esteemed journals that were published during his life.

His brother, Jeremiah Schlosser, was a distinguished lawyer.

Another brother, John Ludwig Schlosser, who was a clergyman, was born at Hamburgh on the 20th of October, 1738. He is the author of several plays, one of which, entitled the *Duel*, has been very successful.

SPALDING (John Joachim) was born at Triebsees, in Swedish Pomerania, on the 1st of November, 1714, and died at the age of ninety on the 26th of May, 1804. He was a member of the great consistory of Berlin, and one of the most distinguished theologists and preachers in Germany. There have been several editions of his sermons, of which the latest were published at Berlin, in 1775 and 1777. His esteemed work, *On the Destiny of Man*, has

been translated into French by Queen Elizabeth of Prussia. Spalding's *Thoughts on the Merit of Sentiment in Christianity*, were not less successful. Spalding was the friend of Lavater, whom he regarded as his master. He was also intimate with Sulzer, and many other celebrated men.

STOLBERG (Christian Count Von) was born at Hamburgh on the 15th of October, 1748. He was the elder of two brothers, distinguished for their talent, their zeal for the advancement of German literature, and their association during and after their college studies at Gottingen, with their distinguished fellow-students, Voss, Miller, Overbeck, Hahn, Clossen, Hoelty, Boie, Burger, &c. Count Christian is chamberlain to the King of Denmark, and has resided, since the year 1800, at his estate of Wyndebic, near Eckernfoerde, in Holstein.

The two Counts Von Stolberg enjoy the merit of having contributed, from their early youth, to promote the advancement of German literature, and to diffuse among their countrymen a taste for the study of the great poets of Greece. If Count Christian be inferior to his

brother in boldness, energy, and fire of imagination, he shares with him the talent for glowing description and harmonious versification. He particularly excels in elegiac composition, and in the inspirations of delicate sensibility and morality.

The principal poetic productions of Count Christian consist of ballads, elegies, Anacreontic odes, two tragedies with choruses, entitled *Balthazar*, and *Otanes*, in which the narratives and pictures of epic poetry are introduced on the stage; translations of Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, &c. and a complete translation of the tragedies of Sophocles with remarks (2 vols. 8vo. Leipsig, 1787.)

STOLBERG (Frederick Leopold Count Von) was born on the 7th of November, 1750, at Bramsted, a town in Holstein. In 1777 he was appointed minister plenipotentiary of the prince bishop of Lubeck at Copenhagen, and in 1789 he left Denmark for Berlin. In the year 1791 he was created president of the administration at Eutin, and in 1797 he was invested with the Russian order of Saint Alexander Newsky. He resigned his situation in 1800, when, with all his family, except his eldest

daughter, he renounced protestantism, and embraced catholicism. He has since resided at Münster.

If inspiration, enthusiasm, and boldness of imagination—if force and energy, enlightened by a perfect feeling for the beauties of the classic authors—if lively emotions of the heart and passions, painted in the colours of nature and truth, are the essential attributes of the poetic character, Count Frederick Leopold von Stolberg may claim a place among the most distinguished poets of Germany. He is not exempt from rudeness, intemperance and occasional wildness of imagination; and he is, perhaps, sometimes too lavish of the brilliant colours of his palette. However, his merits fully counterbalance his defects. He has translated Ossian and Homer. Though Bodmer may have succeeded better in preserving the exquisite simplicity of the father of poetry, yet the spirit of the Greek muse, the heroic manners, the divine fire that animate the bard of Greece, are more accurately conveyed in the vivid imitation of the Count von Stolberg. The spirit of a true poet beams through all his compositions. He was equally successful in the composition of odes, songs, elegies, ballads, and romances. For loftiness of ideas, senti-

ments, and expression, his hymns resemble those of Orpheus. His romance entitled *The Happy Island*, in which political views are invested with the charms of the golden age; his *Translations of several of the Tragedies of Æschylus;* his *Travels in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Sicily*; his *Satirical and Dramatic Poems*; in short, every production of his pen bears the impress of superior genius and talent. The least esteemed of all his works is his translation of some of Plato's Dialogues, which is executed on a whimsical plan. The translator has been led into the affectation of employing obsolete words and phrases, and terms of his own introduction. Since his conversion to catholicism Count Frederick von Stolberg has published translations of Saint Augustin, and a *History of the Life and Faith of Christ.* These works, and the circumstance which prompted their undertaking, have given rise to many writings in which the motives and opinions of the neophyte have been freely canvassed; but the character of Count Stolberg has issued spotless from every trial.

SULZER (John George) was born on the 16th of October, 1720, at Wintherthur, in the

canton of Zurich, and died at Berlin on the 25th of February, 1779.

Sulzer was gifted with the enlarged, methodical, and shrewd powers of mind, which may be regarded as the general characteristics of the writers of the Swiss school. He embraced a wide sphere of intellectual attainments. He wrote on natural and speculative philosophy, mathematics, the fine arts, and literature; but particularly on morality and education, objects to which he devoted the chief portion of his life. He was the founder of the Gymnasium at Mittau; and, by his assiduous inspection, he ameliorated the establishments of education in Prussia. He was honoured with the confidence and esteem of Frederick the Great.

Sulzer's most important work is his *General Theory*, or, more properly, *Universal Dictionary of Polite Literature and the Fine Arts*. It is a sort of encyclopedia, of which La Combe's Dictionary suggested the idea: it was published in 4 vols. 8vo. at Leipsig, in 1792—1794. The object of the author was to consider every branch of literature and the arts with reference to their origin, their real nature, and their moral object, for the improvement of mankind. His intention was to produce a complete theory of Æsthetics, adopting the alphabetic order, as

Marmontel has done in his Elements of Literature. Though many of his articles leave much to be wished for, and though, since Sulzer's time, great progress has been made in the theory of the beautiful in every class, yet the work still enjoys well-deserved esteem for its excellent views, solidity of doctrine, shrewdness of observation, and the light which it throws on many points. The work was completed by Frederick von Blankenburgh, in 3 vols. 8vo. Leipsig, 1796--1798. Blankenburgh's edition of Sulzer's work with the continuation is much approved of: it contains a life of Sulzer.

Among the numerous works of the latter writer the most celebrated are his *Philosophic Miscellanies*, 2 vols. Leipsig, 1780--1781; his *Moral Conversations and Considerations on the Beauty of Nature*, Berlin, 1774; his *Thoughts on Education*, Zurich, 1748; and the *Account of his Journey in the South of Europe* in 1775 and 1776, 8vo. Leipsig, 1780. This last work is mentioned by Goëthe in his Memoirs.

THÜMMEL (Moritz Augustus Von) was born on the 27th of May, 1738, at Schœnfeld near Leipsig. He was the second son of one

of the Electoral Counsellors of Saxony. When the Prussian troops invaded Saxony in the year 1745, Von Thümmel's patrimonial estate was plundered; and this so reduced the circumstances of the family, that they were obliged to sell the property. Moritz von Thümmel entered upon the study of philosophy in the year 1754, at Rossleben in Thuringen. About the end of the year 1756 he entered the University of Leipsig. Gellert was his favourite instructor, and with him he continued on a footing of friendship until his death. While pursuing his studies at Leipsig, Thümmel formed an acquaintance with Weisse, Rabener, and Kleist; and here he was also fortunate enough to win the regard of an old lawyer, named Balz, who, at his death, left him a considerable property. In the year 1761, having finished his studies at college, he entered the service of the hereditary Prince Ernest Frederick of Saxe-Coburg. The prince, on succeeding to the government, appointed Thümmel his Privy Court Counsellor; and in 1768 he was raised to the dignity of Privy Counsellor and Minister. These posts he filled until the year 1783, when he retired from public business. He has since resided partly at Gotha and partly at his wife's

estate at Sonneborn. He has also travelled to different parts of Europe.

Von Thümmel's most celebrated productions are: *Wilhelmina*, which appeared in 1764. The French translation, by Huber, was published at Leipsig in 1769. *The Innoculation for Love*, published in 1771. *Travels in the South of France from* 1791 *to* 1805. Thümmel's principal works were all published at Leipsig.

UNZER (John Augustus), born at Halle on the 29th of April, 1727, and died at Altona on the 2d of April, 1799, at the age of seventy-two. He was one of the most celebrated physicians that Germany has produced. His writings on physiology and medicine display great talent. His most esteemed work is entitled, *The First Principles of the Physiology of Animals.* Leipsig, 8vo. 1771.

UTZ (John Peter) was born on the 3rd of October, 1720, at Anspach in Franconia, and died on the 12th of May, 1796. He was one of the most esteemed poets of the early Ger-

man school, and a successful rival of Hagedorn, Haller, and Gleim. He chiefly devoted himself to lyric compositions. His collected poems appeared in 1749 and 1755. His heroi-comic poem, in imitation of Pope, entitled, *The Triumph of Love*, was published in 1753. His *Art of being always Merry*, which is translated into French by Huber in his *Select German Poems*, appeared in 1760.

VAN HELMONT (John Baptist), born in 1577 at Brussels, and died in Holland on the 30th of December, 1644. He was celebrated for his vast knowledge of natural history, medicine, and chemistry. His learning appeared so extraordinary, that, according to the superstitious notions of the age, he was supposed to be a sorcerer, and he was thrown into prison by the Inquisition. He was, however, fortunate enough to escape from captivity, and he took refuge in Holland. Like Paracelsus, he pretended to have discovered a panacea, and he performed cures which appeared to be miraculous, by the employment of violent remedies in chronic diseases, which were effectual on robust constitutions. The most complete

edition of his works is that published at Frankfort in 1707.

His son, Francis Mercurius Van Helmont, was born in 1618, and died at Cologne on the Spree in 1699. He was supposed to have discovered the philosopher's stone, because he lived in an expensive style on a scanty income. Leibnitz wrote an epitaph upon him, in which he assigns him a place among the most distinguished philosophers. Van Helmont is the author of several theological and philosophic works. The celebrated book entitled *Seder Olam* is attributed to him. He was a believer in the metempsychosis.

VALENTINE (Basil). Under this name was distinguished an able chymist of the sixteenth century. His real name is not known. It is supposed he was a Benedictine monk of Erford. His works, written in High German, were reprinted at Hamburgh in 1677, 1717, or 1740, in 8vo. The greater part are translated into Latin and French. His most celebrated production is the *Currus Triumphalis Antimonii.* Amsterdam, 12mo. Basil Valentine is said to have accidentally discovered the properties of

antimony. Having thrown some fragments of that mineral out of his laboratory, they were eaten by some pigs, and observing the effect it had upon those animals, he conceived the idea of trying the remedy on the human frame. Among Valentine's French works are: *L'azoth des philosophes, avec les douze clefs de philosophie.* Paris, 1660, in 8vo. *et la figure de ces douze clefs. Révélations des mystères des peintures essentielles des sept metaux, et de leurs vertus medicinales.* Paris, 1646, in 4to. *Testament de Basile Valentin.* Londrès, 1671, in 8vo.

VOSS (John Henry) was born on the 20th of February, 1751, at Sommersdorf in Mecklenburg. He is one of the most celebrated poets of Germany, and was a distinguished member of the society of worshippers of the Muses, formed at Gottingen at the period of Goëthe's youth. Voss has resided a considerable time at Jena and at Heidelberg. He is the author of lyric and bucolic poems and fables, and has translated Homer, Hesiod, Virgil, and Ovid into verse. In his translation of Homer he has proved himself a successful rival of Count Frederick Von Stolberg. His *Prosody of the German Language;* his *Enquiries concerning the Life*

and Writings of Homer; and his *Commentary on the Georgics*, are full of able criticism. See the edition of his poem entitled *Louisa*, published at Konigsburg in 1802; the four volumes of his Poems, Konigsburg, 1802; the four volumes of his Translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, Altona, 1793, &c.

WEISSE (Christian Felix) was born at Annaburg in Erzgebirge on the 28th of January, 1726, died on the 16th of December, 1804, at the age of 79. He was Receiver of the Taxes in the circle of Leipsig. He bore an excellent character, and was the friend of many of the celebrated writers of his time. If he cannot be ranked among writers of first-rate talent, he at least may be considered as a diligent and esteemed author. He has written dramas, operas, lyric poems, the lives of illustrious literary men, &c. But what chiefly procured him the approbation and regard of his countrymen, was his collection entitled *The Children's Friend*, to the imitation and even the translation of which Berquin and Bonneville have in many instances confined themselves, and by which, among the French, the first of those two writers

obtained as much popularity as the original author. Weisse translated many works from the English and French. He actively co-operated in the management of the literary journals of his time.

WIELAND (Christopher Martin) was born on the 5th of September, 1733, at Biberach in Swabia. He is one of the most distinguished men that Germany has produced, being at once a critic, a philosopher, a poet, and a writer of romance. His learning and taste are admirably developed in his varied compositions. His poems and romances bear a resemblance to the works of Lucian, Voltaire and Ariosto, still preserving the author's national character. Most of Wieland's romances, for example,—*Agathon, Mademoiselle Von Sternheim, Aristippus, Diogenes, Socrates out of his senses, the Abderites, Peregrinus Proteus, &c.*, have been translated either into French or English. *Peregrinus Proteus* is very remarkable as affording a picture of the first progress of Christianity; and it developes the author's deep study into the primitive ages of the Christian æra. Wieland's *Oberon* is very popular in Germany; its energetic, harmonious, and elegant diction renders

it exceedingly pleasing in the original. A translation can give but a very imperfect idea of it. His *Musarion*, or *the Philosophy of the Graces*, is also much admired. The principal tales or poems which Wieland has imitated from the Greek, or from tales of chivalry are:— *Idris, Endymion, Ganymede, the Judgment of Paris, Gandalin, Gerion le Courtois, and the new Amadis*. His translations of *Lucian, the Letters of Cicero*, and the *Epistles and Satires of Horace*, are excellent; the historical and critical commentaries which accompany Wieland's translation of Horace are masterpieces of erudition, criticism and taste.

WINCKELMANN (John), the only son of a poor shoemaker, was born on the 9th of December, 1717, at Stendal, in the Old Marche of Brandenburg, and was assassinated at Triest on the 8th of June, 1768. He had to struggle with great misery before he was enabled to finish his studies, and to attain the celebrity his taste, his knowledge and his talents merited. Winckelmann had to sustain long and severe trials of adversity, in common with many men of distinguished talent in Germany, and among others with his illustrious

countryman Heyne, with whom he became acquainted at Dresden, where they studied together the monuments of antient art. Winckelmann was long engaged in employments very inferior to his talent, in order to provide for his father, and his filial piety is certainly not his least claim on the esteem of mankind. Under the protection of Count Von Bünan, he at length devoted himself to his much-loved studies, and followed the impulse of his genius. The protection of the Apostolic Nuncio Archinto, was not less useful to him. He travelled to Rome, and passed many years in different parts of Italy. He was preparing to return to Germany, and had travelled as far as Vienna, when, not far from Triest, he met with a person going the same road, whose manners and conversation indicated a taste for the arts, and who thus succeeded in gaining his confidence. Winckelmann, the least suspicious man in the world, shewed him his collection of medals, the presents he had received at Vienna, and his purse, which was pretty well filled. This villain, who was named Francesco Archangeli, was a native of Pistoia, in Tuscany. He had been cook to Count Cotaldo, at Vienna: had been condemned to death for the commission of

several crimes, and afterwards pardoned. Tempted by the sight of the gold displayed by his travelling companion, he entered the chamber of Winckelmann, under the pretence of taking leave of him, and asked once more for a sight of his medals. While Winckelmann was opening his box, he stabbed him several times with a dagger, and would have murdered his victim on the spot, but some one knocking at the door, put the assassin to flight, without his having appropriated any of the valuables which had led him to perpetrate the horrible act. Winckelmann survived seven hours, and during that time dictated his will, which he did with great presence of mind. To this celebrated man we are indebted for many new ideas on the imitative arts of the ancients, and excellent descriptions of antique monuments. His *History of Ancient Art* is well known: it has been translated into English, as well as French and Italian. This work was received with enthusiasm, and is justly regarded as one of the best in its kind that has ever been written. It was first printed after the death of Winckelmann. The original manuscript is stained with his blood; for he was occupied in revising it when his assassin inflicted the mortal wound. Winckelmann was

a man of ardent mind, and he was often roused to excessive enthusiasm. He was also frequently governed by self-love, and was so bold and decided in argument, as sometimes to excite the uneasiness of his friends. He was full of honesty, frankness, and sincerity, and was faithful in his friendships. "I am," said he, "like a wild plant; my growth has been "fostered only by the hand of Nature." An elegy has been written on Winckelmann, by his celebrated friend Heyne.

ZACHARIA (Justus-Frederick-William) was born at Frankenhausen in Thuringen, on the 1st of May, 1726; and died at Brunswick on the 30th of January, 1777, at the age of 51. Zacharia was one of the celebrated poets of the early German school. He possessed richness and brilliancy of imagination, grace and sensibility. It has been remarked, that his style is occasionally slovenly, feeble, and tedious. His mock-heroic poems, entitled the *Kenommist*, *Phaeton*, &c., have acquired great reputation. He wrote many poems in that style: his *Four Parts of the Day*, amidst a mass of common and worn-out descriptions, contain many real beauties. Perhaps his most

charming poem is that entitled, *The Four Ages of Woman*, a bad imitation of which, in French verse, was inserted at the time of the publication of the original in a public journal, and improperly attributed to Wieland. There is also a collection of lyric poems by Zacharia; but his songs, of which the most popular is *The Sleeping Girl*, greatly excel his odes. His collected works have been published in nine volumes.

ZIMMERMANN (John George Von) was born at Brugg in the canton of Bern in Switzerland, on the 28th of December, 1728; and died on the 7th of October, 1795. He was Physician to the Elector of Hanover, and he published some excellent books on medicine and other subjects. The most celebrated are those entitled—*On Medical Experience*, and *On Solitude*. Zimmermann also wrote several poems; and he is the author of the following works on Frederick of Prussia:—viz. *On Frederick the Great, and my Conversation with Him shortly before his Death*. Leipsig, 1788, 8vo.—*A Defence of Frederick the Great against Count Mirabeau*, 1788, in 8vo.—*Fragments on Frederick the Great.—On the History of his*

Life, his Government, and his Character; in three parts. Leipsig, 1790, in 8vo. Zimmermann studied medicine at Gottingen, under Haller; in Holland under Gaubius; and at Paris with Sénac. An account of his Life has been written by his friend Tissot.

ZINZENDORF (Nicolas Lewis Count Von) was born on the 26th of May, 1700, at Dresden, and died on the 9th of May, 1760, at Hernhuth. His father was Privy-Counsellor and Chamberlain to the Elector of Saxony. The pious zeal of Count Zinzendorf prompted him to undertake a reform of religion, by bringing back his followers to what he conceived to be the true meaning of the Gospel, and the forms of the primitive church. With equal ardour and perseverance he devoted his whole life to this object; in the furtherance of which, he several times travelled over Europe and America; having previously renounced the functions of Court Counsellor and Counsellor of Justice at Dresden, and left his property to the management of his wife, who shared his zeal. He engaged himself as teacher in a family at Stralsund, where he preached as a theologist; he under-

went an examination at Berlin, and was appointed Bishop of the Moravian Brethren of Bohemia. He was imprisoned in Russia, where he had endeavoured to establish a Moravian church, and banished from that empire. He generally resided in Upper Lusatia, on his estates of Bertholdsdorf and Hernhuth. From the latter place the Moravians take one of the names by which they are commonly known, viz.—Hernhuthers.

The sect, of which Count Zinzendorf is considered as the founder, has been subject to serious accusations; but the most credible testimony represents the Moravians as a society guided by sincere piety, and remarkable for the practice of virtue.

Among the literary labours of Zinzendorf are:—*A Translation of the New Testament.—Secret Correspondence with the Inspired,* Frankfort, 1741.—*The Psalms for Use of the Community of Moravian Brethren, and the German Socrates.*

The *Life of Count Zinzendorf,* by Augustus Spangenberg, appeared in 1777.

ZOLLIKOFFER (George Joachim), a celebrated protestant preacher, was born at St. Gall

in Switzerland, and died on the 22d of Jan. 1788. A selection of his best Sermons, in 2 vols. 8vo. was published at Leipsig in 1786. The complete edition in 7 vols. 8vo. appeared in 1788-1789. Garve has written a *Life of Zollikopffer*.

THE END.

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Beresford p. 173

Leonora p. 196

misprint or rather translator's who did not know German
see p 263

p. 280 proves that translated from French
also pp 322, 324, 337
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